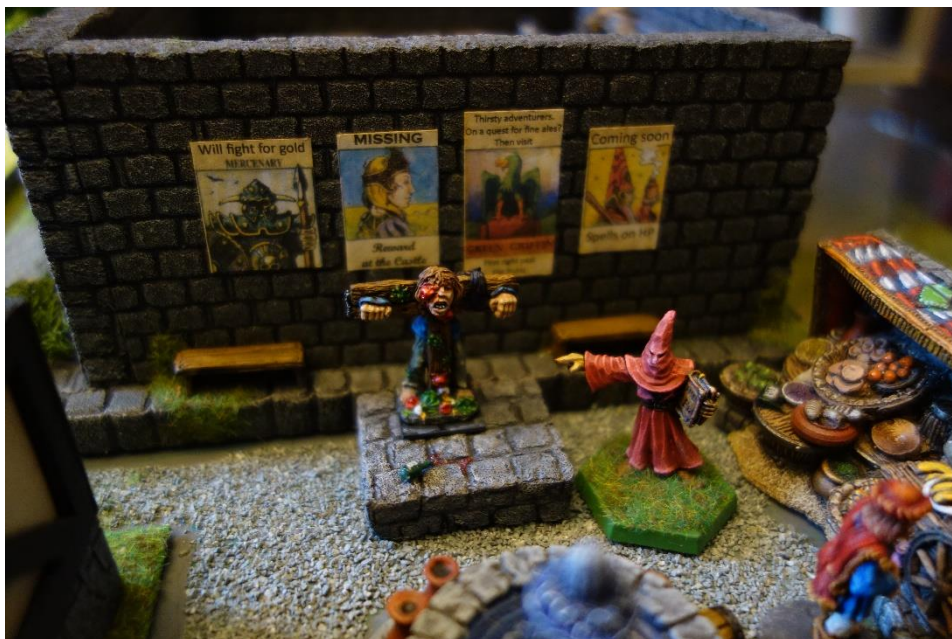


TALISMAN 40TH ANNIVERSARY ADVENTURE

5th November 2023 by Katie B.

Normally we chose three characters at random but as it was the 40th anniversary I really wanted to use my favourite character, the Inquisitor so Susie took pity and said yes. As the adventure commenced a hooded figure strode out of the City with trailing robes flowing in the wind and the book of Law under her arm.

Susie's Scout started well unearthing the Fountain of Wisdom which she immediately hid; a dastardly thing to do. Sensing injustice the Inquisitor immediately moved into her area and imprisoned her for Heresy.



“This is what happens to law breakers in my jurisdiction so Be Pure, Be Vigilant, Behave”

Things very quickly became tough though with the Inquisitor hanging on by the skin of her teeth, running from one to two then back to one life and to make matters worse she couldn't get anywhere near the Chapel due to a doppelganger who seemed to be better at combat than her??? Oh, and two large dragons were nearby as well.



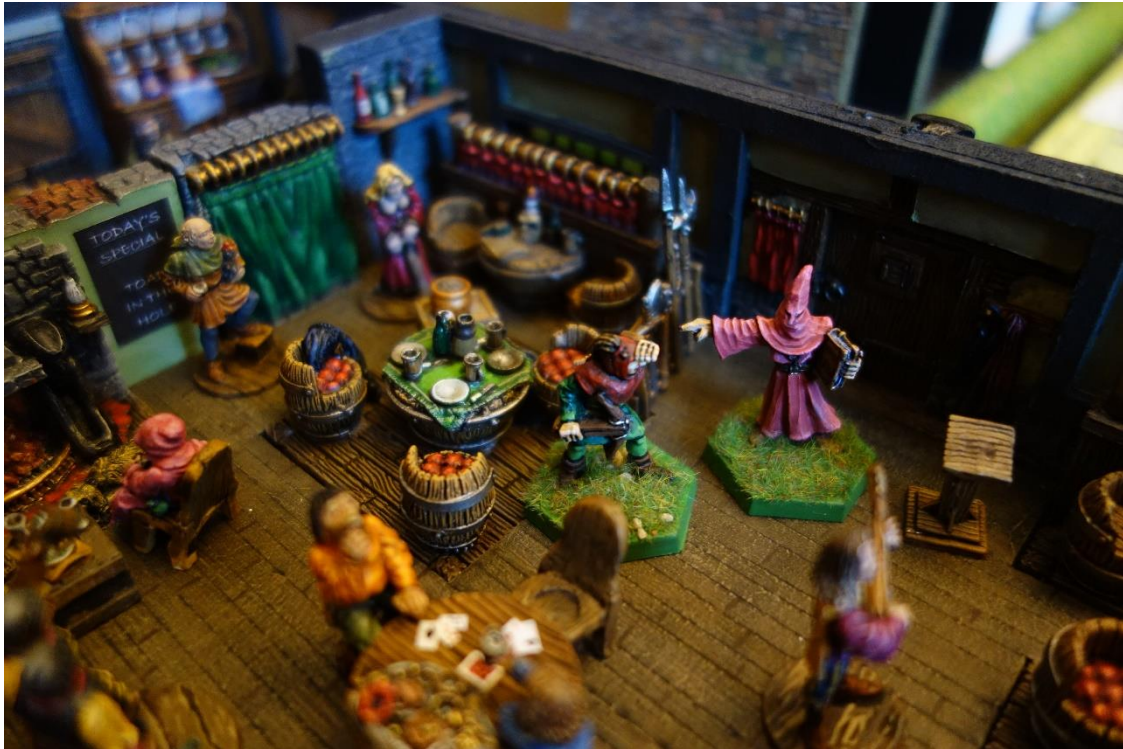
The inside of the Chapel was a rare site for the blood-streaked Inquisitor

Her prayers were answered though in another form as gold was plentiful but it slipped through her fingers like rain through a grate as she used it all up visiting the City doctor. Staggering into his surgery on a regular occasion just to stay alive, I think he was getting fed up with having to wipe her blood from his floor.

The land swarmed with unholy creatures and the Scout showed great heroism in attacking a huge Sophus Mutaremagnus dragon that had taken up residence by the chapel. With a constitution that allowed it to take multiple wounds she persisted in her attacks and eventually slew the mighty behemoth.

Both adventurers then held a truce and retired to the Green Griffin. The special of the day was Toad in the Hole made with spicy Welsh Dragon sausages followed by Talisman celebration cake for afters.

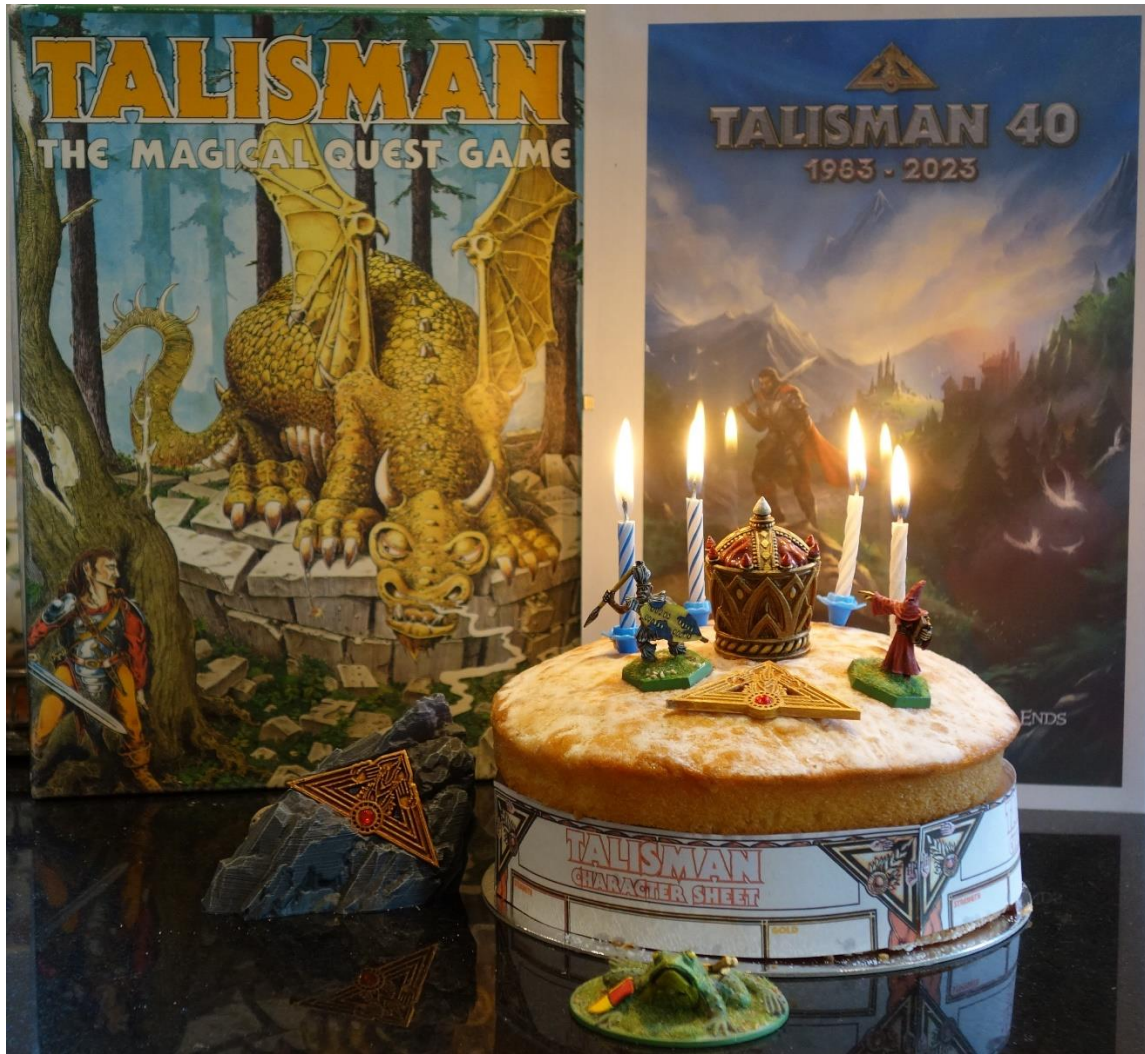
As they sat back after their hearty feast, they eyed each other suspiciously but wished each other luck hoping their fortunes would change after a second slice from The Cake of Replenishment.



“That’s your table” “No I think I can see mine over there near that blazing torch”



Toaday’s special Toad in the Hole



The Cake of Replenishment with fork 'andles.

After their slap up binge the Inquisitor continued to hang on by her finger tips swinging from deaths door to deaths doorstep. Four lives were but a distant memory as good spells and gold were used up evading weak enemies in the fear of a lucky strike by them and an untimely death.

One day the Scout found herself wandering in a hidden valley. A Trapper's cabin nestled in sheltered spot by the river and as she approached, she saw a lone figure leaving its log bound confines. Its spikey green armour left her in no doubt of who it was, it was the Mercenary. But then a dense fog arose from the sluggish river and despite her survivalist abilities the Scout walked straight past him. "Hurrah" thought the Inquisitor who has a soft spot for that mysterious protector. But her purse was empty "Yahboo" but then she found a bag of gold "Huzzah" and headed back to the cabin. Her maniacal laughter echoed along the valley as the Mercenary held out an armoured gauntlet for payment.

To celebrate she went back to the Green Griffin but it seems the she couldn't hold her ale and once more ended up drunk in a corner.



Unusual to see the Inquisitor upright in the Tavern



"He cheated. He will be reported to the Grand Inquisitor."



After being tainted by the mark of chaos for picking up a berserker sword, the Inquisitor sought desperate measures to remove the remains of its fetid stain which clung to her even after the sword was sold at the Magic Emporium.



The Scout meanwhile made regular visits to the mystic who was friendly sort of a chap but often ignored her pleas for help.

Then disaster, the Inquisitor lost all her stuff to some filthy Raiders. Desert scum, they shall feel the full power of the Inquisition. The wide-eyed Scout, couldn't believe her luck and Warhorse bound, smashed passed the Sentinel in a bid to capture the pile of abandoned loot.

Despondently the Inquisitor stood in the hills kicking around some stones when suddenly in the dust something sparkled; it was a huge Gemstone. She hurried into the city, paid the bargeman who couldn't believe his luck and took her straight to the Oasis arriving in the nick of time. As the Scout trotted back to the outer region the Inquisitor discovered a magic stream and after a long, relaxing soak gained all four strength points.

As the weeks passed both adventurers gradually became more and more powerful. Suddenly one day after a deadly encounter with a craft draining Vampire, the Scout slipped into the woods just over the river from the Portal of Power and, after much banging and sawing, emerged with a raft. Through the Inquisitors spy network, she was told of this mysterious boat building which set alarm bells ringing in her pointy hood. She dashed up to the middle region as the Scouts raft scraped up onto the flag stoned bank. "The Crown" she hissed and made a dash for the Portal as well.



With both characters racing round the inner region by different routes the Scout got to the middle first to find a large chest marked "Property of Pandora". She opened it and immediately started lobbing rocks, goblins, dead cows, old socks, crisp packets, tap washers, conkers etc at the Inquisitor like some medieval castle gate guard but eventually the hooded lawgiver with one life remaining arrived, slammed the lid shut and lowered her Holy Lance. Battle commenced with the Scout's Warhorse soon exhausting itself and now on two feet with a worried look in her eye she started to edge back towards the Valley of Fire.



However, there was to be no respite. With a purse full of gold, the mercenary was put to doing what he does best. The Scout's full plate armour took a battering but did its job. Then under the constant hammer blows it started to fall apart and the Lance found its mark. In tattered, blood-stained robes with one life remaining the exhausted Inquisitor stood triumphant. The Mercenary wiped his spear, gave a gentle nod and counted his gold. It really was a fantastic adventure and a nail-biting finale.



A cracking game and we didn't even venture into the Dungeon as we never found a doorway

