

## The Inquisitor

### Event II

The overwhelming aura of the power came neither from his painfully dazzling cross, which hung like a symbol of evil around his neck, nor from his doublet.

The Inquisitor appeared invincible and his gaze burned into my mind like the secret of his strength.

### Event III

The henchmen of the Inquisitor spread like a plague over the land and the masters foresaw darkness in the future and the runes spoke of the end of the magic.

I too, saw our future in darkness, as ever more the henchmen of dusk found the secret places of the keepers of the runes and the magic circles of the masters, desecrated them and burned the members of our guild.

### Event IV

The rabble cried with joy, the simple folk feted the Inquisitor, and with their help his henchmen again uncovered a magic circle.

Tears of desperation rolled down my face, which I tried to hide with my robe. I could see the advent of the prophesied blackness and as I stood in the centre of the mob, without a shimmer of hope that fate would turn, the victory speech of the Inquisitor washed over me.

No-one, not even the highest guildmaster, would have been able to stand in the way of the Inquisitor. Now he had succeeded in vanquishing the magic circle of the great master under the power of his cross.

He had not yet vanquished me and so, although without a great deal of courage, I followed him, to learn the secret of his powers.

### Event V

The heavy footsteps of his guards across the circle of the great master, until the Inquisitor finally halted in front of the mighty steps leading downwards. Although I was unlearned of the great wonders, I had heard the verse which must be recited in order to be unseen by the eyes of the guards. Thus I saw the Inquisitor, with only two of his closest men, descend the stairs, and since I knew that except for the highest guildmaster no-one knew the magic of the vault, I was steadfast in my intention not to let the Inquisitor out of my sight.

### Event VI

He tore away the heavy chains from the mighty, ironclad gate, threw open the vast doors with a crash and disappeared, leaving his companions behind, into the murky light of the hall within. Adorned with its magic signs and runes, filled with a multitude of gleaming cauldrons and fascinating apparatus, it had such a hypnotic effect on me that I almost forgot my plan.

### Event VII

Still completely entranced by my surroundings, I was startled by the sound of another door opening. I came to my senses again and cautiously crossed the vault, and as I arrived at the other side I fell to my knees in the surrounds of the portal at the sight which met my eyes. There it was, the book written in runes containing the knowledge of our guild, which until now had only revealed its secret to the great master. Now, in the middle of the semi circular hall which had been hewn out of the rocks stood the Inquisitor, reading its pages.

### Event VIII

With every line the Inquisitor read, he became ever more transformed. His eyes shone red like glowing coals, his robe swelled up and lost its contours in a swirling mist, his fingers, painfully bent, held his staff which now resembled the twisted branch of an ancient oak tree which now had to support the bent figure of the Inquisitor. Half crazed from the roar of the outraged elements I realized how the Inquisitor could be so successful in the battle against our guild. The Inquisitor, himself a Magician, gained with every attack against our guild more power and with the runes of the great master in his possession he would have the weapons of destruction in his hand and use them against the guild and thus become the sole and final master of the power of the runes.

#### Event IX

As if turned to stone I listened to the Inquisitor, as he spoke in the unearthly tones of the rune keepers, and finally fell into the monotone singsong in which the magical verses are recited. As if called up by the commanding gestures of the Inquisitor, a fluorescent mist appeared in the Hall, swirling upwards in spirals and twisting back to itself, then circling once again back up into the middle of the dome.

#### Event X

I was so enthralled by the Inquisitor that the silence which suddenly fell was like a physical pain. Only the swirling vapours and the burning eyes of the Magician remained, so that I knew that this was only the calm before the final storm. A growling which terrified me to the marrow proved to me that I was right, coming from the throat of a grotesque creature which had slithered out of the mists to the feet of the Inquisitor and whose thundering tread the underground caves quake. This dragon obviously had the task of completing the work of the Inquisitor, to destroy all the circles and all that was magical. But the Magician had been too clever, the raging beast, intend on destroying everything magical, ripped him apart with his huge teeth and so he became the first victim of his own magic and was buried beneath the rubble of the dome which the dragon in his fury had demolished.

#### Event XI

The creature was free, set upon my guild and also my kinsmen, who had not yet lost their belief in magic. Like a whirlwind it hissed murderously across the land, mercilessly destroying everything in its path, carrying out his orders of death and annihilation. In a short time the land was ravaged and the hearts of the people were full of sadness. Desperation and hopelessness abounded.

#### Event XII

But even the dragon, the creature of the damned, damned to kill and itself, without the Magician, robbed of any hope of release, felt the deep sorrow. He, a creature of magic, created to drive all things magical into the depths, would soon have to wait eternally for his own end, an end which would most likely never come, since the weapon of mortals had slid from his grasp. He reared up over and over again, in rage against his creator, against his task and against himself, without reason and without hope.

#### Event XIII

The gateway, from which I had witnessed the dreadful events and the incredible emergence of the dragon, saved my life when the dome in the rocks collapsed from the force of the raging creature and buried the Inquisitor and the book of the runes of the great master forever. It took me many hours to free myself from the ruins, but what kind of

freedom was it? The village in which the circle of our great master could be found lay in rubble and ashes, nothing more could be seen of the little huts in which the people here had lived and where only a short time ago they had joyfully greeted the Inquisitor. Cold raindrops ran down my neck and softened the earth and soon the last remains of peace sank into the slime.

I had not been able to stop the Inquisitor, but even worse, I had to watch helplessly as the beast of the Magician was created to slaughter us all. It was only a fortunate chance which had allowed me to survive, but how long until the dragon would find and execute me too? Devoid of hope I sank down into the mire, lowered my eyes and waited for the end, listening to the rain which fell like tears from the heavens.

Exhausted I thought of my old master, who had had so little time to impart his secrets to me, but surely he had begun my schooling with the most important, the most precious things, to prepare me for my life. But still, only a little of his wisdom with...

Wisdom - I already knew this verse...

encounter discouragement with courage

encounter disbelief with belief

endorse faithlessness with faithfulness

engage ignorance with wisdom

enslave hopelessness with hope

...Hope - yes with hope, which reaches every human heart, we could succeed in vanquishing the monstrosity of evil.

With this hope, which carried the dragon across the land and rejuvenated the folk so that they could face him with confidence, it came to pass that with a mighty blow they dispatched the dragon to the underworld to follow the diseased soul of the Inquisitor, so that Wothan's ravens could once again find peace in our land.