

Amberstar





Amberstar

V
I
C
T
O
R

V
I
C
T
O
R





CONTENTS

Virus warning	6
Loading and installation instructions	7
Installation on floppy disc	8
Loading from floppy disc	8
Installation on hard disc	9
Loading from hard disc	10
The character editor	11
Screen layout, control	13
The party ID	13
Display panels	14
Control panel	15
Movement icons	15
Action icons	19
The graphics window	23
Set-up display	24
The drawer	29
Dialogue	30
Holding conversations	33
The camp	34
Magic	37
Events	46



Doors	46
Discover objects and treasures	49
Trap doors	51
Traps	51
Puzzlemouths	53
Guilds and traders	54
General functions	56
Guild-specific functions	57
Special functions for traders	59
Special functions with food traders	61
Special function of horse traders	62
Special functions with healers	63
Special functions with wise men	64
Special function of the raft trader	66
Special function of the boat trader	67
Special function of the guest house	68
Battles	69
Tables	79
The keys	84
The Story of Tarbos – God of Chaos	87
Expression of thanks	163

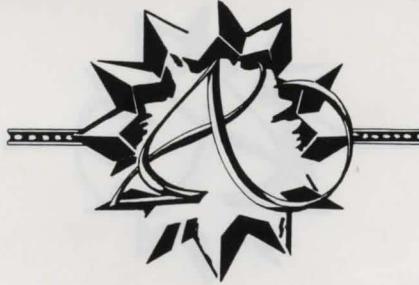




AmberStar

MANUAL





VIRUS WARNING

The original AMBERSTAR game discs we supply are guaranteed to be free of virus infections. In order to avoid destruction of the program by a virus you should switch off your computer and all equipment connected to it (separate disc drive, monitor etc.) for at least 30 seconds before you load the program. **Only in this way** can you be certain that no virus is alive in the computer's memory. Thalion Software GmbH cannot accept any claims under the warranty if any part of the program or program data has been destroyed or affected by a virus, a virus protector or other tools.



LOADING AND INSTALLATION INSTRUCTIONS

The AMBERSTAR program is supplied on three discs and includes this manual. The game also includes a map, a novel and a table of runes. You will find the last three items at various locations when you play the game. Leave them alone for now and only look at the card, the novel and the table of runes when you actually discover them during your adventures.

You must not use the original discs to play the game, whether you are using an Atari ST or a Commodore Amiga. This is because data in the program is modified during the game. So for every new adventure you must install AMBERSTAR again on a new disc or a hard disc.





INSTALLATION ON FLOPPY DISC

You need three discs of your own. Remember that installing AMBERSTAR on the discs will delete any data they already contain.

- Make sure that the original AMBERSTAR discs are write-protected (the write-protection hole is OPEN).
- Insert the original Disc 1 into the internal disc drive (A: or DF0:) and then switch your computer on.
- Follow the instructions on the screen.

LOADING FROM FLOPPY DISC

Insert the AMBERSTAR 1 disc into the internal drive (A: or DF0:) and reset your computer (press the reset button or the key combination CONTROL/ALTERNATE/RSHIFT/DEL on the ST or CTRL/A/A on the Amiga). The program will load and start automatically.



INSTALLATION ON HARD DISC

You need approx. 2.5 MB (2,621,440 bytes) of memory available in the disc partition onto which AMBERSTAR is installed. The installation routine creates a folder called AMBRSTAR in the selected partition and copies all the data and the program into it. And even when using a hard disc, always remember: If you want to play the program again right from the beginning, you must always install AMBERSTAR again.

- Switch on your computer and the hard disc.
- Place the original disc 1 of AMBERSTAR in the internal drive (A: or DF0:).
- Double click on the drive symbol A: or the disc icon of the AMBERSTAR disc 1.
- Double click on the INSTALL program.
- Follow the on-screen instructions.



LOADING FROM HARD DISC

Open the partition into which you installed AMBERSTAR. Double click on the folder AMBRSTAR to open it and then double click on the AMBRSTAR program to run it.

LOADING FROM FLOPPY DISC



THE CHARACTER EDITOR

Each time you install AMBERSTAR on a hard disc or floppy disc the character editor appears first. Under the party ID (identification) at the right you will see a poster of your hero. Below it is the icon panel and to the left of it is a panel for entering the characteristics of the person involved. You can set up these characteristics and some details of the poster with this character editor.

CHARACTER KIRSTEN	
ATTRIBUT	LANGUAGE
STR 095/060	HUMAN
INT 095/060	
DEX 095/060	
SPE 095/060	
CUR 095/060	
GAR 095/060	
LUC 095/100	
MRC 080/060	
SKILL	
ATT 07/20%	BODY
FAT 12/20%	MIND
SPL 07/10%	
LIS 07/05%	
F-T 00/00%	
D-T 00/00%	
P-L 00/00%	
SEN 07/05%	
MER 00/00%	
H-U 00/00%	
HUMAN MALE AGE: 18	
EPIC KIRSTEN	
LP: 000/000	
GE: 000/54 RE: 000/000	
+ 000 - 000	
OK	
NAME	
♀ ♂	



The numeric keypad corresponds to the layout of the keys in the icon panel:

- [1] Characteristics are set by chance by using the dice. You can click on this icon as often as you wish.
- [2] This makes the character female.
- [3] This makes the character male.
- [4] Give your hero a name which can consist of up to 15 characters.
- [7] Choose a portrait for your hero.
- [9] Only click on this icon when all the data is just how you want it.

When you have exited from the character editor you cannot return to it during a game even if you start the program again after saving your intermediate situation. The character editor is only ever available the very **FIRST** time a newly installed AMBERSTAR game is started.



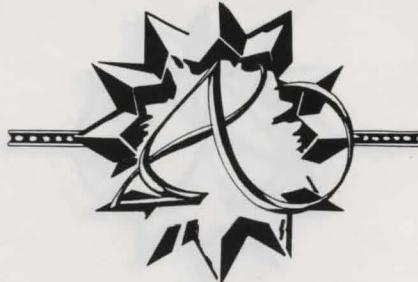
SCREEN LAYOUT, CONTROL

The screen is divided into five sections: The party ID is at the top edge, the graphics window to the left below it, the display panels for special items and magic spells are at the right and the monitor panel is at the bottom right.

You control the game with the mouse or the numeric keypad on the keyboard. In the manual the two mouse buttons are abbreviated to LMB for the **Left Mouse Button** and RMB for the **Right Mouse Button**. The numeric keys [1] to [9] correspond to the functions of the monitor panel which can also be selected with the mouse.

THE PARTY ID

For each of the six characters in your party the party ID (identification) has a picture with two bars and a special display to its right. The name of the person appears below the picture. If the name is displayed in bright letters, the person is active. The active character executes all the actions



– for example SPEAKING, SEARCHING. The lefthand bar indicates the number of life points remaining and the righthand bar indicates the magic spell points, i.e. the person's capacity to perform as a wizard. Special conditions for the person are shown above the two bars, such as for example illness, madness or blindness.

The active person can be changed with the LMB. All characters whose condition makes activity impossible cannot be selected. Click on the picture of the character required. The keys [1] to [6] on the numeric keypad also execute this function.

Whenever the party ID is accessible with the mouse pointer the first status page of the character can be called with the RMB. The function keys [F1] to [F6] call the second page of the relevant character.

DISPLAY PANELS

Items which give the party helpful information are displayed in the upper of the two display panels, such as for example a compass or a clock.



These items can be bought or found by the party during the adventure. Temporary magic spells are shown as symbols on the magic spell display panel.

CONTROL PANEL

The set of icons for movements on a 2-dimensional or 3-dimensional display are shown here as required or, after switching with the RMB, action icons are shown. Select one of the icons with the LMB. The keys [1] to [9] on the numeric keypad always correspond to the nine icons on the panel.

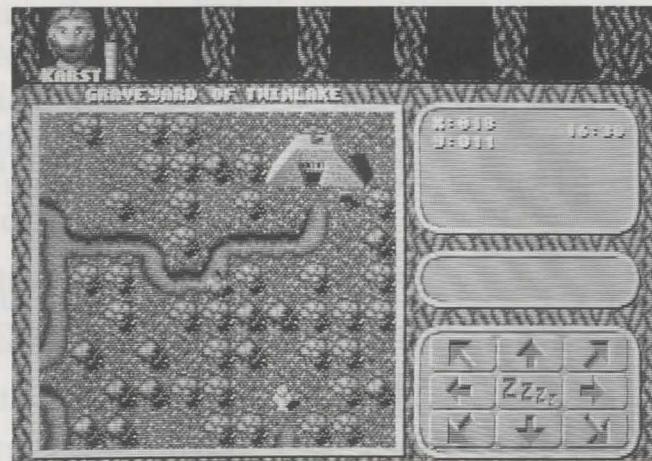
MOVEMENT ICONS

Either the 2-dimensional or 3-dimensional set of icons is available, depending upon the location of the party as displayed.



The directions available in the 2-dimensional set are as follows:

Numeric keypad	Cursor block	Icon	Direction
7		↖	North West
8	↑	↑	North
9		↗	North East
4	←	←	West
5		zzz	Pause (5 minutes)
6	→	→	East
1		↖	South West
2	↓	↓	South
3		↗	South East





The directions available in the 3-dimensional set are as follows:

Numeric keypad	Cursor block	Icon	Direction
7	Insert	◀	Turn 90 degrees left
8		↑	Straight ahead
9	Clr Home	▶	Turn 90 degrees right
4		◀◀	Left without turning
5		zzz	Pause (5 minutes)
6		▶▶	Right without turning
1		↙	Turn 180 degrees left
2		↘	Back without turning
3		↖	Turn 180 degrees right



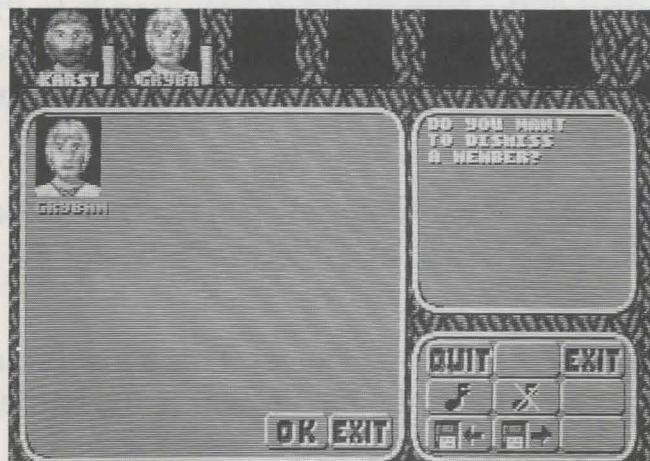
ACTION ICONS

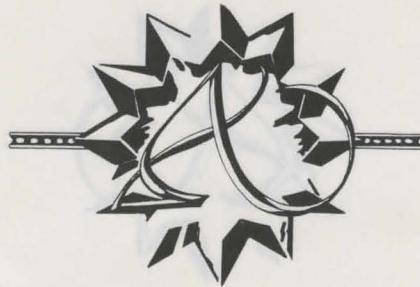
Press the RMB on the control panel and the nine action icons will appear. All icons which cannot operate in the current situation or which cannot be used by the active character are shown with bright shading and cannot be selected. Unless they are general functions, these only apply to the active character. The layout of the numeric keys corresponds to the nine icons. On the screen the cursor always takes on the shape of the action selected. The functions are as follows from bottom left (key [1]) to top right (key [9]):

- **Map drawer ([1] – Map).** Only active in the 3-D mode.
Automatically draws a map of the labyrinth where the party is located.
- **Set battle formation ([2] – Figures).** This allows you to change the members of your party for the next round of the battle.



- **Options ([3] – Disc).** Special functions for saving/loading the game situation, switching music on/off and finishing the game. With the SAVE function you can also dismiss members from your party.

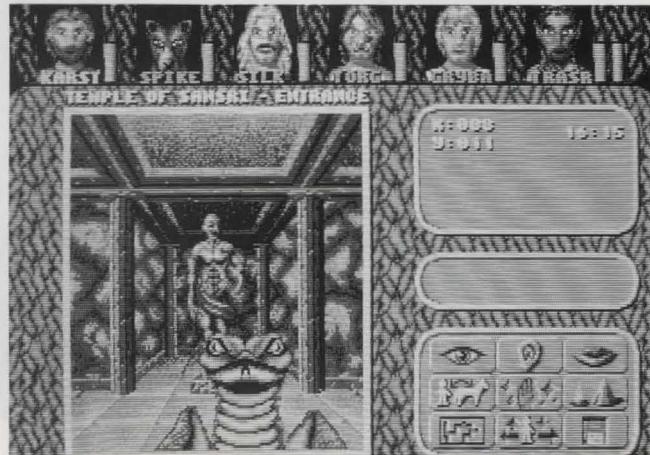




- **Enter/leave your means of transport** ([4] – Horse). The active character enters or leaves a means of transport, for example a boat or a horse.
- **Magic spells** ([5] – Stars). If the active character has enough magic spell points, you can compose a magic spell.
- **Camping** ([6] – Tent). Only outside villages and towns. Your party makes camp for the night.
- **Read/View/Search** ([7] – Eye). The active character reads a sign, sees something or searches in something, and the result depends upon his abilities. On the 3-D display this feature always operates in the direction as seen by the party. On the 2-D display the cursor can be set to a panel around the figure. The RMB interrupts this function and the LMB executes it.
- **Listening** ([8] – Ear). The active character listens and the result again depends upon his abilities.



- **Speaking ([9] – Mouth).** The active figure speaks to another character. On the 3-D display the figure is spoken to in the same panel. On the 2-D display the cursor can be placed within a radius of two panels around the figure involved. The RMB interrupts the function and the LMB executes it.





THE GRAPHICS WINDOW

The name of the town at which the party is located is shown above the graphics window. In a labyrinth the display changes from a 2-dimensional top view to a 3-dimensional view as seen by the party. The function selected from the function panel is shown by the cursor in the graphics window. The directions can always be selected directly in the graphics window, even if the action panel is active. The cursor therefore also represents the active direction here but you do not need to first click on the function in the movement panel.



SET-UP DISPLAY

If you position the mouse pointer on one of the pictures of the members in the party ID and press the RMB, you move to the first set-up display. Below the party ID you will see at the right the poster of the character selected. Below that is the icon panel and to the left is a panel showing the characteristics of the person involved.



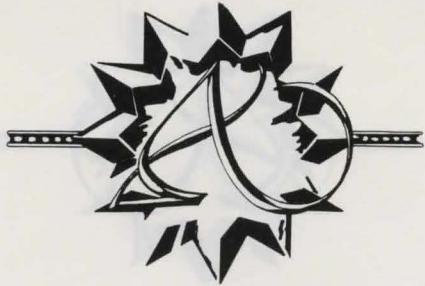


Poster:

The poster gives the race, sex, age, class and name of the person and details of their number of experience, life, magic spell and spell learning points. It also includes information about the amount of gold, the number of rations, the combat value and the defence performance capability involved.

Characteristics:

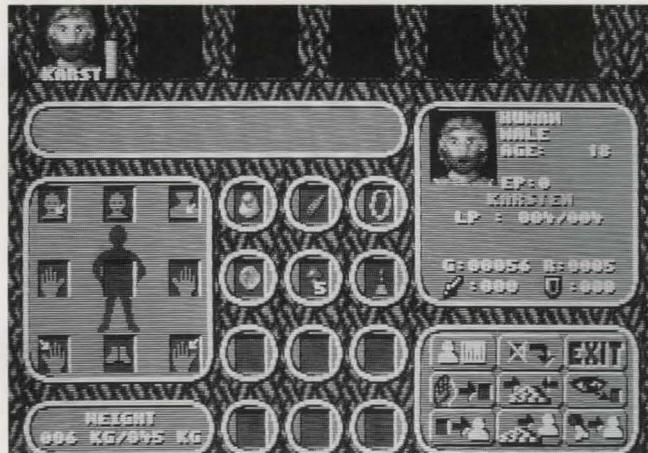
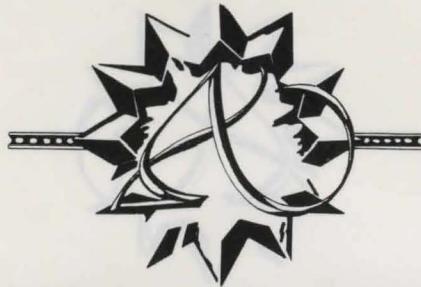
This panel shows the attributes and abilities of the person involved. The value at the left always gives the current status of the character; the right gives the normal maximum value, not the value assisted by magic. The righthand column gives you information about the languages the person can speak and a report on his physical and mental condition (blindness, illness etc.).



Two icons are active in the icon panel. The numeric keypad corresponds to the nine keys on the icon panel:

- 7 Open the rucksack (second page of the set-up display)
- 9 Exit from the set-up display

When you open the rucksack with icon 7 you are moved to the second page of the set-up screen. Below the party ID you now see at the right the well-known poster and a new icon panel. To the left of that there is a text panel showing all the actions you select in the icon panel, information about the equipment being carried (at the left) and the contents of the rucksack (at the centre). Below the display for the equipment which the character is carrying is a display showing how heavy this equipment and luggage is and the maximum weight the character can carry.



The keys in the icon panel correspond to the numeric keys on the keyboard. All functions refer to icons in the luggage or the equipment being carried:

- [1] Give something to another member of the party
- [2] Give gold to another member of the party

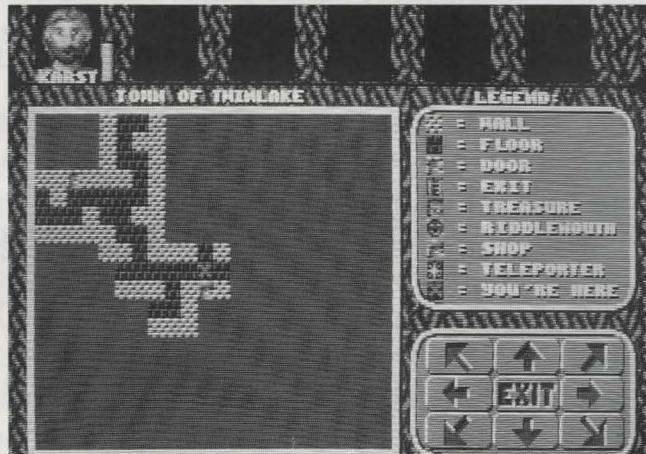


- 3 Give rations to another member of the party
- 4 Use it
- 5 Collect gold from members of the party
- 6 Look at it
- 7 Open the first page of the set-up display
- 8 Put it down
- 9 Exit from the set-up display

If an item from the rucksack can also be carried by hand or on your body, you can get it by clicking first on the item and then on the relevant part of the body. If an item is to be taken from the character's body and placed in the rucksack, simply click the item on the relevant part of the body.



THE DRAWER



Whenever the party is moving in a 3-D area a map of the area involved is always drawn automatically as long as there is sufficient light and the active character is not blind. A section of the map is displayed below the party ID at the left. To the right of that below the legend explaining the



symbols you used on the map there are the nine icons with which you can move the section of the map on the display and exit from the map if you wish. The keys in the icon panel coincide with those on the numeric keypad.

DIALOGUE

If your party is on the same panel as another person (3-D) or the figure is right next to another figure (2-D), you can ask questions of that person. To do this, select the dialogue icon and if necessary on the 2-D display click with the mouth cursor on the person you wish to ask.

Brief dialogue:

Some people will not enter into a protracted discussion. When you speak to them, just a single text window appears showing the information these people are giving. If the text covers more than one text window, the next part of the text is displayed by pressing the LMB. When all the text has



been displayed you can scroll up and down through it with the mouse and can close the text window again by pressing the RMB.

Long dialogue:

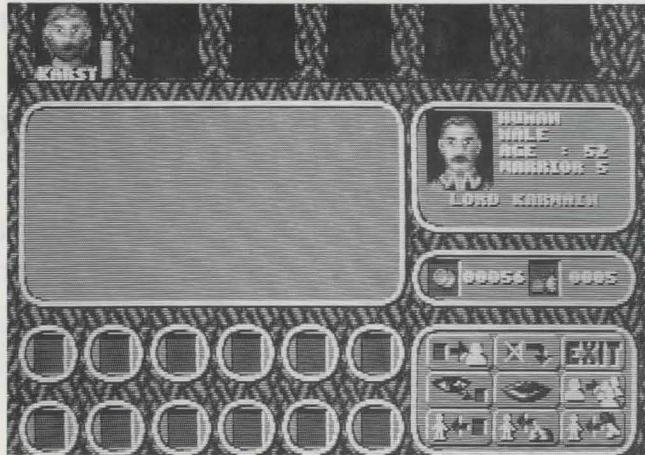
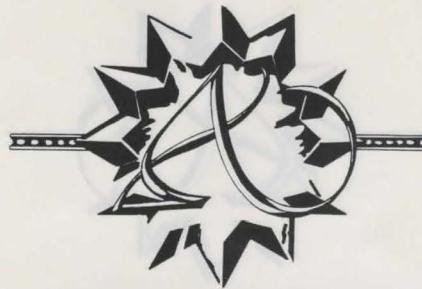
When someone is in a longer discussion, the dialogue display appears. Below the party ID the person involved, the gold and rations of the active character and the icon panel are displayed to the right of the poster. A text window appears at the left and may perhaps show a list of items which can be used for certain actions.

The icons on the action panel match the numeric keypad. All actions with items always refer to the list of items displayed below the text window and the person approached:

- 1 Offer
- 2 Pay gold



- 3 Give rations
- 4 Show
- 5 Talk
- 6 Ask them to join the party
- 7 Give to a member of the party
- 8 Dispose of or reject
- 9 Exit from the dialog



HOLDING CONVERSATIONS

If you select icon 5, a list of expressions appears. The two arrows scroll through the list if it exceeds one page of text. Select an expression by clicking on it with the LMB. If the expression you require is not in the list,



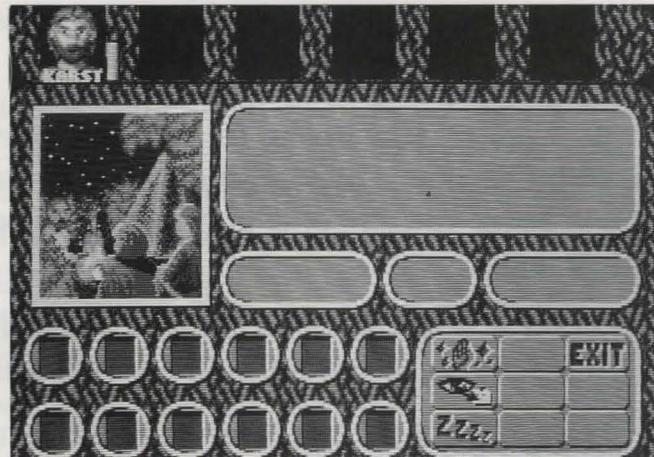
click on the mouth icon. A text window appears into which you can type an expression of up to 20 letters in length.

The character being spoken to will respond to the expression selected or input.

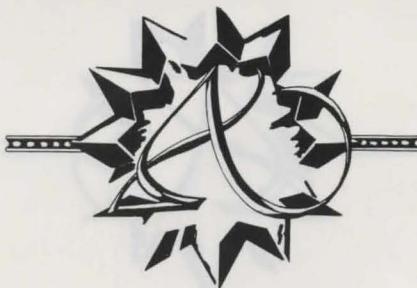
But do not just rely on the existing list of expressions. Certain key words which occur in the reply can give you further valuable information about the person involved.

THE CAMP

You can make camp at many places where your party can rest from the toil of the adventure and where you can learn and practice magic spells.



A picture of the camp is shown below the party ID at the left. To the right of this is a text panel to show information. At the bottom right of the screen is the set of icons for the camp and to the left of this are spaces for various objects, mainly the scrolls from which new magic spells can be learned.



The layout of the numeric keypad on the keyboard matches the icons on the action panel:

- [1]** Let your party sleep for eight hours. All party members who have food rations in their luggage then regenerate around a tenth of their magic spell and life points, but only up to the maximum value for the appropriate figure.
- [4]** With this function a character can learn a magic spell from a scroll into one of the 12 panels to the left of the icon panel.
- [7]** The magic spells shown here can be used in the camp.
- [9]** Use this icon to break camp to continue your journey.



MAGIC

We differentiate between three types of magic spells – white magic, grey magic and black magic. Each spell has a number of spell points and learning points which the character wishing to learn or use the spell must possess. Not all spells can be used at every location. Each spell only acts upon certain figures or objects. The spells and their effects are shown in the tables. The abbreviation SP denotes the required number of spell points for using a spell and SL denotes the required number of points for learning the spell.

The place where a spell can be used is as follows:

W = Wilderness T = Town

D = Dungeon C = Camp

B = Battle



The target affected by the spell can be as follows:

C = A character in the party

P = The party itself

M = A monster (during the battle)

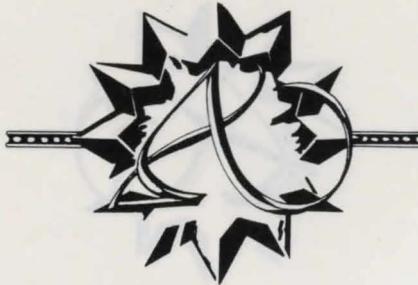
G = A group of monsters (during the battle)

A = All monsters during the battle

O = An object.

S = Special spell.

LP are the life points of a character.



White magic

Name	SP	SL	Location	Target	Effect
Healing 1	2	1	WTDCB	C	plus 1 to 5 LP
Healing 2	4	2	WTDCB	C	plus 2 to 10 LP
Healing 3	6	3	WTDCB	C	plus 4 to 20 LP
Healing 4	8	4	WTDCB	C	plus 8 to 40 LP
Healing 5	10	5	WTDCB	C	plus 16 to 80 LP
Salvation	20	15	WTDCB	P	plus 4 to 20 LP
Reincarnation	30	20	C	C	Reincarnation of a body
Conversion of ashes	50	25	C	C	Reincarnation of a burned body
Conversion of dust	70	30	C	C	Reincarnation of a pulverised body
Neutralise poison	5	2	WTDCB	C	Detoxification of a person
Heal stun	10	4	WTDCB	C	Healing a stunned person
Heal sickness	15	6	WTDCB	C	Heal a sick person
Rejuvenation	20	8	WTDCB	C	Correct unnatural ageing of a person

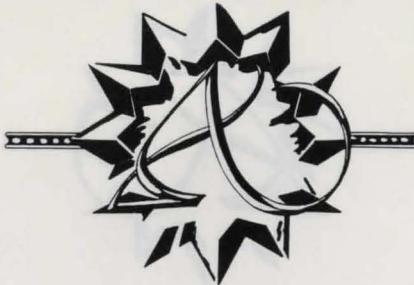


Name	SP	SL	Location	Target	Effect
De-petrification	30	10	WTDCB	C	Bring a petrified person back to life
Wake up	5	2	B	P	Awake a party from unnatural sleep
Calm panic	10	4	B	C	Calm a person
Remove irritation	15	6	B	C	Heal an irritated person
Heal blindness	20	8	WTDCB	C	Heal someone from blindness
Heal madness	30	10	WTDCB	C	Heal someone from madness
Stun	15	3	B	M	Stun a monster
Sleep	10	3	B	G	Put a horde of monsters to sleep
Fear	15	6	B	M	Frighten a monster
Irritation	15	9	B	M	Confuse a monster
Blind	20	12	B	M	Make a monster blind
Destroy undead	15	5	B	M	Remove undead
Holy word	30	10	B	G	Remove a horde of undead
Remove curse	25	10	WTDC	O	Remove a curse from an object
Provide food	20	15	WTDC	O	One food ration per party member



Grey magic

Name	SP	SL	Location	Target	Effect
Light 1	5	1	WTDC	S	2 hours of light
Light 2	8	3	WTDC	S	8 hours of light
Light 3	12	5	WTDC	S	16 hours of light
Armour protection 1	10	2	WTDCB	S	2 hours + 5% parade
Armour protection 2	20	6	WTDCB	S	8 hours + 10% parade
Armour protection 3	30	10	WTDCB	S	16 hours + 15% parade
Weapons power 1	10	2	WTDCB	S	2 hours + 5% attacks
Weapons power 2	20	6	WTDCB	S	8 hours + 10% attacks
Weapons power 3	30	10	WTDCB	S	16 hours + 15% attacks
Anti-magic 1	15	4	WTDCB	S	2 hours + 5% protection
Anti-magic 2	30	8	WTDCB	S	8 hours + 10% protection
Anti-magic 3	45	12	WTDCB	S	16 hours + 15% protection
Clairvoyance 1	15	5	WTDC	S	2 hours clairvoyance
Clairvoyance 2	30	10	WTDC	S	8 hours clairvoyance



Name	SP	SL	Location	Target	Effect
Clairvoyance 3	45	15	WTDC	S	16 hours clairvoyance
Invisibility 1	20	8	WTDC	S	2 hours invisibility
Invisibility 2	40	16	WTDC	S	8 hours invisibility
Invisibility 3	60	24	WTDC	S	16 hours invisibility
Magic sphere	80	95	WTDC	S	Covers the 6 previous spells each at level 3
Magic compass	5	1	WTD	S	Shows direction in which the party is looking
Identification	25	15	WTDC	O	Reveals all data of an object
Levitation	10	5	WTD	S	The party can use the trap door upwards or downwards
Haste	15	8	B	C	Charakter doubles its attacks, increases its age by 1
Mass haste	30	14	B	P	The party doubles its attacks and increases its age by 1
Teleport	40	20	W	P	Moves the party in the direction chosen
X-ray vision	30	20	WTD	S	Allows you to see through walls



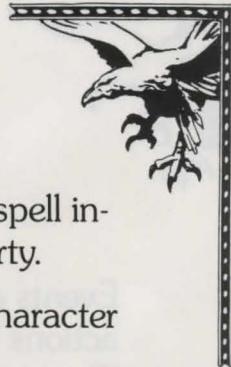
Black magic

Name	SP	SL	Location	Target	Effect
Beam of fire	1	1	B	M	Reduces LP by 1 to 2
Wall of fire	2	2	B	M	Reduces LP by 2 to 4
Fireball	5	4	B	G	Reduces LP by 4 to 8
Fire storm	15	8	B	G	Reduces LP by 8 to 16
Fire cascade	25	16	B	A	Reduces LP by 16 to 32
Waterhole	2	2	B	M	Reduces LP by 2 to 4
Waterfall	4	4	B	M	Reduces LP by 4 to 8
Ice ball	10	8	B	G	Reduces LP by 8 to 16
Ice shower	30	16	B	G	Reduces LP by 16 to 32
Hail storm	50	30	B	A	Reduces LP by 32 to 64
Mud catapult	4	3	B	M	Reduces LP by 4 to 8
Falling rock	8	6	B	M	Reduces LP by 8 to 16
Bog	15	12	B	G	Reduces LP by 16 to 32



Name	SP	SL	Location	Target	Effect
Landslide	45	15	B	G	Reduces LP by 32 to 64
Earthquake	75	40	B	A	Reduces LP by 64 to 128
Strong wind	8	5	B	M	Reduces LP by 8 to 16
Storm	12	10	B	M	Reduces LP by 16 to 32
Tornado	28	20	B	G	Reduces LP by 32 to 64
Thunder	60	30	B	G	Reduces LP by 64 to 128
Hurricane	100	50	B	A	Reduces LP by 128 to 256
Desintegration	100	35	B	M	Kills a monster
Magic arrows	8	15	B	G	Reduces LP by 8

The tables showing the white, grey and black magic give you some impression of the abilities of a competent wizard. Naturally a wizard must practice his spells before he can use them safely. The table shows how many spell learning points are required. If a character can control a spell he can use it at the appropriate location (in the wilderness or a town, for example) or during a battle, by using the number of spell points given.

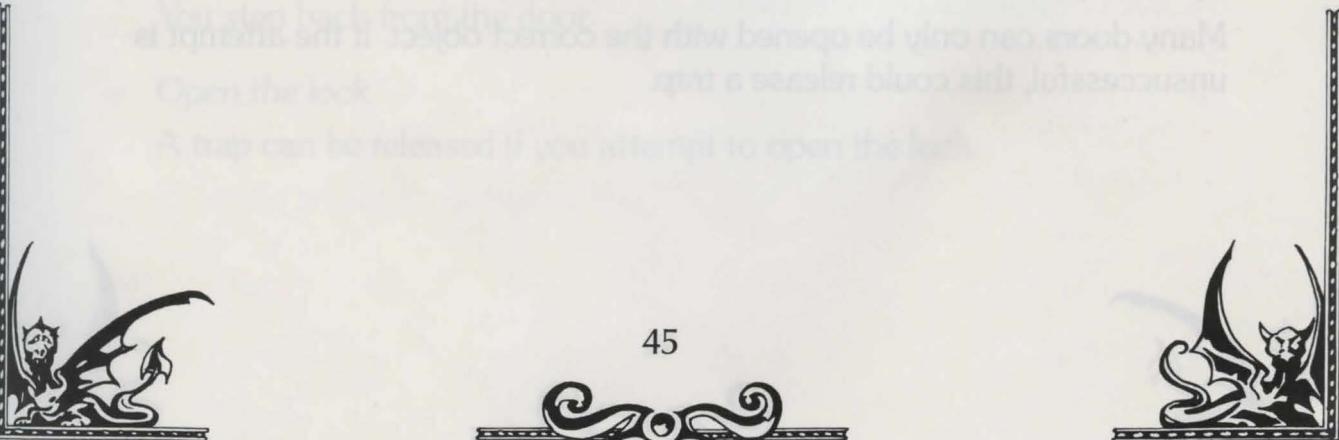


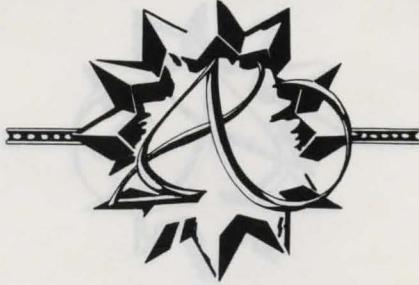
Spells are always directed at certain persons, groups or objects. A spell intended for a monster cannot be used against a member of your party.

If a spell is to be directed at a character in your party, choose the character with the LMB. The RMB interrupts the spell.

But also non-wizards can use magic spells if they use an object charged with magical energy. You do not need to practice with such objects because the spell is always successful and does not cost the person involved any spell points. When the magical energy of an object is exhausted it decomposes.

If necessary, a text window will open during or after a magic spell, showing the results.





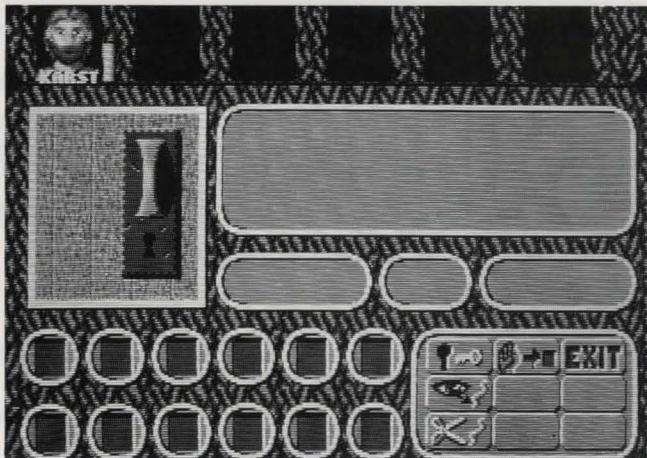
EVENTS

Events always refer to the active character. He carries out all the specific actions and is therefore also responsible for the possible consequences. This naturally excludes events which affect the entire party.

Various actions are possible for some events. The icons required then appear in the control window. Actions which would be possible in theory but which cannot be executed because certain conditions are not fulfilled are shown in bright shading and cannot be selected. For example, it is not possible to disable a trap before it is discovered.

DOORS

Many doors can only be opened with the correct object. If the attempt is unsuccessful, this could release a trap.



- *Exit*
You step back from the door.
- *Open the lock*
A trap can be released if you attempt to open the lock.



- *Use an object*

The objects in the rucksack of the active character are displayed. The RMB interrupts the action and the LMB selects an object. If the object is not the right one to open the door, the action is interrupted. If a passkey is used, the door opens and the passkey disappears. It is particularly unfortunate if the passkey snaps off. Then the lock is always locked and the passkey is useless.

- *Detect a trap*

Examine a lock for hidden traps.

- *Disable a trap*

Try to disable a trap once it has been discovered.



DISCOVER OBJECTS AND TREASURES

When checking a locked chest it is possible that you may set off a trap. If you succeed in opening the chest without setting off the trap the contents of the chest are displayed in a window. Most chests can also be opened with a passkey.

- *Exit*
You step back from the object.
- *Open the lock*
A trap can be released by an attempt to open the lock.
- *Use the object*
The active character can use a suitable object from his luggage to open chests.
- *Discover a trap*
Examine a lock for hidden traps.



- *Disable a trap*

Once discovered, a trap can be disabled or also set off if the attempt is unsuccessful.

- *Take the gold*

If you find gold in the chest, this function transfers it into your luggage.

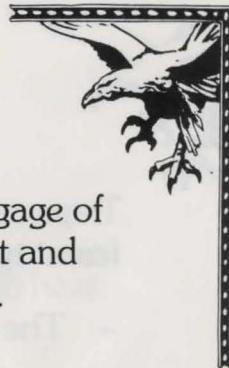
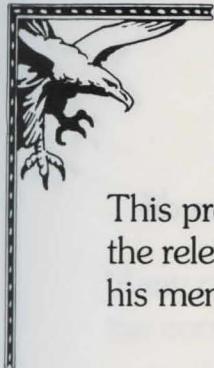
Taking gold like this depends upon whether the members of the party are able to carry any further luggage at all. Use the LMB to choose the character to take the pieces of gold and indicate how many pieces should be transferred to his luggage. The RMB interrupts the action.

- *Distribute the gold*

This distributes gold coins found in a chest as far as possible amongst the luggage of the various members of the party.

- *Take an object*

Use the LMB to transfer an object from the chest into the luggage of a member of your party. The RMB interrupts the action.



This process is only possible if there is enough room left in the luggage of the relevant character, the character can carry the additional weight and his mental and physical state is such that he can accept the object.

TRAP DOORS

Trap doors can be found in the floor or the ceiling of a room. Using the magic "Levitation" the party can get through the trap door without harm. Trap doors located in the ceiling of a room or a corridor can generally only be overcome by using levitation.

TRAPS

Traps can affect all members of a party or just the active character alone. The level of injury or damage varies.

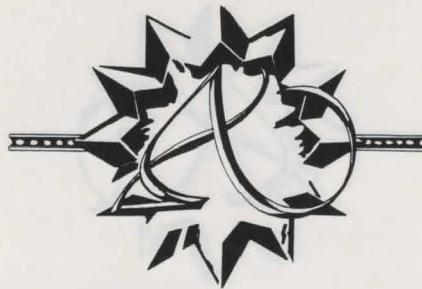




Traps can be found on chests, doors and trap doors. There are seven different types of traps:

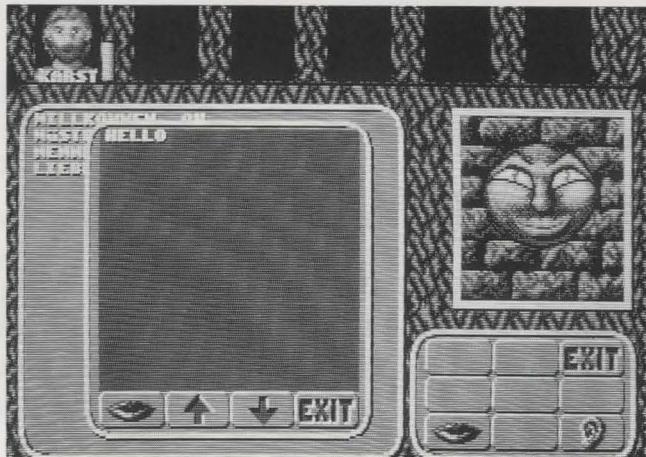
- | | |
|---------------------------|------------------------------|
| – The simple trap | Affects the whole party |
| – Poisoned needles | Affect the active character |
| – Cloud of poisonous gas | Affects the entire party |
| – Blinding flash | Affects the entire party |
| – Cloud of paralysing gas | Affects the entire party |
| – Petrifying gas | Affects the active character |
| – Infection | Affects the active character |

A trap is always triggered by the active character.



PUZZLEMOUths

Many of the puzzlemouths welcome the party. All of them expect to hear the correct answer to their puzzles.





- **Exit**

You retreat from the puzzlemouth.

- **Answers**

If the person asking the question is not answered, you can select either words from the list, ask about new expressions not yet included on the list or can enter an expression of up to 20 characters via the keyboard.

- **Question**

The puzzlemouth is patient. If you did not understand the puzzle it will repeat its question if you ask it to.

GUILDS AND TRADERS

Many traders and guilds are open all round the clock. With others, you are given information about when the trader or the guild is available. The guilds and traders to which your party can turn are as follows:



Guilds

Guild of warriors

Guild of paladines

Guild of rangers

Guild of white magicians

Guild of grey magicians

Guild of black magicians

Guild of thieves

Guild of monks

Traders

Goods traders

Food traders

Horse traders

Raft traders

Boat traders

Healers

Wise men

Guest houses

Your party can only make purchases if it has either put its gold together or gold is available from the sale of an item.



GENERAL FUNCTIONS

- *Exit*

You leave the guild or the trader.

- *Putting gold together*

This function allows you to use all the gold of the party.

- *Distribute the gold*

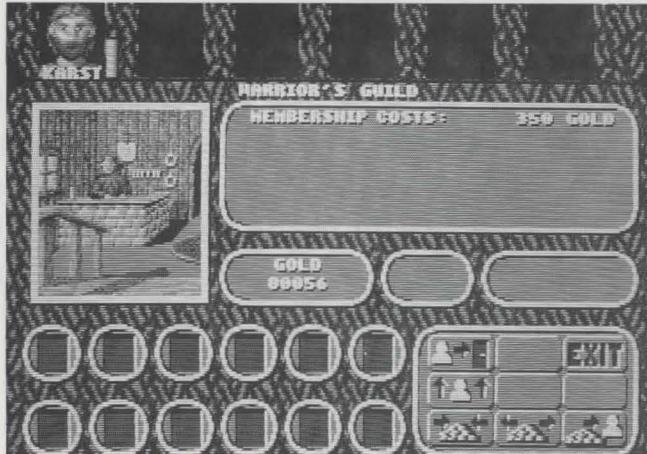
The gold in the party is distributed evenly amongst all members.

- *Transfer the gold*

The RMB interrupts this action. Use the LMB to choose a character who is to have more gold put in his luggage. For this, you must always remember the abilities of the relevant character.



GUILD-SPECIFIC FUNCTIONS



- *Join a guild*

The active character can join a guild if he is not already a member. He must have sufficient gold to do so and also have enough experience to



successfully pass the first examination for entry into the guild. He must also be a member of a race allowed to enter the guild.

- Promotion

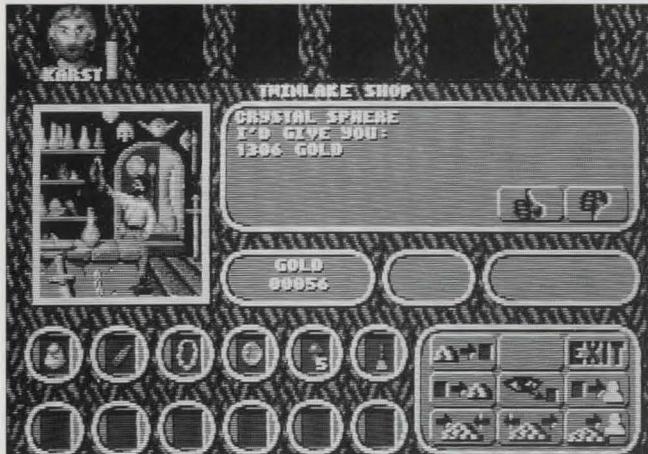
In order to be promoted to the next level in a guild to which he belongs the active character must again have the required quantity of gold with him and possess the corresponding number of experience points. Select the characteristic you wish to improve. You must allocate your new points to one or more characteristics whereby naturally no characteristic can be increased beyond the maximum value. The different classes obtain the following points on entering the next level:

Warrior	8 points	Paladine	10 points
Ranger	14 points	Thief	16 points
Monk	10 points	Wizard (white/grey/black)	12 points

Increase the value of a characteristic with the LMB and reduce it with the RMB if you accidentally allocated too many new points to a specific characteristic.



SPECIAL FUNCTIONS FOR TRADERS



- *Sell an object*

The active character can sell an object from his luggage. Select the object which a trader is to make an offer on, using the LMB. You can de-



cide whether you wish to sell or would prefer to retain the object. The RMB interrupts the action.

- *Buy an object*

If a trader is offering one or more items, you can make a purchase, but naturally only if your party has enough gold.

Choose an item with the LMB. You can buy up to 99 units if the trader has enough of the goods available and your party has sufficient gold. The price and the name of the goods will be displayed. The RMB interrupts the action.

- *Take over the item*

The RMB interrupts the action. You can transfer an object from the counter to the luggage of a person if there is enough room in the luggage and the character involved is able to accept the item.



SPECIAL FUNCTIONS WITH FOOD TRADERS

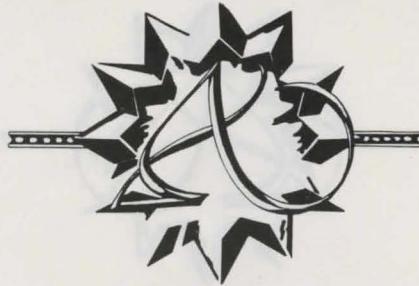


- *Accept the food*

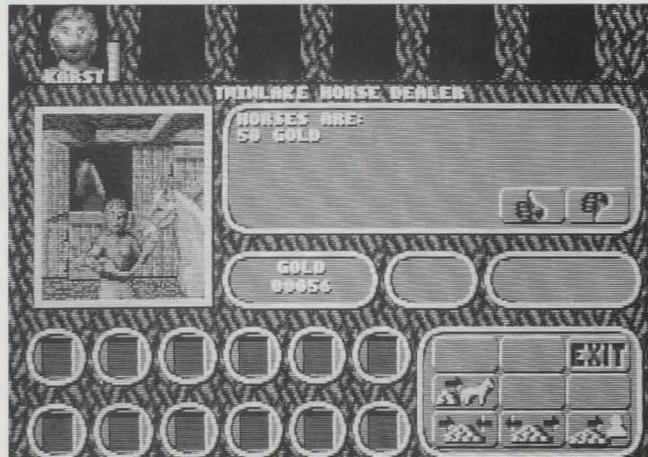
The action is interrupted with the RMB. The LMB selects the character in the party who is to accept the food.

- *Distribute food*

The food is distributed equally amongst all members of the party.

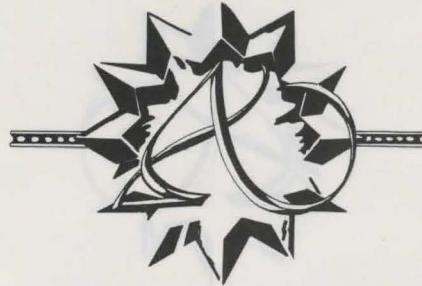


SPECIAL FUNCTION OF HORSE TRADERS

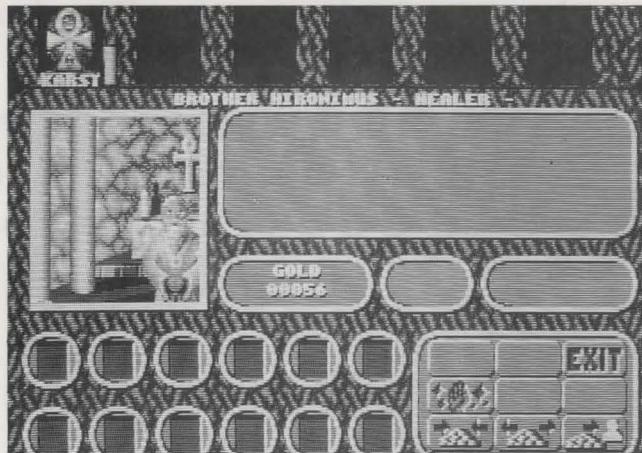


- *Buy horses*

You must always buy as many horses as you have members in your party. The price is displayed.



SPECIAL FUNCTIONS WITH HEALERS



- *Remove curses*

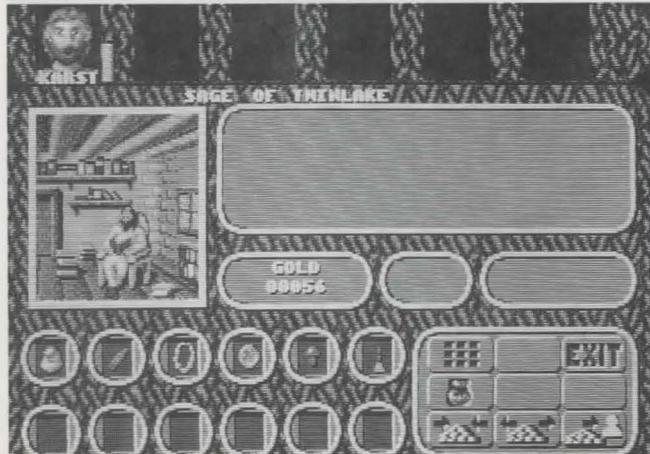
With the necessary amount of gold the active character can free himself of cursed objects. The relevant object is removed from the luggage.

- *Healing*

Physical or mental defects in the active character are removed.



SPECIAL FUNCTIONS WITH WISE MEN



- Show items being carried

The items carried by the active character are displayed.



- *Show items in rucksack*

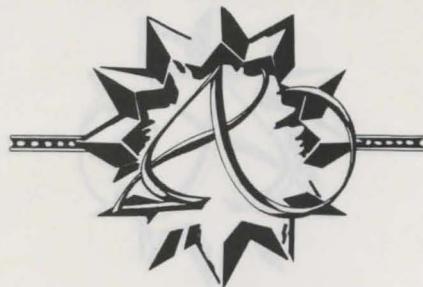
The items in the rucksack carried by the active character are displayed.

- *Examine item*

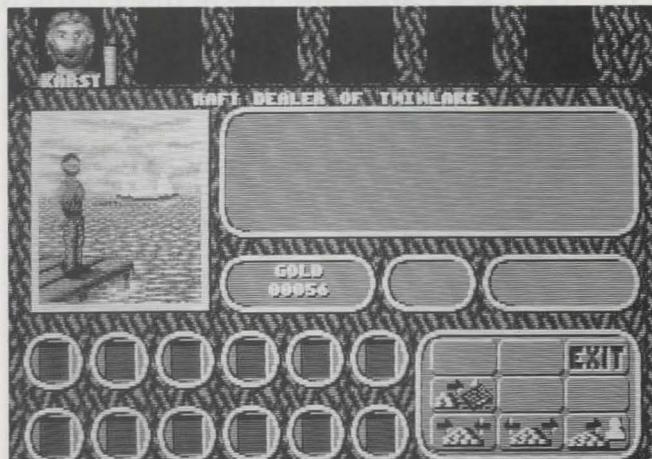
For a fee an item displayed can be examined.

Buy a boat

The party buys a boat.

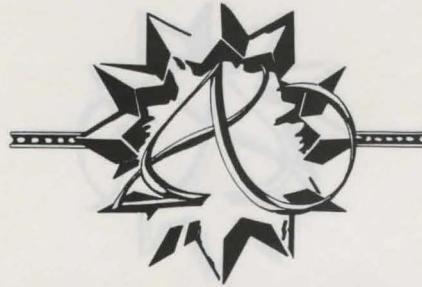


SPECIAL FUNCTION OF THE RAFT TRADER



- *Buy raft*

You buy a raft for the party.



SPECIAL FUNCTION OF THE BOAT TRADER

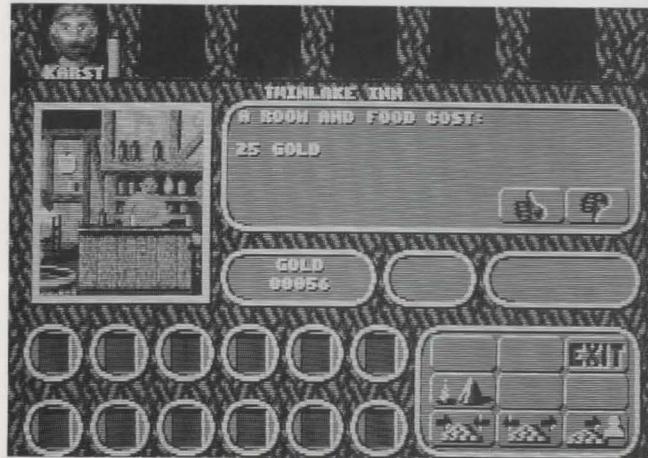


- *Buy a boat*

The party buys a boat.



SPECIAL FUNCTION OF THE GUEST HOUSE



- *Look for quarters*

The party can rent a room for an overnight stay in a guest house.



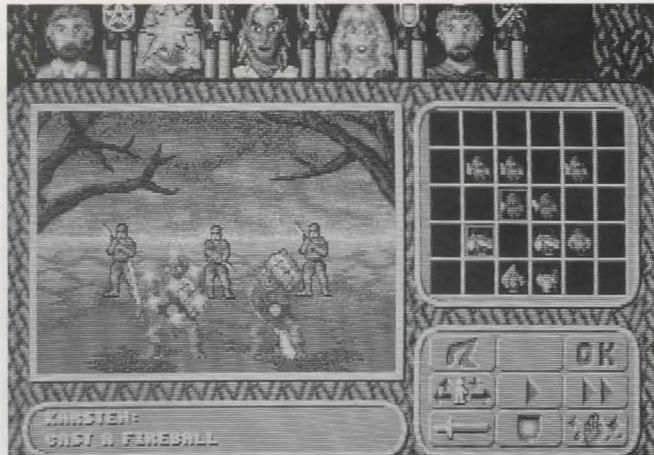
BATTLES

If the party encounters one or more monsters, we switch to combat mode. You can decide whether you want to fight or flee. Fleeing is not always successful and the monsters then have the advantage of the first strike without the party being able to defend itself.

If your party is invisible, the monster or horde of monsters cannot defend itself against your first strike. An invisible party can naturally flee without hindrance.

Various monsters with varying strengths will get in the way of your party.

In the tactical section of the battle the monsters are always displayed at the top and the members of the party at the bottom.



- *Slow and fast mode*

The two icons ">" and "»" represent the slow and the fast mode which affect the battle as follows: If the slow mode is activated there will be a pause between each move. Press the LMB after a move to continue with the battle. In fast mode the battle will run automatically after you have clicked on the OK icon.



- *Fleeing*

An individual member of the party takes flight. A check is made to determine whether he was successful. The character does not get any new experience points. Only a figure from the back row of the battle configuration can flee.

- *Movement*

If possible, a member of the party can change his position. When the last member of the party has been withdrawn to the back row of the battle configuration, the row of monsters moves forwards.

- *Attack*

Close-combat weapons can only be used in the front row of the battle and only against monsters located right next to or in front of the selected person. The character involved must carry the correct ammunition for using long-distance weapons. All monsters in the battle can be attacked with long-distance weapons.

The action is interrupted with the RMB. Use the LMB to select a character and the monster to be attacked.



- *Parade*

The selected character moves the parade position and helps to fend off an attack by a monster.

- *Use a magic spell*

The RMB interrupts the action. Use the LMB to choose a character from your party who is to use a magic spell in the next round of the battle. When the type of spell has been selected, a window opens showing all available spells of that type. The number after the spell shows how often the character can use it before his spell points are used up. The number for every spell listed is calculated from the number of the spell points required for each spell in relation to the number of spell points available to the active character. You can only choose battle spells for which the character has achieved the required minimum number of spell points.

After choosing the spell you indicate which member of the party or which monster it should affect if the entire group is not to be affected.



Spells which contain magic can be used by all members of the party of the class involved in the object. A sword with a fireball spell can therefore only be used by Warriors, Paladines or other fighters who use a sword. No spell points are used. When the magic in an object is exhausted, the object will disappear.

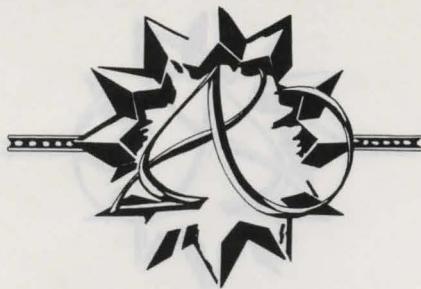
The success of any magic not only depends upon the ability of the character using it but also on the resistance of the defenders.

- OK

The setting is accepted and the next round of the battle can commence.

The person whose values are to be modified can be selected by clicking on it on the tactical panel.

Monsters which cannot reach a member of your party with their weapons or magic spells are always in the "parade" function.



Groups of monsters have a certain level of combat morale, i.e. the remainder of a group of four Kobolds with a morale level of 50% will attempt to flee if two of the group are killed.

When the actions for all figures in the battle have been set, they are executed consecutively. All figures are in the parade position at the beginning of a round of the battle. If the opponent of a figure is no longer capable of combat or has flown, the action is not executed and the figure returns to the parade position.

Restrictions:

- Stunning
- Poisoning
- Petrified

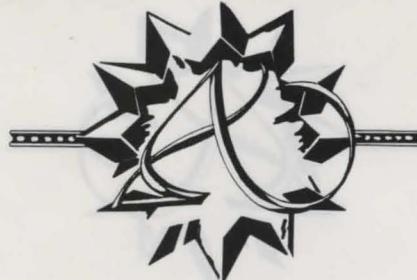
Figures which are stunned are immobile and can only use magic.

Poisoning has no effect in the battle.

The figure affected is dead.



- Illness The probability of combat success is reduced by 50%.
- Ageing Fast ageing has no effect upon the battle.
- Death The relevant character no longer takes part in the battle.
- Irritation The figure affected can no longer use magic. The probability of success in the battle is reduced by 25%. The irritation disappears when the battle is completed.
- Madness You cannot control the character affected in the party – he acts independently.
- Sleep Figures at sleep do not take part in the battle. If injured, the relevant figure wakes up. The restriction disappears when the battle is finished.



- Panic
- Blindness

The figure affected attempts to flee. Panic disappears when the battle is over.

The probability of success in the battle is decreased by 75%.

A battle is over when:

- All members of a group are dead
- All members of a group have successfully taken flight
- All monsters are dead or have flown.

If members of your party survived, you can collect objects from the dead monsters.



- *Exit*
You exit from the battle mode without collecting further objects.
- *Take an object*
An object can be taken if there is room in the rucksack and the character can carry it.
- *Next page*
If the list covers more than one screen, this selects the next page.
- *Previous page*
You can step one screen page backwards with this command.
- *Take the gold*
You can take gold coins if there is room in the rucksack and the character selected can carry them.



- *Distribute the gold*

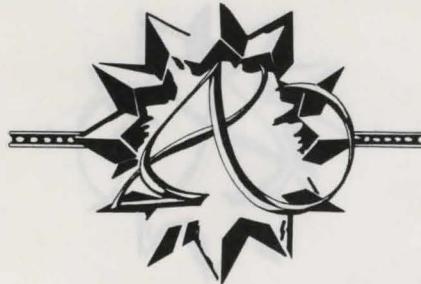
The gold is distributed amongst all members of your party.

- *Take the food*

You can take food if there is enough room in the rucksack and the character selected can carry it.

- *Distribute food*

The food is distributed evenly amongst all members of the party.

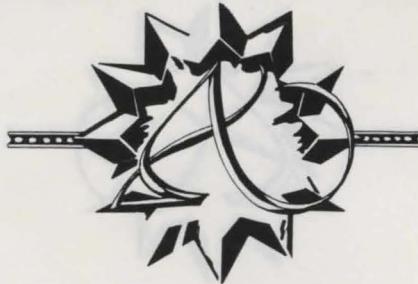


TABLES

The races

Each race has its own individual strengths and weaknesses. The characteristics are **STR**ength, **IN**telligence, **DEX**terity, **SPE**ed, **CON**stitution, **CHA**risma, **LUC**k, **MAG**ic resistance and **AGE**. The values given are the maximum values.

Race	STR	INT	DEX	SPE	CON	CHA	LUC	MAG	AGE
Human	60	60	60	60	60	60	100	0	80
Elf	30	100	70	80	30	90	100	20	950
Dwarf	90	30	20	30	100	40	100	100	600
Gnome	40	70	80	50	40	80	100	80	350
Halfling	20	40	100	100	20	100	100	20	250
Half-elf	45	80	65	70	30	30	100	10	200
Half-ork	80	20	50	40	80	20	100	0	50



Races can enter the following classes:

Human	All
Elf	Warriors, rangers, white, grey and black wizards
Dwarf	Warriors and monks
Gnome	Thieves, monks, white, grey and black wizards
Halfling	Thieves and monks
Half-elf	Thieves, white, grey and black wizards
Half-ork	Warriors and thieves



The classes

The class table describes the abilities of the classes in the individual disciplines. The abilities are **ATT**ack, **PAR**ry, **SWI**mming, **LIS**tening, **F**inding **T**raps, **D**isarming **T**raps, **P**icking **L**ocks, **SE**Arching, **R**eading **M**agic **S**crolls and **U**se **M**agic. The figures are percentages.

Class	ATT	PAR	SWI	LIS	F-T	D-T	P-L	SEA	RMS	U-M
Warrior	95	80	95	50	20	10	15	20	0	0
Paladine	80	95	95	50	30	10	0	10	70	50
Ranger	70	70	95	80	40	40	40	30	30	30
Thief	50	50	95	95	95	95	95	95	0	0
Monk	60	60	95	60	40	30	35	70	50	60
White wizard	20	20	95	20	15	15	0	50	95	95
Grey wizard	30	30	95	20	10	10	0	50	95	95
Black wizard	40	40	95	20	0	0	0	50	95	95



The classes can learn magic spells of the following categories, according to their abilities:

Warriors	None
Paladines	White
Rangers	White and grey
Thieves	None
Monks	Grey
White wizards	White
Grey wizards	Grey
Black wizards	Black



The levels

A member of the party reaches the next level in his class with different numbers of experience points:

Level	Warrior	Paladine	Ranger	Thief	Monk	Wizard (white/grey)	Wizard (black)
1	30	50	90	40	80	70	75
2	90	150	270	120	240	210	225
3	180	300	540	240	480	420	450
4	300	500	900	400	800	700	750
5	450	750	1350	600	1200	1050	1125
6	630	1050	1890	840	1680	1470	1575
7	840	1400	2520	1120	2240	1960	2100
8	1080	1800	3240	1440	2880	2520	2700
9	1350	2250	4050	1800	3600	3150	3375
10	1650	2750	4950	2200	4400	3850	4125
11	1980	3300	5940	2640	5280	4620	4950
12	2340	3900	7020	3120	6240	5460	5850
13	2730	4550	8190	3640	7280	6370	6825
14	3150	5250	9450	4200	8400	7350	7875
15	3600	6000	10800	4800	9600	8400	9000
16	4080	6800	12240	5440	10880	9520	10200
17	4590	7650	13770	6120	12240	10710	11475
18	5130	8550	15390	6840	13680	11970	12825
19	5700	9500	17100	7600	15200	13300	14250
20	6300	10500	18900	8400	16800	14700	15750



THE KEYS

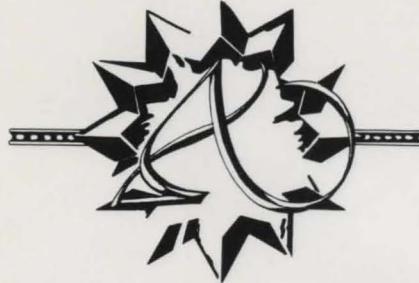
The nine numbers on the numeric keypad coincide in their function and configuration with the nine icons on the movement and action panel.

The keys [1] to [6] on the panel determine the active character according to the configuration in the party ID.

The function keys [F1] to [F6] open the second page of the set-up list for the relevant character according to the configuration in the party ID.

In 2-D representation the cursor block has the following functions:

- | | |
|--|-------------------------|
| | I am going to the North |
| | I am going to the West |
| | I am going to the South |
| | I am going to the East |



In 3-D representation the cursor block has the following functions:

Insert



Turn left through 90 degrees

Clr Home



Turn right through 90 degrees



Go the left without turning



Go back without turning

Go to the right without turning



A thousand years ago there were still woods to the south

A east of Lyramion, in a land which was then called Feldmark. The

people who had once dwelt there had long since been scattered; they lived by

**THIS IS THE TALE OF TARBOS, God of Chaos,
who devastated the lands of Lyramion; of how he
came to be, and how he came to fall.**

In the days of old, when the world was young, there was a woman who

lived in a little house in the forest. She was a good woman, and every day she worked hard to earn her living, and when the time

Tar was born, she was overjoyed, and covered with kisses, kissing the soft arms of

his mother, and pressing his face into her long brown hair. She never cried,

His mother comforted and loved him, but sometimes she lay awake at

night when her husband was asleep, and thought about her strange son.

To avoid the other children Tar often went into the woods alone, leaving

early in the morning when his chores were done and returning just before

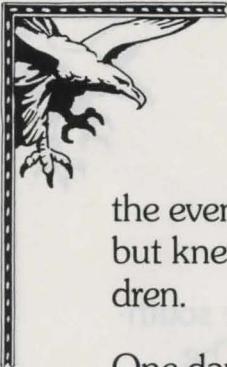


I – Children

A thousand years ago, tucked deep in the beautiful woods to the south-east of Lyramion, there was a small village called Forkbrook. The people who lived there were blond haired and good natured; they lived by fishing and hunting and traded with the nearest town which lay two days travel to the west.

In this village lived a small boy named Tar. He was not like the other villagers. His hair was as dark as raven feathers by night and his temper was even darker. The other children often teased him and many were the times Tar came home, dirty and covered with bruises, seeking the soft arms of his mother and pressing his face into her long blond hair. He never cried. His mother comforted and loved him, but sometimes she lay awake at night when her husband was asleep and thought about her strange son.

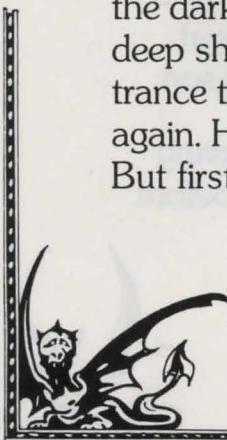
To avoid the other children Tar often went into the woods alone, leaving early in the morning when his chores were done and returning just before

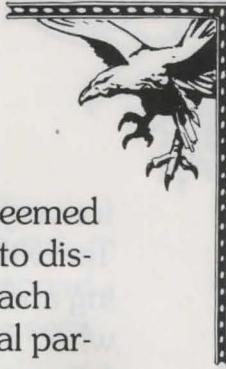
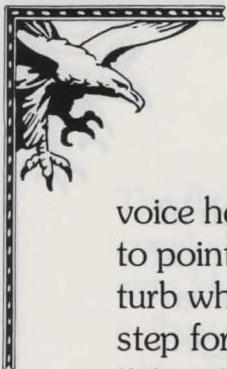


the evening meal. His father often grumbled about his son's long absences but knew in his heart that it spared the boy the cruelty of the other children.

One day Tar left especially early. He felt filled with anticipation and was determined to go deeper into the woods than ever before, even though his father had warned him that a heavy storm was coming. He walked on, through hidden vales, crossing small tinkling brooks and using paths where the sun seldom reached the leaf-strewn earth. But he had seen all this before and hurried on without really looking.

Finally he reached a clearing in the forest where he had never been before. He felt the thrill of the unknown run through his body and looked up at the darkening sky. On the other side of the clearing, almost invisible in the deep shadows, was a bare mound. In the mound was a dark hole, the entrance to a cave. Tar slowly crossed the clearing. He looked up at the sky again. He would have to hurry if he didn't want to get soaked to the bone. But first he must explore this cave, which seemed to be calling him in a



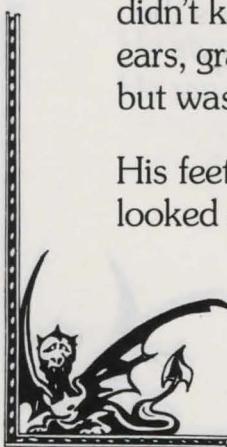


voice he sensed and could almost hear. Everything in the clearing seemed to point at the dark cave entrance. Everything was quiet, so as not to disturb what was drawing Tar towards the inky black opening. With each step forward, Tar felt less in control, more a spectator than an actual participant.

At last he reached the entrance. A spot of light grew larger, far back in the depths of the cave. Tar felt his feet take him forward again. He entered the cave. The air inside was heavy. The smell reminded Tar of a dead fox he had once found, but this smell was a thousand times stronger.

The light grew brighter and bigger, flickering on the rough surface of the cave wall. Tar could make out a large shape lying on the floor ahead. He didn't know what was producing the light. A distant sound reached his ears, gradually growing louder. It sounded like water running over stones but was somehow different.

His feet brought him to a standstill in front of the the large shape. He looked down. It was a corpse. The corpse of a bear. It had not been dead





for very long but was already starting to decompose. Now the stench hit Tar with it's full force and he drew back at the sight of the maggots twisting and turning in the rotting flesh. His feet wouldn't obey him, not even when the corpse started to move, started to lift itself, meat and maggots falling from it to the floor. It raised it's head until it was level with Tar's own and opened it's eyes. Tar saw life flickering deep in the mouldering skull, an evil and unclean life.

The corpse breathed in deeply. For a short moment all was still. Then the corpse said "Tarbos", breathing out a cloud of rotten air into Tar's face.

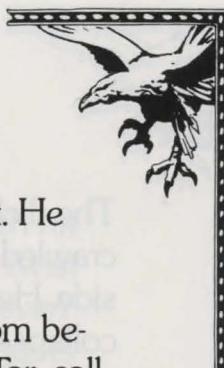
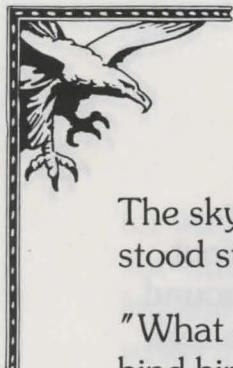
Tar regained control of himself, clutched his face, and stumbled backwards. He could not breathe, could not see, tried to get the foul gas out of his lungs, gasping, choking. He fell back and started crawling towards the entrance, not seeing the corpse of the bear fall to the floor as if a puppeteer had let go of the strings.



The flickering light faded away. The mound started trembling as Tar crawled towards the light, dust and dirt falling on him. Then he was outside. He looked back, blinking, tears streaming from his eyes. The mound collapsed with a loud rumbling. As the dust settled, all that could be seen was a rough patch of earth.

Tar coughed and wiped the tears from his face. He spat, trying to get the vile taste out of his mouth. He sat still and wondered about what he was feeling. He felt as if fire was running through his veins, and it felt good. His head was clearer than it had ever been before. He looked around and saw everything anew, every leaf, every blade of grass, every pebble on the ground. At the same time he felt ashamed and shocked, as if someone had stripped away his body and exposed his naked spirit.

He stood up, spat a last time and looked at the sky. It was very dark now. He ran towards his village, exhilarated, filled with a strange new power.

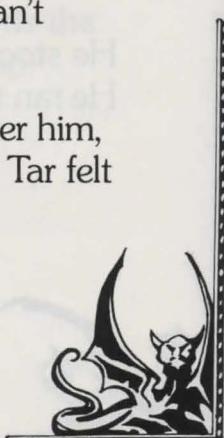
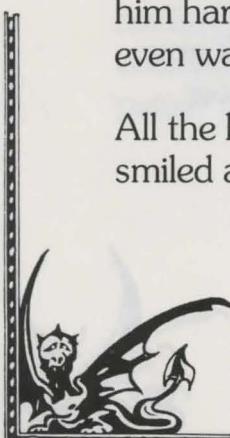


The sky was almost black when Tar came running out of the forest. He stood still, smiling broadly. He wasn't even tired.

"What are you laughing about, dirthead?", said a sneering voice from behind him. Tar turned around. It was Mank. He was always teasing Tar, calling him names, picking fights. Mank was big for his age. Tar looked up at him, a cold look in his eyes, and said "Go scratch your flea-bites, you horse-faced dog turd." Mank's eyes widened, then he smiled. "So, learned some new words from your Dad, did you?" His smile broadened. "Only, he isn't your Dad, you know. Your real Dad was a forest pig".

Mank started laughing and some other children who had come to watch laughed as well. Tar opened his mouth to reply, but then Mank pushed him hard and he stumbled back and fell to the ground. "See? He can't even walk properly!"

All the kids were standing around Tar now, laughing. Mank bent over him, smiled and said "And do you know what your mother was, runt ?" Tar felt





anger growing inside him, like a fire. "I'll tell you what your mother was." Tar no longer knew what he was doing, he knew only anger and hate. Everything turned red. He raised his arm and put his hand on Mank's chest.

"She was..." But Mank never got any further. Tar felt something, some power running through his arm, through his hand. And he felt something move violently under his hand, in Mank's chest. It made a sound which suddenly seemed very loud. Mank's eyes grew very wide. Everyone was absolutely still, as if time were standing still.

Thunder rumbled. Tar looked closely at Mank's face, his hand still on his chest. A small trickle of blood came out of the corner of Mank's mouth. Then he fell back, an expression of surprise and fear on his face.

Everything started to move again, all at once. Children started screaming, parents ran outside to see what was going on and talked in loud voices. Only Tar still sat there, his arm raised, absolutely still. And Mank? Mank was lying in the dirt, very still.

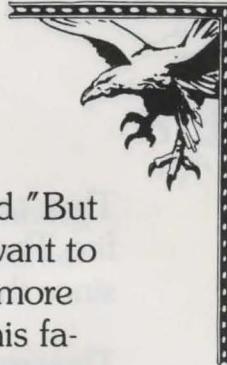
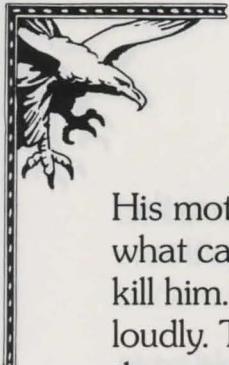


The villagers were moving towards Tar. He looked up at their angry faces. Then the storm finally broke and its full force was unleashed upon the forest and the village. The rain lashed down, the wind tore at the trees and houses, flashes of lightning struck four trees at almost the same time and deafening thunder drowned out every sound.

Tar was sitting on the bed in his parent's room, the storm raging outside. His mother had told him to wait when she had pushed him in here. His father had only looked at him, angry and disgusted. Now he could hear them talking outside. He didn't understand why everyone was so angry at him.

– Mank shouldn't have pushed me. I gave him what he deserved. I did!

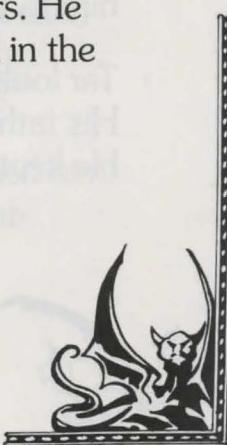
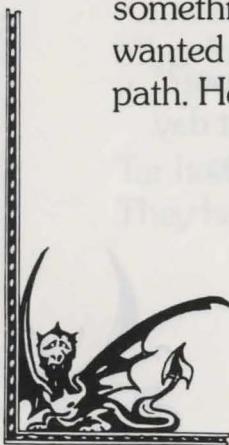
He stood up and pressed his ear against the rough wood of the door. He could just make out what his parents were saying. "... we really tried, but we knew when we found him. We should have left him in the woods."



His mother was crying. She managed to stop sobbing and then said "But what can we do about it now?" Tar's father replied "The villagers want to kill him. They think he's a demon." His mother started to sob even more loudly. Tar felt his father move to comfort her, hold her, and heard his father speak.

"Don't worry, my dear, I know something better. We'll take him to Latheoz. He's a wizard, he'll know what to do."

As his father took him along the path leading north to the hills Tar looked back at the village. He saw his mother but she didn't look at him. She had still been crying when she had kissed him goodbye. She was surrounded by the other villagers. They looked at him with angry faces, as if he was something detestable. The children were hiding behind their mothers. He wanted to look some more but his father pulled him around a bend in the path. He never saw the village again.



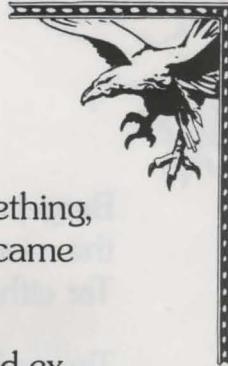
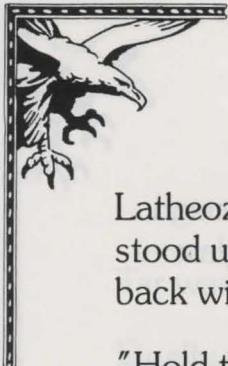


They camped that night. His father caught a rabbit and roasted it over the fire. They ate in silence, then slept. Tar's father hadn't said a word to him since they left.

They reached the house of Latheoz the next day. Latheoz was an old man and was wearing a grey robe. He lived alone in a small stone house filled with weird magical objects and a lot of large mysterious books. Tar's father greeted him respectfully. The wizard grunted a little and asked why they had come.

"It is because of him," Tar's father said and pointed at Tar, "He killed another boy. We think by magic. Now the other people want to kill him – they say he is a demon. I promised his mother, my wife, that I would bring him to you."

Tar looked up at his father and asked: "Aren't you my father any more?" His father looked down at him as if seeing him for the first time that day. He kept looking for a while, not saying anything, then turned back to

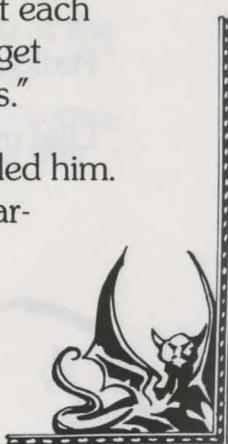
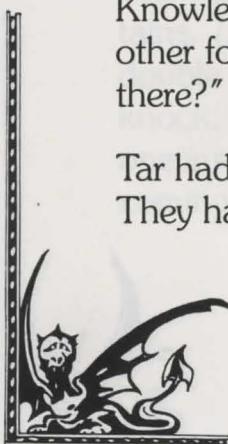


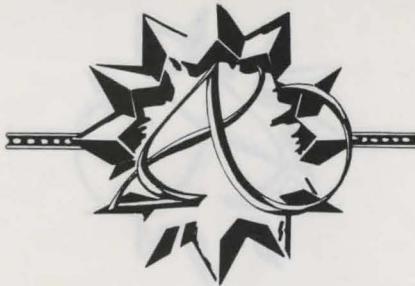
Latheoz, who was also looking at Tar. The old man mumbled something, stood up and rummaged around in a dark corner. After a while he came back with a big crystal.

"Hold this", he said to Tar. Tar took the crystal in his hands. He had expected a shock or a tingling feeling, but it felt just like a big piece of stone. Latheoz laid his old wrinkled hand on the crystal and closed his eyes. He held still for some time, then frowned, sweat forming on his forehead. With a sudden movement he jerked his hand away and opened his eyes. He stared at Tar, then looked at his father.

"Just a big black wall...", he mumbled, seemingly confused, then he came to his senses and said "I advise you send him to the Seekers of Perilous Knowledge. They might know what to do with him." They stared at each other for a while, then Tar's father said "Very well. But how will he get there?" – "I'll take him," said Latheoz, "I know some of the Seekers."

Tar had never seen anything like the lands through which Latheoz led him. They had travelled through the foothills of the Bollgar range (Bollgar-





Berge) and were now walking along a steep trail towards a pass through the mountains themselves. Latheoz didn't talk much but he didn't glare at Tar either, although he sometimes had a curious glint in his eyes.

Tar could see that the journey was hard for the old man. Even so, Latheoz rested only for short periods and never ate much. After two days travel they came down into small rock valley. At its centre stood a tall tower, made entirely of cold stone.

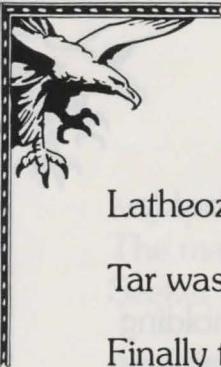
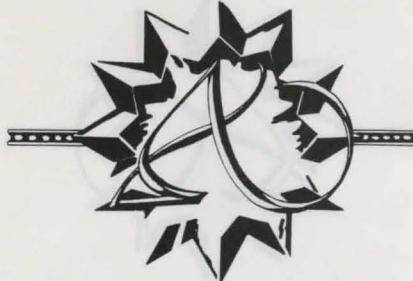
"What's that?", asked Tar.

"That's the Tower of the Seekers," answered Latheoz.

"What do they seek?", asked Tar again.

"Perilous knowledge."

"Like moving dead things?"



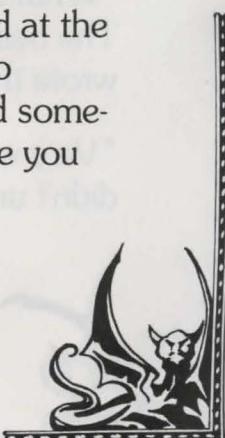
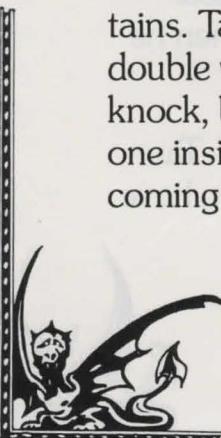
Latheoz looked strangely at Tar. "Perhaps, yes."

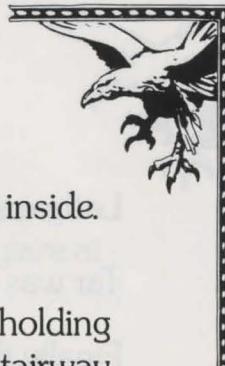
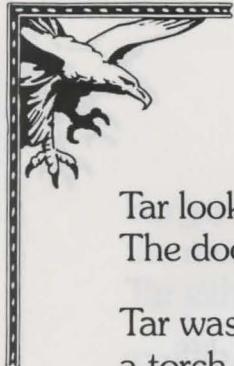
Tar was more interested now. He stared at the tower.

Finally they stood at the base of the tower, after having crossed the difficult country surrounding it. Latheoz seemed very tired.

"Alright, here you are. I'm going back now." – "Wait," Tar said, "Aren't you coming in?" – Latheoz looked up at the tower and shivered. "No, I don't want to go in there." – "But they won't know who brought me, or why I'm here!", Tar exclaimed. – "Don't worry," said Latheoz with a weary smile, "They know we're here."

Then Latheoz turned around and started walking back towards the mountains. Tar looked at him as he grew smaller and smaller, then looked at the double wooden doors at the bottom of the tower. He reached out to knock, but before his hand touched the wood, the door opened and someone inside said: "Well? Are you going to stand outside all day or are you coming in?"





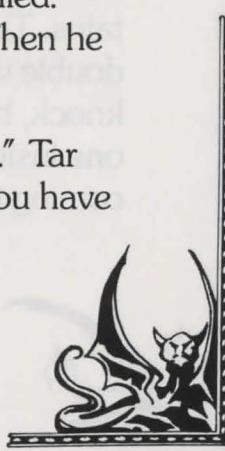
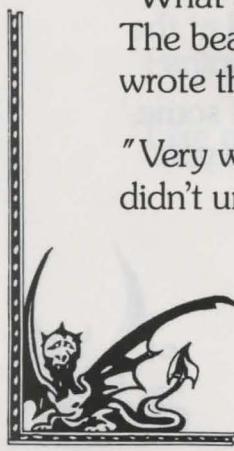
Tar looked into the dark hall but couldn't see anything. He stepped inside. The door closed behind him.

Tar was standing in a dark hall. A man dressed in a dark robe and holding a torch gestured for him to follow. Tar followed him, up a winding stairway then down a corridor. Finally he was pushed into a small room where a bearded man, also clad in a dark robe, sat behind a large wooden desk. The man gazed sternly at him. Tar felt a little uncomfortable under the gaze but did not lower his eyes.

After a while the man said: "So Latheoz thinks you're fit to be a wizard." He looked at his papers and wrote something down.

"What is your name?", he asked without looking up. "Tar." Tar replied. The bearded man stared at him briefly as if he didn't believe him. Then he wrote the name down.

"Very well," said the man, "You have some talent, so much is clear." Tar ~~no~~ didn't understand but said nothing. The man looked at him. "Do you have





any questions?" Tar thought intently, then asked "Am I a Seeker now?" The man smiled and said: "Not yet. But with a little luck, you'll be a true Seeker one day."

And so Tar joined the Seekers of Perilous Knowledge. The Seekers made him work hard, but he had enough to eat and his bed was warm and dry. They also taught him to read and write, and when they saw he learned quickly, they gave him basic knowledge of Elementals and the Demonic Realms. Tar absorbed everything they taught him with a speed that surprised even the Seekers and he rose through the ranks faster than anyone before. But he never made any friends.



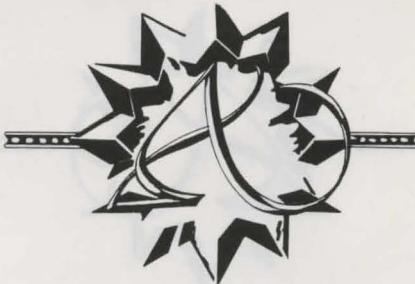
II – Wizards

Well, Tar, you're doing your Master's test tomorrow. Do you think you'll make it?" Tar lifted his eyes from the roll of parchment he was reading and looked into the eyes of the Master who had spoken to him. He smiled slowly and said "Of course, Master Zanthy. I don't think there will be any problem."

Master Zanthy laughed uneasily, having sensed the mocking tone. "Ha! You may be the youngest ever to attempt the Master's Trial, but don't overestimate yourself. Calling up a third level demon isn't something to be taken lightly."

Tar smiled again and turned back to his studies.

– Old fool, he thought, the demons are eating out of my hand. And I have already called up a fourth level demon.



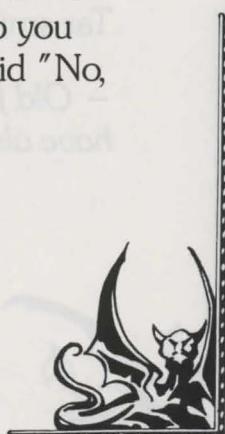
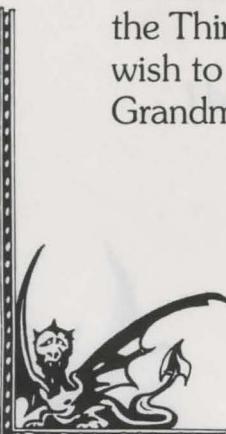
Then he wondered. Things were easy for him. He performed with ease those incantations which other Seekers considered very difficult.

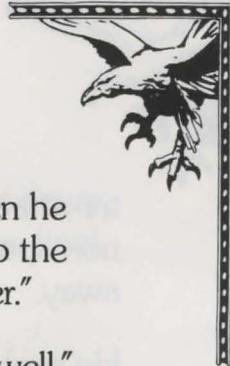
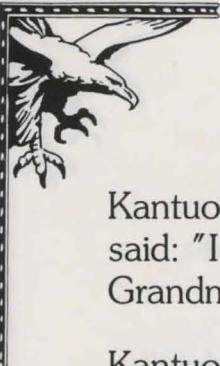
– They're all fools.

He smiled to himself and studied on.

The next day Tar was called at dawn and brought before the council. The Twelve looked at him with stern eyes but Tar stood before them with no apparent fear or concern, even though he knew they all felt he was too young.

Grandmaster Kantuon cleared his throat and spoke. "Brother Tar, you will now risk your very being in an attempt to invoke and control a Demon of the Third level, thus proving that you are worthy to be a Master. Do you wish to reconsider?" He looked gravely at Tar who smiled as he said "No, Grandmaster."





Kantuon continued to look at him, his expression unchanging. Then he said: "I repeat, do you wish to reconsider?" Tar looked straight into the Grandmaster's eyes without flinching and replied "No, Grandmaster."

Kantuon sighed and looked down at the scroll in his hands. "Very well," he said, "Go through that door." He pointed towards a door on Tar's right. "We'll check your progress here."

Tar nodded, walked to the door and entered the Trial Room. It was small and completely dark except for a tall black candle which cast its wildly flickering light over the rough walls. Tar sat down and entered the trance state. Without hesitation he sank down through the outer levels of the Demonic Realms, casually fighting off the attacks and temptations of the lesser demons. He stopped on the fifth level to do battle with a group of demons who were trying to stop him.

After destroying them, he sank further to the fourth level. A demon of formidable size blocked his path and attacked him. Tar frowned and coun-





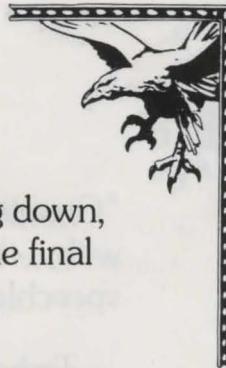
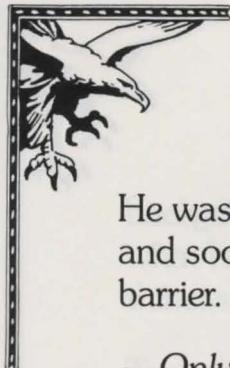
ter-attacked, knocking the demon over the horizon of the Realm's non-space. He waited patiently for the demon to return, but it stayed away.

He sank to the third level, quickly sensing a powerful demon in his vicinity. He homed in on it and bound it with his most powerful binding spells. It struggled, tried to attack but Tar simply squeezed his mental hand until the demon no longer resisted. He calmly held his grip. The Twelve would soon sense his control of the demon and he would return as a Master.

A giant hand came up from below, grabbed him, enclosing him completely, then drew him down. Tar's binding spell was broken.

– *Hellfire! A second level demon?*

He didn't resist, sensing it was useless, but waited. He felt how he entered the second level and was thrilled.



He was deeper than he had ever been before. But still he was going down, and soon he felt himself sinking out of the second level, crossing the final barrier. The realization of what was happening shocked him.

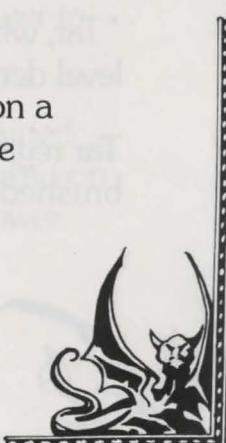
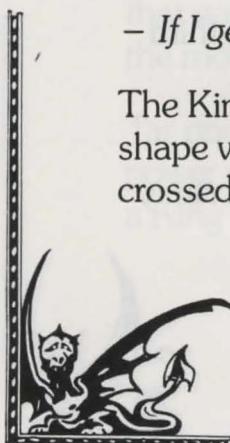
– Only a Demon Lord could do this!

Then the giant hand opened, exposing him to the first level. He sensed the huge power which had drawn him down, the immense entity which was dwarfing his puny human form. He felt fear grow inside him but his curiosity was greater.

"Who are you?", he demanded silently. If the Demon Lord gave his name, he could be called again.

– If I get out of here.

The King of Hell changed his appearance of pure chaos and took on a shape which could be comprehended by the human senses. A smile crossed the huge face.





"Greetings, Tarbos. I am Thornahuun. I am your father," said the King with a thunderous sound which filled the space completely. Tar was speechless.

— *TARBOS ... THE CAVE ... MY FATHER? PREPOSTEROUS!*

The Demon King's smile broadened. "Goodbye, Tarbos. We shall meet again." Tar felt himself being propelled upwards, faster and faster. He screamed: "Wait, Thornahuun! Come back!" But all that he heard from the Demon Lord as he sped up through the nine levels was great laughter.

Tar was screaming as he came out of his trance. The Twelve came into the room and surrounded him.

"Tar, what happened?", they asked. "We sensed you controlling the third level demon when you suddenly disappeared. Where..."

Tar regained control over himself. He stood up without answering, brushed off their helping hands and looked at Kantuon who gazed calmly





back at him. The other Masters fell quiet. Kantuon spoke: "I don't know what happened to you down there, Tar, but you demonstrated your worthiness. You are now a Master of the Seekers of Perilous Knowledge."

Tar nodded, completely calm now. But under his calmness burned great anger and ambition.

Tar sat in his small room and closed the huge book of scrolls he had been studying with an angry thud. None of the normal tomes contained the knowledge he needed. He had to invoke Thornahuun and bind him, forcing him to tell the truth. He thought once more about the mound and the corpse of the bear, about his parents who had found him, about the Demon Lord who had called him Tarbos. How else could he have known that name if he hadn't been the force behind the gruesome messenger in the mound?

Tar pounded the great book of power with his fist. Useless. It contained power of which most men only dreamed, yet it wasn't enough to summon a King of Hell. He needed older, deeper scrolls filled with greater power.



Tar walked to Kantuon's study and knocked on the wooden door. "Come in," came the Grandmaster's voice from inside. Tar entered. Kantuon wasn't alone. In a wide chair next to his large desk sat a young woman, not much younger than Tar. Tar hesitated, surprised. Kantuon noticed his reaction and said "Ah, yes. Tar, this is my niece, Princess Mylneh. Mylneh, this is Tar."

Mylneh extended her hand. Tar kissed it. She smiled at him. Then Tar looked at Kantuon, raising his eyebrows. "Princess?", he asked. "Hm, yes." Kantuon seemed a little embarrassed. "It isn't very well known, but King Marakahn is my brother. I'd appreciate it if you would keep it to yourself."

Tar smiled. "Of course, Grandmaster." Kantuon looked at a stack of papers on his desk. "Meanwhile, perhaps you might like to show Mylneh around the tower. She will be staying for a while and sadly I haven't got much time at the moment." Tar hesitated, thinking about his original purpose, then smiled at Mylneh. "Of course, Grandmaster. Your Highness?"

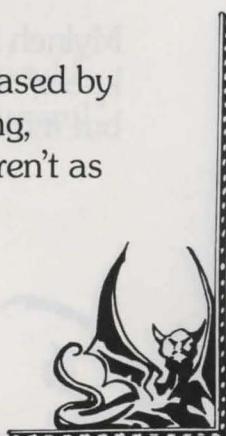
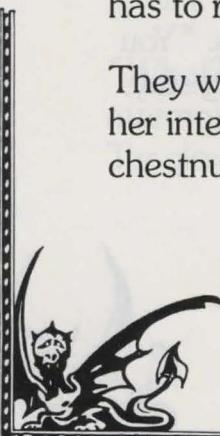


He held out his arm to the princess. "Oh silly, call me Mylneh," she said, laughing, and took his arm. They walked out of the room. Kantuon watched them, then sighed and went back to his work.

"I'm surprised at your manners, Tar," Mylneh said as they walked through the larger chambers towards the centre of the tower. Tar feigned shock. "Have I insulted you in some way, Milady?" She laughed. "Call me Mylneh! No, I would have thought that someone who lived in a tower away from everything wouldn't know how what a girl looked like, let alone how to speak to one."

Tar smiled. "Well, Mylneh, our education does not only concern itself with dark things and you would be surprised at the kind of temptations one has to resist when dealing with the darker sides of magic."

They walked up the stairs towards the top of the tower. Tar felt pleased by her interest in him. Out of the corner of his eye he looked at her long, chestnut brown hair and her dark blue eyes. Her face and body weren't as





perfect as those of the demons who had tried to seduce him, but she was warm and real, and Mylneh seemed genuinely kind and not out to destroy him, which was a nice change.

As they came to the top, Mylneh gasped at the incredible sight of the Bollgar mountain range all around her. Tar stood next to her. It was a magnificent view, he had to admit. Everywhere one looked one saw the stark, uncompromising beauty of the mountains. Mylneh looked at him, her eyes sparkling, laughing. "It's wonderful!", she exclaimed. "Yes, it is," said Tar. "But you're not looking at the mountains! You're looking at me!" she said, feigned annoyance on her face.

"Yes."

Mylneh laughed at him. "Silly!", she said, then became more serious. "You know," she said after a while, "I thought this would be a really boring stay, but it might become interesting after all."



"Why is that?", Tar asked innocently. "Well, I thought the only people I would be talking to would be these old men." She smiled at him.

The next day Tar visited the Grandmaster again. "Yes, Tar," he said, looking up from the scrolls on his desk, "What is it?" Tar looked him straight in the eyes. "I should like to read the forbidden scrolls, the ones that are locked away at the back of the library."

Kantuon sat up. "You're not even supposed to know about them!" Tar shrugged. "It wasn't difficult to find out. Can I read them?" Kantuon sat back in his chair, a stern look on his face. "What do you need them for?"

Tar looked away, then said "It's an experiment I want to perform. I want to invoke a Demon Lord."

"What?!", exclaimed Kantuon. "Have you gone mad? Not even I would attempt to call up a King of Hell! I order you to abandon this experiment!" Tar glowered, then calmed his features again.



— You old fool, Tar thought, I will have those books even without your permission.

"Of course, Grandmaster. I will destroy my notes immediately." Then he turned around and left. Kantuon watched him leave and wondered why Tar wanted to invoke a Demon Lord.

Over the next few days Tar and Mylneh saw each other often. Tar showed her the tower and told her what the Seekers did here, Mylneh told Tar about her father and the court. Tar noticed that when he was with Mylneh, he no longer felt angry or troubled. He was happiest when he was with her.

One night, they again climbed to the top of the tower to look at the stars. Mylneh was enchanted by the night sky. Tar stood next to her. After a while he put his arm around her shoulders. Mylneh looked at him. "Tar?" Tar looked in her eyes. She seemed sad and happy at the same time.



"Yes?", he said. "Kiss me."

Tar raised his eyebrows, but saw she meant it. He took her chin gently in his hand and placed his lips on hers. It seemed to last forever. Then Mylneh pulled back and Tar noticed that her eyes were moist.

"Tar?", she asked. "Yes?" "I must leave tomorrow."

Tar was quiet for a moment. Then he recovered. "What?" – "I wanted to tell you as late as possible, so as not to spoil our last few days." – "Is that why I got a kiss?" His voice sounded bitter. "In payment for entertaining you for a while?"

"Tar. Don't make this too hard. You knew I had to leave at some time." But he had turned away and was leaning on the parapet.

"Tar?"

He didn't reply for a moment, then he said "I wanted you to be there. I wanted you to see it." – "See what?" she asked. He turned around, fire



burning in his eyes. "I'm going to invoke a Demon Lord. I'm going to fight him."

Mylneh took a step back, frightened by this sudden change in him. "But, you told me that Demon Lords were the most powerful demons there are."

— "They are. And I'm going to conquer one. Think of the power I'll have."

— "Oh Tar, don't do it. How can you possibly stand up to a creature like that? He'll crush you like a fly!" He looked coolly at her. "He won't. I know."

"Tar, you mustn't ..." He interrupted her. "No—one can tell me what to do or what not to do. This is all academic anyway, isn't it? You won't be there. I'll ask you only once, Mylneh. Stay. It won't take long. I'll have finished my preparations soon."

But Mylneh shook her head and took a few steps away from him. "No, Tar. I don't want to be around when you try something like that." And with that she turned and ran down the steps. Tar didn't stop her. He leaned on the parapet again and gazed sombrely at the starlit landscape.



– Stupid girl, he thought. You're just as small-minded as the others.

The next day Tar wasn't there when Mylneh left. Instead he sat in the library and read the forbidden scrolls. He had managed to pick the lock and break the magical seals. Now he sat there, reading intently, occasionally making notes.

Time passed unnoticed. He found the spell he needed and copied the vital parts. He was writing down the final incantations when the door to the library suddenly crashed open. Grandmaster Kantuon stood in the doorway, obviously furious. He strode forward to the desk where Tar was studying, looked down at the scrolls and back at Tar and slammed the books shut.

"Tar," he said with a voice seething with suppressed rage, "I told you expressly not to read these books. They are only to be used with consent from the Twelve and from me. You have ignored a direct order and will receive just punishment. By sunset, you will have left this tower. You may



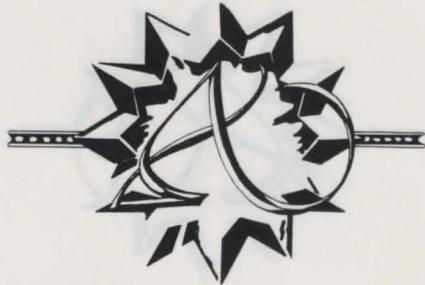
continue your studies in the small hut on the hill to the north." Kantuon's eyes widened in anger as he saw that Tar looked back at him levelly, obviously not impressed.

"Very well, Grandmaster," he said with a calm voice. "I have found what I was searching for. I have no need to stay at the tower any longer."

He stood up and walked out of the library, leaving Kantuon staring speechlessly at his retreating back.

The same afternoon Tar left the tower and entered the hut. It had been standing empty for a while but he had soon made it inhabitable. He never looked back at the tower.

Tar looked out of the window in his study. It was dark enough now. A huge storm was forming over the hut. He turned away and prepared himself. He now had enough knowledge. He might be able to find and control Thornahuun. A shudder went through his body. The forbidden scrolls had



been horrible. His very being had felt tainted after reading those ancient, gruesome books. But now he was ready.

He breathed deeply and entered the magical trance state. Fast, faster than ever before, he sank through the first eight levels, slicing through the lesser demons like a hot knife through butter. Then he once again passed the final barrier. He was on the first level.

He didn't hesitate, but spoke the name of the one he sought.

– *Thornahuun!*

Surprisingly, the Demon Lord appeared almost instantly. The King had to be up to something. He looked at the boiling chaotic shape which was slowly changing into a huge, vaguely human entity. The King was smiling.

"Greetings, Tarbos." His smile broadened. "What can I do for you, my son?" He chuckled. Tar remained calm, although he felt anger rising up within him. "Why do you persist in calling me your son?", he asked. "Be-



cause you are," answered Thornahuun. "Do you not remember when we met in th cave with the mound?" Tar frowned, sensing the King was telling the truth. "Then my parents did find me in the forest ..."

The King chuckled again. "Yes. Your real mother was a witch. She was all too glad to be inseminated by a Demon Lord. She didn't realize what it meant, what exquisite pain it would cause. You had burrowed your way out after only seven months. You had quite an appetite." The King laughed cruelly. Tar steeled himself, suppressing his anger. He had never known this woman.

"Why did you do this?"

The King looked down at him, still smiling. "Why, I have big plans for you, Tarbos. You will conquer the world for me."

Tar felt his anger growing almost out of control now. "Not before I conquer you!", he screamed, and let power stream from his being towards



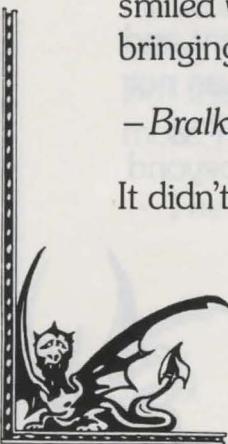
Thornahuun. The King was hurled back by the blast but recovered immediately. His smile grimmer, he said "So, that is how you want it, eh? Very well. I created you. Now I will destroy you." With that he raised his claw and attacked.

Thus began a magical battle which shook the foundations of the Demonic Realms. In the natural world, over Tar's hut, a storm raged with unparalleled force. In the Tower of the Seekers, Kantuon felt the immense magical vibrations and concentrated deeply to find their source.

After an immeasurable time, both Tar and Thornahuun stopped fighting. They were exhausted. Tar's new-found power was a match for the King's but he couldn't beat him. Neither could the King destroy Tar. Thornahuun smiled wearily. His plan needed a change. He saw an opportunity for bringing even more chaos to the world. He mentally called his brother.

-Bralkur.

It didn't take long. All the Realms had been following the gigantic battle.





– "Thornahuun, my brother".

Thornahuun did not even consider asking for help.

– "Bralkur, I shall be defeated."

Bralkur showed no reaction at all.

– "My essence will enter my son. I ask you to help him if he should need it."

Bralkur didn't hesitate.

– "As you wish, my brother. Farewell."

Thornahuun raised himself for one final effort. Tar saw the movement and attacked the King, power flaring from him. However, Thornahuun was not resisting but was flying straight towards Tar, closer and closer, laughing. Then he merged with Tar's being. Tar felt his mind being stretched beyond



it's limits as his essence mingled with the Demon Lord's. He reeled at the size of the King's mind, the world it encompassed, and tried to flee, tried to hide, but couldn't. His being spread itself across the Demon Lord's, mixed with it, became one with it. For an eternity, his universe was destroyed. Then he felt his mind accept its new form and he slowly, half-consciously started floating up through the levels of the Realms. No demon blocked his way.

Kantuon opened his eyes, deeply shocked. He tried to fully comprehend what Tar had done but couldn't.

– To merge with a King of Hell ... the power it would give.

He stood up, covered his face with his hands. He mustn't think about it. A being with enough power to move mountains, concentrated in one human. But then he wondered if Tar was really human. He couldn't be, not any more. He stood up and called for a servant.

– The council must come together. This abomination must be destroyed.



He looked up at the Seeker who had entered. "Call the Twelve," he said and started at the sound of his own voice. He sounded older, much older than he really was.

— *No matter ... The King. I must warn Marakahn.*

Tar came to slowly. He felt as if his body had been speeded up a thousand times. Somehow, he had managed to control Thornahuun's essence. He was himself, Tarbos. No longer Tar. He was infinitely more powerful now. His mind still reeled when he contemplated the size of his new power.

— *I have defeated my father. I have his power now. He was like a god. Yes, I am a god now. TARBOS, GOD OF CHAOS.*

He started laughing, louder and louder. He couldn't stop himself, and he didn't care. Not even when the hut started trembling with his laughter.



III – Gods

Kantuon looked around the circle of Masters. These were the Twelve, the most powerful Seekers of Lyramion. Few would think of challenging them.

— Yet now, who will say what we can do about this threat?

He cleared his throat. "My brothers, we are in a dire situation. Our former brother, Tar, has mingled his essence with that of a King of Hell." They gasped, then all started talking at the same time.

"But ..." "How could he ..." "That's preposterous!"

Kantuon held up his hand, demanding quiet. They fell silent. "It is true, my brothers. I have already sent a message to King Marakahn. Meanwhile, we must try to stop him ourselves."



The Twelve looked at each other. Together, they formed a magical force which knew no equal. Yet each of them felt that they would very probably lose their lives, and worse, in the coming battle. Kantuon stared at each of the silent Masters. "Let us go, my brothers."

Tarbos sat on an ornamental throne he had burned out of a large block of stone. The stone had originally been a part of the foundations of his keep, which had collapsed. He smiled and looked down at the ruined land which lay around him. He heard a sound. A group of people was approaching the ruins of his hut. He waited patiently. It was Kantuon and the Twelve.

"Ah, Kantuon," he exclaimed with obvious pleasure, "You have come to worship me. Good."

Kantuon stopped, a grave expression on his face.

– It is as I feared, he thought, the power was too much for him.

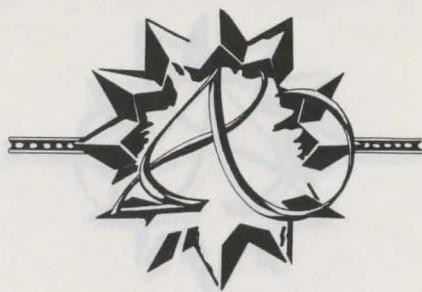


"We have not come to worship you, Tar. We have come to stop you. We..." Tarbos' loud laughter interrupted him. It grew louder and more maniacal. The Twelve looked at each other. Tears were running down Tarbos' face now. It seemed as if he would never stop. Finally he calmed down, and managed to talk without chuckling too much. "You, you want to stop ME?"

He burst out laughing again. Then after a few moments he became serious again. He looked sternly down at Kantuon and the Twelve.

"Seriously now. First of all, you will call me Tarbos. Second, I am now a God, the God of Chaos, and I expect proper worship. So, if you want to live, go down on your knees."

The Twelve were shocked at this display of insane, conceited calm. Kantuon turned to them. "My friends," he said in a calm voice, "it is as I feared. We must combine our powers and destroy him." They gazed at each other, then, one by one, they all entered the magical trance state,



holding each other's hands so as to form a circle of thirteen. All thirteen dark wizards sank deeper into their trances, sweat forming on their brows. A globe of pure energy formed in the centre of the circle. It grew, pulsing with many colours. Then it expanded and curved toward Tarbos at the speed of light. Tarbos, who had been watching, held up his hand and deflected the incredible power without flinching. He stood up, no longer amused, and spoke. His voice was terrible, no longer human. "So, you will not bow before your rightful Lord? Puny fools! You will all perish, here and now!"

And with that he raised his hand. From the palm of his hand burst forth a fountain of black energy which shot towards the circle of wizards. The effect was terrible. They were simply blown to pieces before they could even react.

Meanwhile, King Marakahn had received his brother's message and sat with his counsellors in the great hall of his citadel. "Well, Mandek? What do the wizards say of this threat?"

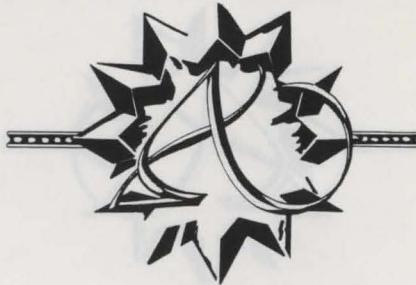


Mandek, an old man clad in the grey robes of the Keepers of the Balance, stood up and said with a grave voice "Your Majesty, my eleven brothers and I have considered this throughout the night. We think this menace must be destroyed before he is our doom."

The king thought quietly about this and then said "Very well. I think this is a matter where magic is the best solution. But can he be stopped?" He looked up and stared at Mandek, who coughed and answered "It is possible, Your Majesty. Ancient spells are available to us, for control over a Demon Lord, which is what this Tar has become if we may believe Grandmaster Kantuon's story."

The King looked vaguely annoyed. "I trust my brother in this, Mandek. He wouldn't send a message like this if he weren't absolutely sure." Mandek cast down his eyes. "Of course, Your Majesty."

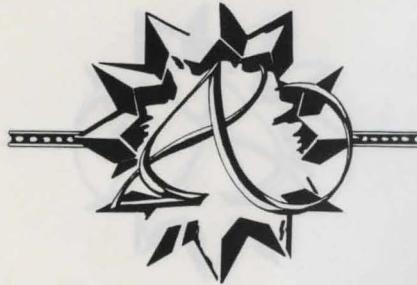
"Meanwhile," continued the King, "I have sent a messenger to this Tar to inform him that he may not enter our land. It is doubtful that he will heed this if things are as you say, but we must try."



"Yes, Your Majesty. May I ask whom you have sent?" "It was Sir Mando, one of my best knights. He volunteered."

Sir Mando rode down from the Bollgar mountains on his tired horse and looked out over the valley below him. He saw the Tower of the Seekers to his right. The hut, his destination, was supposed to be a bit further, but he couldn't see a thing. The sun started to sink behind the mountains when he rode past the tower which stood there like a black gravestone. Mando called but no-one answered. Puzzled, he rode on through the big boulders towards the place where the hut was supposed to be. The land around him was completely lifeless, the silence absolute. Once he thought he saw something scurrying away behind a boulder but he didn't find anything when he looked. He rode on, his unease deepening.

Mando reached the hill where the hut was supposed to be. It simply wasn't there. Mystified, he tied his horse's reins to a tree and started to climb the steep path to the top of the hill. Something was lying on the rocky ground further up. It was the size of a human hand. He climbed on until he ap-



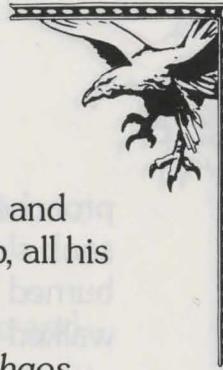
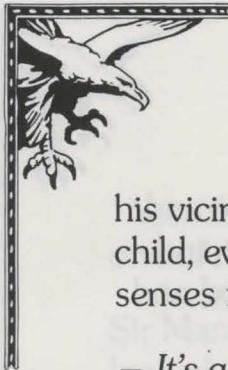
proached the small object. Then he saw what it was. He turned pale and sank slowly to his knees. It was a human hand, severed at the wrist and burned black. He turned it around with his knife. Disgusted, he stood and walked on towards the top.

Tarbos sat on his throne of rock and gazed around. He was bored. He had been sitting there for two days and had found out that he no longer needed food or drink. However, he found that he longed for something else.

— *Mylneh.*

He was angry at her. He wanted to punish her, to show her how wrong she had been, how powerful he had become. On the other hand he wanted to hold her, to kiss her, to once again experience the simple joy he had ...

His senses warned him of a living being approaching and he broke from his reverie. Someone was coming up the hill. No form of life had come in



his vicinity since he had destroyed the wizards. Every man, woman and child, every animal, bird and insect had left the valley. Tarbos sat up, all his senses focused on this sudden diversion.

– It's a human. Iron ... a Knight. The first to worship the God of Chaos.

Tarbos grinned.

The blackened hand wasn't the only thing Mando found as he climbed towards the top of the hill. As he came higher, he noticed more signs of a massacre; pieces of black cloth burned at the edges, pieces of indefinable flesh, more limbs. He found an ear in a clump of dead grass. A sense of horror and impending doom filled him as he climbed over the last ridge.

They looked each other in the eyes. Mando flinched and looked away under Tarbos' terrible gaze. A deep, evil light shone out of those eyes. He knew this man, or demon, was responsible for the massacre which had left the gruesome remains. He cleared his throat and spoke.

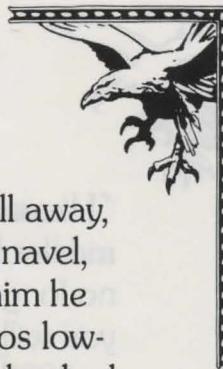
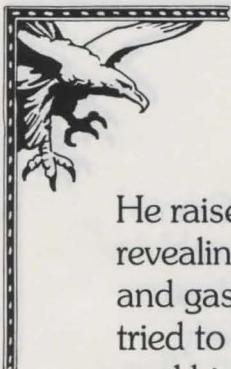
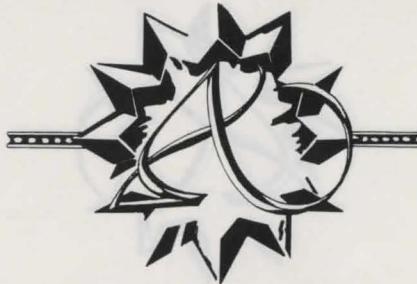




"I have been sent by the good King Marakahn. He has heard from Grandmaster Kantuon of your despicable action and informs you that you are no longer welcome in his Kingdom. If you are caught within it's borders, you will be captured and executed." He said the last words very quietly.

When Tarbos still hadn't reacted after around a minute had passed Mando looked up. Tarbos was sitting there, expressionless. Then, he chuckled. And he chuckled again. He started chuckling more loudly until eventually he was laughing. Louder and louder he laughed until he was roaring and Mando felt the ground shake under the force of the demonic glee. Then suddenly Tarbos sat up and screamed "KNEEL BEFORE ME, YOU WORM!"

Shaken by this outburst of anger, Mando felt himself fall forward on his knees. Tarbos stood up. "Miserable, pitiful human! How dare you and your puny King address me, the God of Chaos, in such a manner! I have a message for your KING."

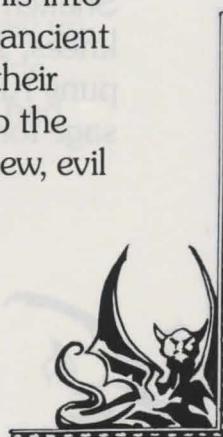
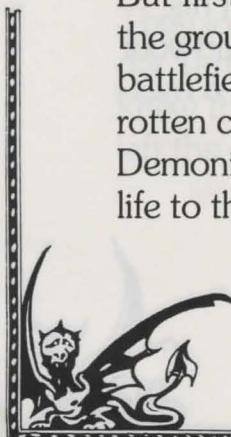


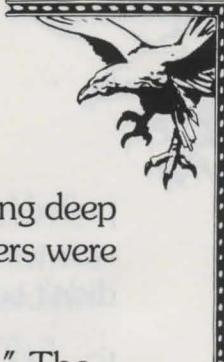
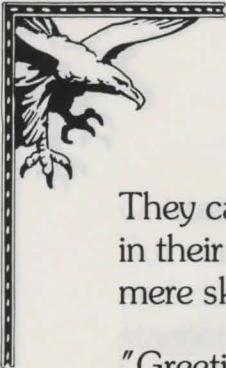
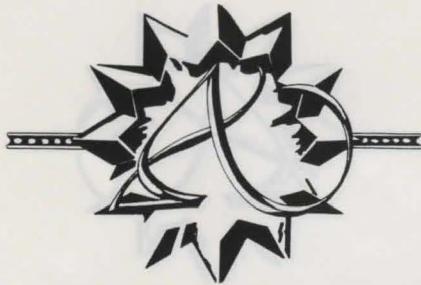
He raised his hands and a piece of Mando's armour and clothing fell away, revealing his naked belly. He felt a tearing sensation, starting at his navel, and gasped as the pain hit him. Realizing what was happening to him he tried to stop it with his hands but it was no use. After a while, Tarbos lowered his hand and Mando looked down at his body with a look of shocked disbelief on his face. Tarbos grinned and said: "Do not worry. You will not die. Not until you have delivered my message to your King."

After the messenger had left, Tarbos smiled grimly.

– So, this king thinks to command me. Soon he will lie grovelling at my feet and then I will take his daughter before his very eyes.

But first Tarbos needed an army. He extended his senses like tendrils into the ground and searched for all the warriors who lay buried on the ancient battlefields around the valley. With one thrust of his will he forced their rotten corpses up. With another he opened a thousand gateways to the Demonic Realms and ordered demons to come through, bringing new, evil life to the long-dead bodies.





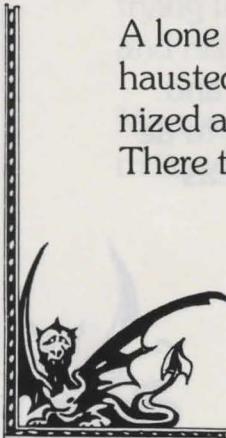
They came slithering and shuffling towards his hill, vile light flickering deep in their empty eye sockets. Some still had flesh on their bones, others were mere skeletons. Tarbos looked at his army and smiled broadly.

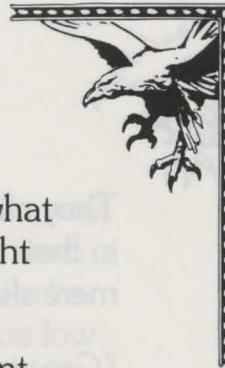
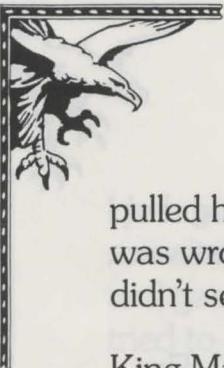
"Greetings, my loyal servants. We shall go and conquer a kingdom." The earth shuddered as the demons responded to him, screeching and howling, clattering their rusty swords against their shields.



Meanwhile, Mando rode as if a demon was on his heels. His horse sensed that it's rider was no longer sane and was on the verge of panic. Mando felt only the pain from his belly growing worse with each mile. The only things which kept him from going insane were his oath as a knight and the message he must deliver to his king.

A lone horse hobbled slowly towards the king's castle. It was visibly exhausted, trembling on it's feet. As it neared the castle, the guards recognized a knight slumped in the saddle and led the horse into the courtyard. There the knight fell off the horse with a loud crash. As the stable hands

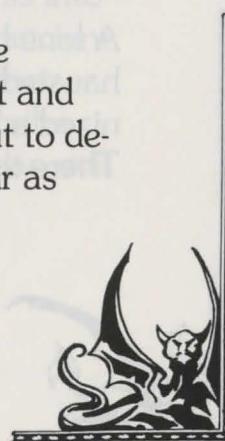
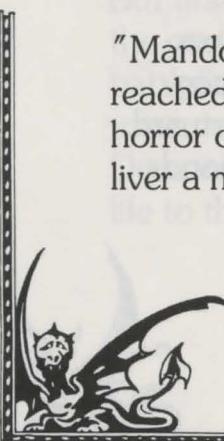




pulled him up, he regained consciousness. The men then noticed what was wrong with the knight and backed away in terror. But the knight didn't see them and stumbled slowly into the castle.

King Marakahn was listening to the sorry tale of a cheated merchant when several servants came running into the great hall, horrified expressions on their pale faces as if they were fleeing from something. The chancellor came to a halt before the king, opened his mouth, his entire body trembling, and all fell quiet. The chancellor closed his mouth and turned around, his face filled with terror, to look at the figure who had appeared. The king who had been watching all this with growing wonder and anxiety, raised his eyes to the wide doorway. The person standing there stumbled forward. Marakahn gasped as he recognized the broken man.

"Mando!", he exclaimed and rushed forward to help him. But as he reached out to grasp Mando's shoulders, he drew back with disgust and horror on his face. For Mando was not the man who had ridden out to deliver a message for his king. His skin was pale as a corpse's, his hair as



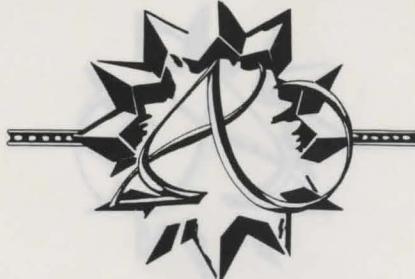


white and lifeless. His eyes were dead orbs sunken deep in their sockets. But worst was the horrible wound in his belly – a large hole in his armour and clothing exposed the ragged opening in his skin and flesh. Marakahn staggered back as he saw the empty abdomen. Mando gazed at him, a look of extreme pain in his eyes, and spoke. "He told me I would not die until I gave you his message."

His voice sounded like that of an old, sick man. Marakahn stood trembling. "What is his ... ", he stammered, then stopped. He looked in Mando's eyes with pity on his face. "Mando...", he whispered, "Perhaps our wizards can..."

But Mando looked back calmly and grimaced. Marakahn realized he was trying to smile. Mando cast down his eyes. "No, my Lord." He looked up and his expression had changed. "Please ..." he said, pleading.

Marakahn swallowed. Then he asked, almost whispering "What is his message?"



Mando took a deep breath and answered "Lord Tarbos, God of Chaos, tells you that he will soon come to claim these lands and that he may show mercy upon those who worship him faithfully, and that, ... and that ..." Coughing racked his weakened body. He managed to stop for a moment, took another deep breath, tears glistening in his eyes, and said his last words. "And that he will take Princess Mylneh as his bride."

For a number of heartbeats all went quiet. Then blood came from Mando's wound, a trickle at first, then growing into a steady flow. His knees buckled and he fell into King Marakahn's arms. The blood was gushing from the gaping hole in Mando's body as the king held him tenderly and watched his face, tears running down his own cheeks. The king had never seen a happier expression on a man's face than on Mando's when he died.

Marakahn slowly lowered Mando's body to the floor and closed his broken eyes. Then he stood and looked at the side entrance, where Princess Mylneh had just come in. She stared at her father, his grim expression, his blood-covered clothes and the body lying in a pool of blood on the stone floor.



"Father?" she stammered. "What has happened?"

The King looked down at the body, then clicked his fingers. The frightened Chancellor came up to him, nervously wringing his hands. "Take Sir Mando away," said the King with a harsh voice. "Prepare him for a suitable burial." He turned around and sat down on his throne.

"Yes, Your Majesty," stammered the Chancellor. He hurriedly ordered some of the servants to carry the body away and some others to remove the blood.

Mylneh walked up to her father and asked again "Father? What happened?" The King, who had been staring sombrely into the distance, looked up and stared at Mylneh as if seeing her for the first time. "Mando has brought a message from Tar ... Tarbos," he said, staring at the pool of blood to which the servants were attending. "It cost him his life." He shivered and looked away. Mylneh saw how deeply shocked her father was. "What was the message?", she asked very softly.



"He claims to be a god. Lord Tarbos, God of Chaos. He is ... coming here, to take this kingdom. And ... he wants you as his bride."

Mylneh turned white as she heard these last words, then sadness filled her soul and her eyes became moist. "I knew it ... I knew he would go too far." She looked at the king. "Oh father, will we be able to stop him?" The king sighed. "I hope so, my dearest. I will summon Mandek and ask him how the preparations are progressing."

Mandek came shortly after that, looking a little disgruntled. Marakahn told him about the message. "Well, Mandek? Have you and your brothers found the right spell yet?" Mandek cleared his throat. "We have found one, Your Majesty. But there is one problem." He cast down his eyes, coughed, then glanced briefly at Mylneh before continuing. "The spell must be cast by thirteen people – four white wizards, four grey, four black, and ... someone who knew Tarbos." Mylneh's eyes widened. She opened her mouth to speak but the king cut her off with a gesture and asked "Is there any danger?"



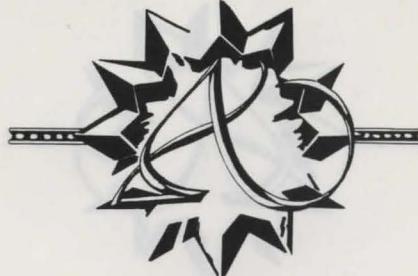
Mandek looked down, then answered "There is, yes. It all depends on the determination of, er, the person who is the, er, focus of the spell." He glanced at Mylneh again.

The king leaned back in his chair and said "I will not endanger my ..."

But Mylneh interrupted him and said "I will do it." The king looked long at her but said nothing. Instead he turned to Mandek and said very quietly "Very well. Prepare her." Mandek sighed. "Yes, Your Majesty." He prepared to leave with Mylneh when the king said "Wait. Does it matter where the spell is cast?" "Uhm ... No, Your Majesty. Why?"

The king smiled. "There is an old castle in the mountains to the northeast of the capital. It would be much safer there." Mandek bowed. "Of course, Your Majesty. What is this castle called?" "It's name is too old to be remembered. You will call it Godsbane."

Dark, oily clouds hung over the battlefield as Tarbos looked out over his undead army and smiled. The remains of the army which had opposed



him were fleeing, mercilessly followed by his warriors who needed neither rest nor nourishment. Soon he would reach the capital and the king's castle. Then Mylneh would be his and all would crawl in the dust before him.

"Your Majesty, there is another messenger from your army." King Marakahn sighed, dreading more bad news. "Very well. What is your message, good man?"

The messenger looked up. One could clearly feel he had seen many horrible things in the last few days and the king waited patiently until he had drawn his wits together.

"Greetings, Your Majesty. I ... I have been sent by Sir Laneanor to tell you that the province of North Danormia has been conquered by Tarbos' army. We ... We were forced to retreat, Your Majesty. They were demons! Undead monsters! We ..." The king raised his hand to silence him.

"Yes, I have heard many reports like this." He fell silent in thought, a troubled expression on his face as so often over the last few days.



– *If only I could be sure that Mylneh is safe and that the spell will work.*

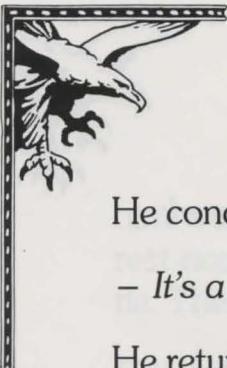
He pushed these doubts away and forced a smile.

– *They mustn't suspect how bad things really are.*

"Alright. I thank you for your message. Do not worry, we will stop him." But his mind was filled with the image of Tarbos' demonic army, cutting through his land like a sharp sword through flesh, leaving only gray death in its wake.

When Tarbos was two days away from the capital, having chased the king's army before him all the time, he sensed a great concentration of magic to the northeast. Troubled, he went into a trance and sent his mind out on wings of darkness towards the source of magic. Once there, he recognized which spell was being worked and who was the focus.

– *Mylneh.*



He concentrated on the place.

– *It's a castle... Godsbane...*

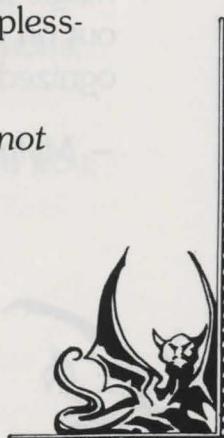
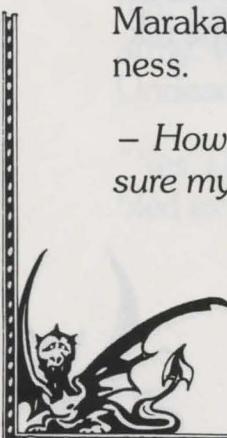
He returned to his body, seething with anger, and changed his army's course with a single unspoken command.

"Mylneh? What is wrong?"

She looked up. Just now, she had sensed dark fingers obscenely caressing her mind. She shivered, feeling unclean. "It was nothing," she told Mandek, then went on with the chanting of the Great Spell. Mandek frowned, then continued with his own part of the spell.

Marakahn was pacing the great hall, angry and frustrated in his helplessness.

– *How can I convince these people that all will be well when I am not sure myself? When nothing seems to stop this Tarbos?*





He rubbed his eyes, he hadn't slept properly in days. A weary messenger entered the great hall and knelt before him. Marakahn grimaced and said "Yes? What is your message?"

"Your Majesty," the man stammered, "Lord Tarbos's army has changed course. They are no longer heading for the capital!" Horror filled the king as he asked what he already knew.

"Where is he headed?"

"To the northeast, Your Majesty."

The king sat down on his throne, defeated.

– *The northeast ... to Godsbane.*

Tarbos strode forward through the ranks of his demonic army with long, powerful strides, pushing aside those who weren't quick enough to get out of his way. As he neared the centre of the battle he drew his great sword

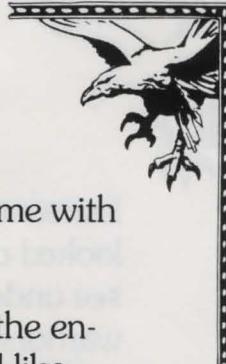
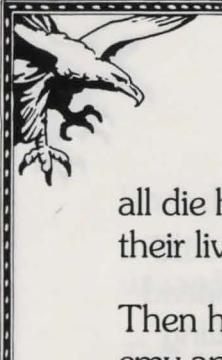


and walked on purposefully. He felt filled with power and exhilaration. Soon Godsbane would fall, although all the king's armies were gathered here to defend it.

Then Tarbos reached the front line and grinned as he saw the horror on the defenders' faces at the sight of him. He raised his sword and started hacking. Men fell before him like corn before the farmer's sickle as he fought steadily onward towards the large gates of Godsbane. He could have blasted them all apart here and now, but this was much more fun.

Inside, Mylneh heard the sounds of battle raging, the clash of metal on metal, the screams of the dying. Terrified, she looked at the twelve wizards but they were all mumbling their part of the spell. She closed her eyes tightly and continued to chant.

Laneanor had the remaining human knights regroup before the gates of Godsbane in a last desperate attempt. They held off the demonic warriors as best they could but they were tired and Laneanor knew that they would

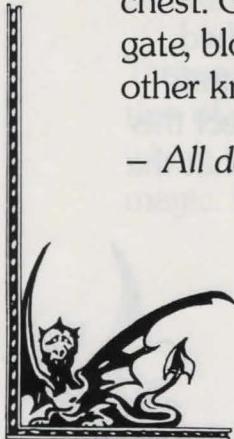


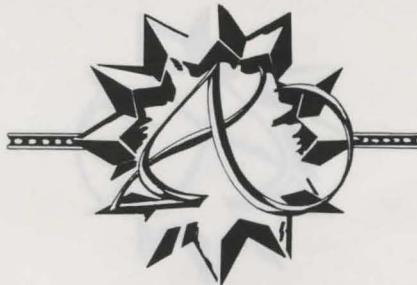
all die here. He fought on, grimly. If they could buy the necessary time with their lives, so be it.

Then he noticed the huge warrior who came through the ranks of the enemy and his eyes widened with fear. It was Lord Tarbos. He looked like the demon he was, his face a mask of hatred and passion, his eyes burning with evil fire, his armour of the coldest, strongest steel. Tarbos raised his great jagged sword and attacked.

Laneanor tried to parry, but after two vicious slashes his own sword was cut in two. He backed against the wooden gate and looked around for another sword. Then he realized he was the last one left. Enrodar, who had fought so bravely in so many wars, lay in the dirt, cut from shoulder to chest. Gambon, who had been his friend for over ten years, lay against the gate, blood seeping from a score of wounds. Over and under them lay the other knights.

— All dead.



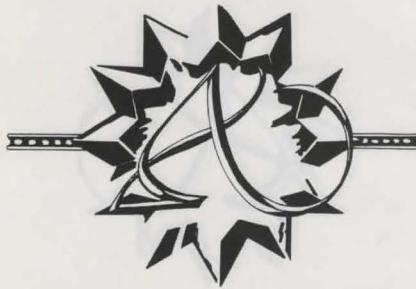


Laneanor let the broken piece of his sword fall out of his hands and looked out over the enemy's army. The sky was boiling. And all he could see under the cover of dark clouds were row upon row of Tarbos' undead warriors, with an insane red light glaring from their eyes and flesh falling from their bones. Finally his gaze fell upon the face of Lord Tarbos himself.

They looked at each other for an infinite moment. Then Tarbos effortlessly lifted the huge sword and plunged it through Laneanor.

Mylneh stood at the centre of the circle of the twelve wizards, holding the star-shaped jewel in her hands. It was the Amberstar, the jewel which would capture Tarbos and banish him far, far away.

It had taken long days and nights to create it, but at last it was finished. Now came the most difficult part; the twelve wizards would concentrate all their power in Mylneh, who had to focus her entire being and direct this power towards Tarbos. Mylneh swallowed. Mandek had explained that the

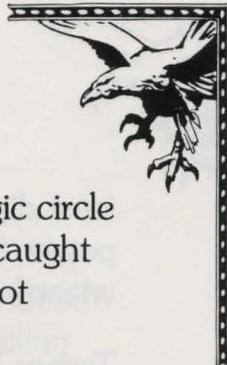
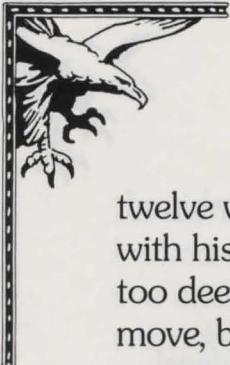


least distraction would mean failure and instant dispersal of the combined power. She closed her eyes again and ignored the mumbling of the wizards. All she should think of was Tarbos.

Tarbos had blasted the gates wide open and slaughtered the few defenders in the castle. He sensed that the magic came from far above him and ran towards the central tower. With a casual gesture he raised his hand. The door set in the bottom of the tower blew apart into a thousand pieces. A knight who had been guarding it screamed and ran out, where he fell under Lord Tarbos' sword. Tarbos started climbing the stairs.

Mylneh felt her hair stand on end as the power of the wizards gathered itself inside her. She frowned, then ignored the curious sensation and concentrated on Tarbos again.

Tarbos was almost running up the stairs now, sensing the huge concentration of magical power in the chamber above him. He came to the last door which shattered under his hand and then he had reached the source of the magic. His eyes widened as he saw that Mylneh was the focus of the

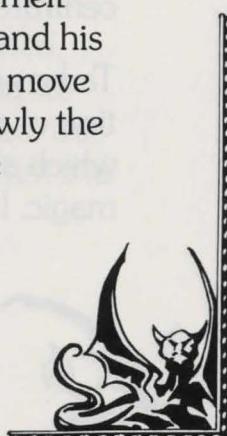
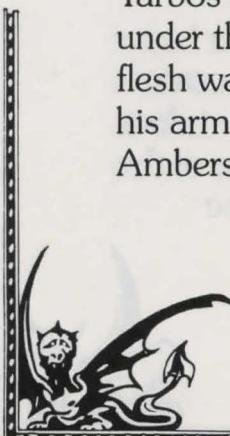


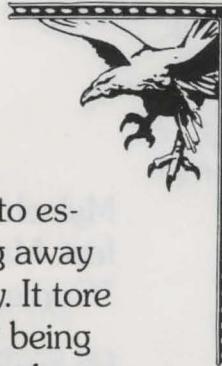
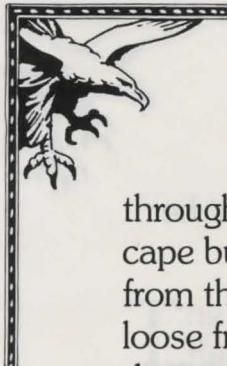
twelve wizards' power and he strode towards the centre of the magic circle with his sword ready in his hand. The wizards kept on mumbling, caught too deep in their trance to sense or react to anything. Mylneh did not move, but simply stared at Tarbos, horrified.

– How he has changed ...

She felt the power growing inside her. Tarbos stood before her, his face a mask of hatred and anger, and raised his sword. Mylneh felt the power reach a climax inside her and lifted the Amberstar. Her eyes still wide with wonder, she placed it on Tarbos' chest. Then she felt a force being released and the power flowed through her into Tarbos.

Tarbos looked down at his chest and saw his armour beginning to melt under the glowing Amberstar. Then his clothes were burned away and his flesh was touched. His scream made the tower tremble. He tried to move his arms, to destroy Mylneh with magic, but he was powerless. Slowly the Amberstar sunk deeper inside him and he felt how it burned a hole





through his body. The essence of his being was trying desperately to escape but was pinned down like a butterfly. He felt his body burning away from the inside. He felt a force tugging at his being, drawing it away. It tore loose from his body and he saw his own shuddering, burning body being destroyed by a wide-eyed Mylneh. He was being dragged higher and higher, faster and faster, as if he was falling upwards. He suddenly sensed where he was going.

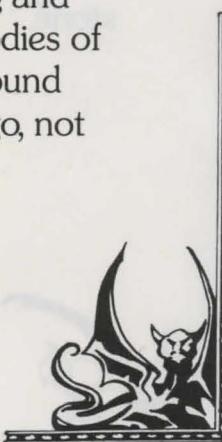
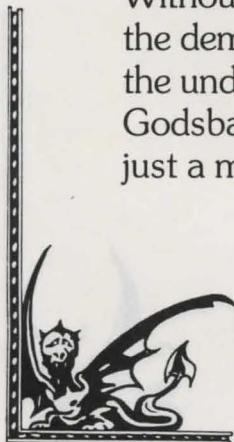


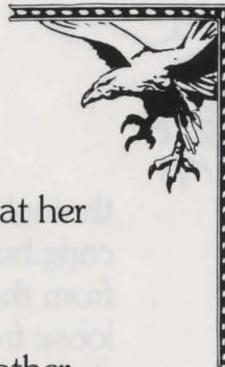
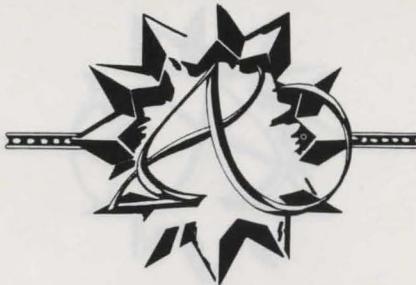
– *The third moon!*



He was slammed down deep into the core of the cold block of stone that was Lyramion's third moon.

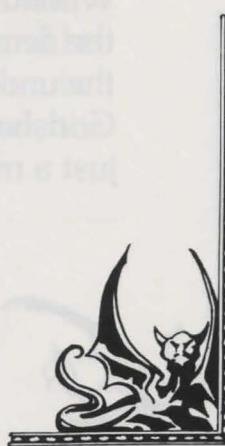
Without Tarbos the gateways to the Demonic Realms were closing and the demons had to leave the land of the living. Uninhabited, the bodies of the undead warriors fell lifelessly to the ground. The entire area around Godsbane looked as if a battle had raged there a hundred years ago, not just a moment ago.





Myneh looked in confusion at the Amberstar and the heap of ash at her feet. Mandek came and gently took the star-shaped jewel from her.
"Come, Myneh. We must go now."

He took her hand and led her out of the chamber, followed by the other wizards. She didn't react to seeing the bodies, ancient and fresh, lying all around. The wizards behind her closed the gates and put great magical seals on it. Mandek took the Amberstar and pressed it onto the wood, where it left a deep impression. The seam between the double doors disappeared and, starting around the Amberstar, the wood changed into something else, something harder and smoother. The hardening effect spread over the great doors and went on over the walls, over all of the castle until entire Godsbane had been turned into something stronger than stone.





Epilogue

The only way to ever free Tarbos from his celestial prison deep in the third moon was to perform a counter-spell inside Godsbane, which is why the great Sealing Spell was put on the castle by the twelve wizards. Only the Amberstar could break the seal, but the Amberstar had been divided into thirteen pieces. Each wizard kept one of the twelve points of the star, to guard them. Mylneh kept the centre piece.

To further ensure that no-one would ever try to enter Godsbane, the Guild of Paladines was founded, who vowed to guard it's gates forever.

The task of repairing the damage which Tarbos had caused could begin.





Marmion

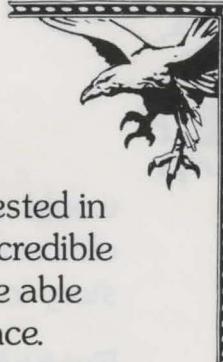
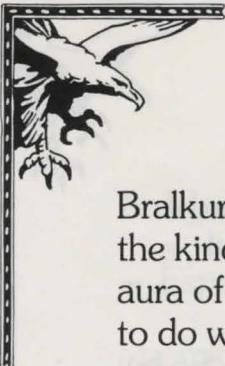
This is the tale of what happened a thousand years later.

One night, a dark wizard called Marmion was studying scrolls when he felt a tugging force on his mind. He frowned in puzzlement and entered the magical trance state. Slowly he sank through the Demonic Realms, where he was soon greeted by a Demon Lord.

"Greetings, Marmion." "How do you know my name?" Marmion stuttered. "I know many things. I am Bralkur, King of Hell. I want to make a pact with you."

"A pact? Never! You are a lying fiend," said Marmion. But he wasn't really sure.

– He must have sensed my true power.



Bralkur smiled. "How right you are. But I am sure you will be interested in the kind of power I can offer you." Marmion squirmed under the incredible aura of the Demon Lord. Then he slowly realized what he would be able to do with the power Bralkur offered. A sly smile spread over his face.

"Well? What kind of pact?"

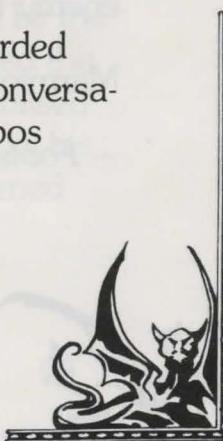
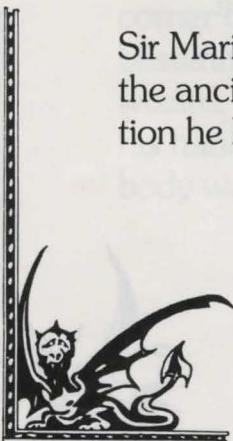
Bralkur chuckled inwardly.

– *The most powerful are always the easiest to seduce.*

There was only one being where this had not been true.

– *I'm going to help your son, Thornahuun.*

Sir Marillion stood on the battlements of the small keep which guarded the ancient castle of Godsbane and thought sombrely about the conversation he had had with his fellow paladines. They said that Lord Tarbos





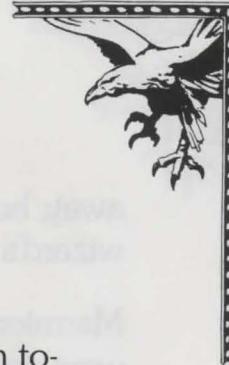
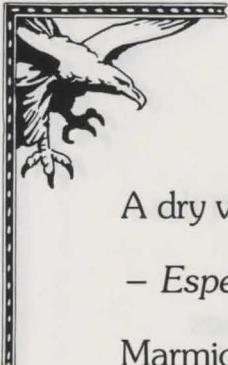
would not return after a thousand years, that they were fools to guard an old castle. Some of them even said that Lord Tarbos was only a myth, a story to frighten children.

But he believed the story, and he believed the danger was still there. So he guarded with vigilance, whereas his fellow paladines slept when they had guard duty.

A loud explosion brought him out of his reverie. Looking over the walls, he saw smoke and fire coming from the gates of the tower. He hurried down the stairs and saw that several other paladines had heard the noise and were waking the others. He reached the entrance hall and saw immediately that a battle was going on. As he tried to count the numbers of the enemy, he was surprised when he saw only one man in a black robe.

Marmion stood before the baffled paladines and grinned.

– *Fools! Soon you will realize what a wizard can do!*



A dry voice inside his head added:

– Especially when he is assisted by a King of Hell.

Marmion frowned and raised his hands. Magical missiles flew forth towards the paladines.

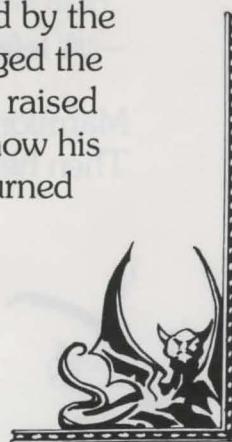
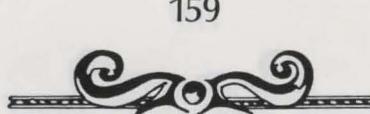
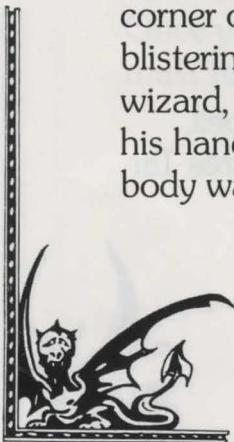
Y
I

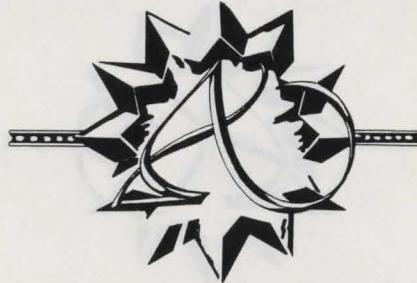
Y
I

Sir Marillion saw how the paladines who stood at the front fell before the red-hot arrows which flew out of the wizard's hands. He felt anger rise up in him.

– I told all of you that there is still danger.

He drew his sword and ran towards the wizard from the side. Out of the corner of his eye he saw how his fellow paladines were slaughtered by the blistering fire. Raising his sword, he bellowed his war cry and charged the wizard, who looked up at the unexpected attacker. But the wizard raised his hand faster than lightning and fire flared at Marillion who felt how his body was being engulfed in energy, how his skin and flesh were burned





away, how his bones crumbled. He felt it all. His being was caught in the wizard's fire even though his body had turned to ashes.

Marmion smiled and wiped the sweat from his brow. All the paladines were dead, even that last one.

– *Well, how do we get in? We do not have the Amberstar.*

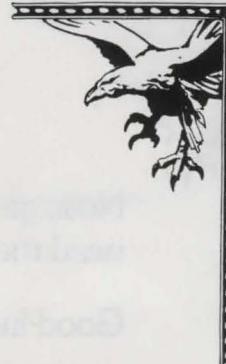
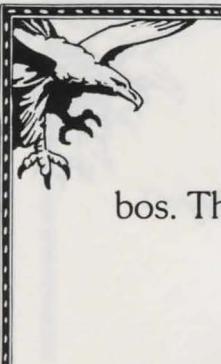
– *Easy.*

Bralkur created a disc of glowing light in front of the gates of Godsbane. Marmion was surprised.

– *What is that?*

– *A teleport through the Great Seal, right into the castle.*

Marmion fell quiet when he realized the power needed for such a spell. Then he stepped through the disc. He had to perform the ritual to free Tar-



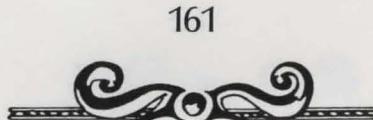
bos. Thus he would gain ultimate power. Bralkur had said so.

The end and the beginning

Only a band of courageous adventurers can stop Marmion, and he must be stopped for he has enough power to perform the ritual and bring Tarbos back to Lyramion.

To stop Marmion, you must enter Godsbane. However, Bralkur's teleport leads through the Demonic Realms, if it is still there at all.

So you must find the thirteen pieces of the Amberstar. Some have become lost, others are still being kept. You will find clues all over Lyramion. Once you have found all pieces, you must assemble the Amberstar. This must happen in a special place, but sadly no-one knows where ...

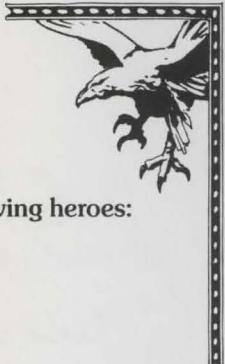




Now, go with my blessing. Know that I will try to help you if you really need me.

Good luck!

Shandra.



This tale would not have been possible without the effort and cooperation of the following heroes:

Idea & draft: Karsten Koepfer

Programming: Jurie Horneman

Additional programming: Michael Bittner

Graphics: Monika Krawinkel

Additional graphics: Erik Simon, Guenter Schmitz & Henk Nieborg

Sound & Music: Jochen (Zzzz) Hippel

Novel: Jurie Horneman

Manual & translation of novel: Harald Uenzelmann

Layout & DTP: Juergen Mayr

Pack illustration: Dieter Rottermund

Map draft: Richard Karsmakers

Map & manual illustrations: Michael Hellmich

Text Editor: Arnd Koesling

Testers: Karsten Koepfer, Erik Simon, Volker Dieffenbach, Chi-Wai Cheung,

Arnd Koesling and other elves and cobolds

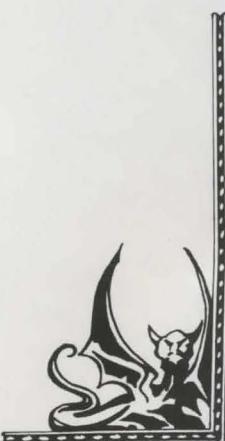
RPG Development system V1.0: Karsten Koepfer

Production: Erik (Boom-Boom) Simon

Amiga conversion: Udo Fischer

MS-DOS conversion: Frank Ussner & Gino Fehr

Copyright 1992 Thalion Software GmbH





© 1992 Thalion Software GmbH
Hauptstraße 70, 4835 Rietberg 2
Germany