

The Seeker

The Journal of Intrepid Adventuring

VOL: 5, ISSUE 4 FIVE WITH 0 DOWN AND 0% FINANCING

REFINANCED

Contents of Package Enclosed

- 1 Look to your right and the bottom of the page.
- 2 Castle and Crusade Society
- 3 At the Movies
- 4 Tale of Esrod Marioth
- 5 Tale of Esrod Marioth
- 6 Tale of Esrod Marioth
- 7 The Angry Gamer
- 8 Artist Interview
- 9 Artist Interview
- 10 what what what?

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A Massage From the Troll Dens

Take your shoes off, sit back, relax, close your eyes and imagine you are in a wooded vale. Dark trees creak and crack in the wind, leaves whisper mild secrets to one another, loamy odors pervade the nostrils while a cool breeze shuffles your hair...

"Hey ho baby, you ready for some massagin'?" Screeches an old hag with gnarled fingers and gapped teeth. "I gots some oils here that'ud make yo' senses go wiiiild. Somewhere in this bag, right here, no, here, no, here, ohh' heck, will some canola oil do?"

Being the most exceedingly richest trolls in the world, we decided to hire an in-house masseuse like all them dot coms did a few years back. However, being stingy trolls (and our wealth amount-



ing to me being happy to get apack of Rahman noodles a day), we went with what could be had. Quite frankly, I would rather have some bull with glass and nails stuck in its hooves wander over my back than this old hag's craked nails and her rancid canola oil.

In other news, Steve wants me to put the exact Volume and Issue on each Seeker so he can track them. Whew goood luck finding them monkey bone as I will hide those numbers in the text somewhere. So here goes: The Seeker Volume 5, Issue 5 (yeah right, I write the thing and can't even keep track of it).

Smoke break.

Back to work. Remember; **I've lived a long life and seen a lot of hard times...most of which never happened.** -- M Twain

Castle and Crusade Society

Welcome Castlers and Crusaders. Well, we have a bit of news and some new developments to relay but first I would like to extend a hearty welcome and thank you to those who have joined and are helping out.

And on a personal note, we here at Troll Lord Games are a little flabbergasted. When we broached the idea of reforming the Castle and Crusade Society a while back over on dragonsfoot.org we were not expecting a great response. We, as many others perhaps have, did not think there was a great call for 'reviving' the old school.

Boy, we were wrong (not the first and certainly not the last time I imagine). We have been accepting memberships for a little while now (two weeks I think) and are already well above one hundred members. Although this may not sound like a lot, it has only been two weeks and we have nothing more than a welcome letter. Heck, we still have not agreed on how the membership numbering is going to be and there are spelling errors in the letter.

The response to the Castles and Crusades Players handbook has also taken us by surprise. When we put up the discussion forum, offered the NDAs and hoped for some participation we were expecting a few people to come over and add their two cents, not the flood we just had.

This has got us all hopping and happy over here and really working diligently on producing some rules that will go a long way to pleasing everyone and meeting our needs as a company. Steve, Mac and myself have been so enthusiastic about the project after seeing the responses that we have neglected a few other aspects of our company that need attention. (Namely getting the Seeker out and prepping my Cleaver game for the next round of play testing.)

But that's all good in my book. I really want this project to move forward sooner than we had originally planned. But we shall see.

I shall not be on the boards as much over the next few weeks as I move back to other projects that need my attention - The Book of Names - and get caught up elsewhere.

But do not let that be a sign of negligence. I will still be watching the boards and adding commentary every once in a while. We are also having the weekly rules meet to refine more and ever more rules.

And speaking of rules. Because of the message boards we are further along than we imagined we would be. There are many a great idea being floated over there. Its nice to see people thinking of specifics and actual meta- game application for some of the more theoretical and idea oriented rules. Its helping to weed through the chaff more quickly.

Stay on those boards for updates and refinements and do not feel at all in the least little bit reluctant about throwing out ideas, complaints and criticisms. You are now the creators and recipients of the game. I mean heck, if we can not please You all, who can we please. What we are aiming for is a game that you all are willing to play.

In other news, the artist now leading the charge at Castles and Crusades is Peter Bradley. He is working on various projects and pics for us. Below is the very beginning of the Castles and Crusades logo. It will be fleshed out, changed, altered ect. as per the needs of everyone involved I am sure. It will go on the center of a kite shield that will be elaborated on in time. Please feel free to comment and on this and other aspects of the organization/game as you please. It is all appreciated.





The Tale of Esrod Marioth compiled

As is written the greater part of the Elven folk, the High Elves, fled the onslaught of the horned god and the coming of the Winter Dark. They built a realm for themselves in the land of Faerie, calling it Shindolay and there hid themselves from the terror of Unklar. It came to pass that in those days of darkness, many of the Elves lamented their exile. They took council with their Lords and sought ever to aid the world of Erde and confound the darkness that dwelt in the high towers of Aufstrag. Too, they were bereaved, for Londea, the daughter of their fair Queen, had chosen to stay in Erde and had become lost in the shadows of the winter that came after.

So it came to pass that many clamoring voices urged the Lords of Shindolay to action and they gathered a small troop of warriors, gird them for war and set them on the long path to Erde. These Knights of Shindolay, dubbed the Quest Knights, entered Erde by secret paths and scattered to the four corners in search of their lost kin.

As is written these knights roamed the world for many years, meeting triumph and tragedy. Though only one ever returned to Shindolay the tales of the deeds of the Quest Knights echo in the legends of Erde, redeeming that folk, so maligned for the flight of their fear. The greatest of all the Quest Knights, Esrod Marioth, rode to just such glory.

Esrod came from a low family of Elves, a folk that bore little renown. But he was tall and beautiful and took up arms at an early age. Too, he learned the powers of the Magi and besought ever to control the world around him. With unmatched speed and a quick mind, few could defeat him or gainsay him. He thirsted ever to test his might and mind, thinking often of the world he'd left behind. When the Elven Lords called for the Quest Knights Esrod took up the challenge with joy. He bore a girdle of iron rings which fell down to his knees, upon which he wore breast plate of worked metal, adorned with a single amethyst jewel. His helm, gold and silver and shield bore the eagle of his people and he carried a long handled axe and lance. His grey charger he named Sareth-ien, which in the Vulgate means "silver hoof."

When at last the Quest Knights entered Erde, Esrod departed his brothers in arms, and alone rode into the east. Though he was not the only of the Quest Knight to take that road, nor

the only to make his way to dark Aufstrag, Esrod Marioth was the first. In the Luneberg, Esrod came upon a heavily armed troop of men, a score or more, baiting a halfling and making to kill him as was the want of the Lords of the Winter Dark. Esrod set upon them with lance and axe and with great slaughter destroyed the bulk of them and left them scattered upon the field. Those who lived fled to their homes with tales of a terrible Lord of Elves.

The halfling, Hohurn Stauf, bid him take him up and he would lead him even to the Grossewald Forest where he might find safety from the bounty hunters who would no doubt come after him. But Esrod would not have this and bid the Halfling guide him to Aufstrag for it was his mind to see that grim tower and learn what he could of the enemy. Ever a fierce folk and filled with a great hatred of all the horned god's folk, the Halfling agreed to Esrod's request and by secret ways took him to the northern swamps of the Grausamland.

There Esrod was confounded for those roads were well guarded by the minions of the horned god. So he roamed the northern planes and plundered the holds of the Luneberg and even north into the Rhuneland. He became a terror to man, Orc and Ungern and a great price they placed upon his head. Hohurn traveled with him, reveling in the joy of battle with the enemy. In time Esrod forgot his quest and thoughts of his kin folk and the Lady Londea were few in his mind. He dwelt as a bandit and reveled in the reputation he gained from his enemies. And surely if ever the Grey Charger and Elven Knight were seen folk fled far and away to avoid his axe or lance.

It came to pass that his reputation gained wide currency and attracted many folk who came to hunt him out. Many of these Esrod slew and their bodies he staked out for all to see. But word at last reached the Red Hills, where dwelt those dread Orcs, the Hlobane. And even at last to a great Captain of the Hlobane, Ullurk. When word of Esrod came to him Ullurk laughed for so few Elves remained on the planes that he bore no fear of them. He gathered a company of his folk and set out to hunt the Elven Lord and bring him to the halls of Aufstrag and lay him at the feet of his master.

Esrod made little move to hide himself so that Ullurk found him with little effort. In mid day they met upon the banks of the Olgdon river and fought a mighty duel. Ullurk sought first to capture him and sent a dozen of his fellows with nets and ropes after the Elf. But Hohurn shot them with many arrows and they fell back. Next they tried to ride him down but their steeds fled from Sareth-ein and threw their riders so

that Esrod lanced them, killing them one and all. At last Ullurk bid his remaining folk hold fast. Uncasing a thick, iron bastard sword he came at Esrod to unhorse him at the least.

Esrod rode him down, but the Orc Captain cut Sareth-ein's legs from beneath him and the steed fell mortally wounded. Esrod, stricken with grief and rage, fell upon Ullurk with such an onslaught that the Orc could not withstand him. The sparth axe pounded the armor and broke the Orc's helm and at last clove the sword in twain. Ullurk, in a battered haze of blood, pulled a long dagger and slashed the elf's abdomen with a deep cut. But to no avail to the Orc for Esrod clove his heavy axe into the mail of his foe and split it asunder. His chest a ruin of bone, blood and axe's iron the Orc Captain died.

But Esrod's wound was deep and his blood flowed as a river. The great host of Orcs and their hounds fell upon the Elf and battered him with hammers and clubs until he fell in a pool of his own ruin. Hohurn too late tried to rescue him, but did not but play witness to Esrod's capture. The Orcs took up the Elf and bore him into the east, bound in chains of steel. There they took him even to the gates of Aufstrag and lay him beneath the arch of that dread entrance.

But Hohurn lingered on the field and after a fashion he buried Sareth-ein in a great mound. He lay there the lance, helm and shield of Esrod. Ever after bluebells grew upon the hill top of the Mound of Sareth-ein. And it is said that to lay in a bed of those flowers brings speed and strength to the weary.

But Hohurn bore up the axe of his Elven Lord and followed the trail to Aufstrag and the dungeons of Klarglich, called the Pits of Woe.

When Esrod came to, he found himself bound in thick chain and lying before the Great Gate of Aufstrag, called by men the Drun-al, in the Vulgate, the Gates of Hell. Broken, his life's blood spent, he did not abandon hope but called for the gate keeper to come forth. "I am Esrod Marioth, Elven Lord, the Doom of Erde! I call the keeper of the Drun-al to come forth and do my bidding."

A cruel laughter came from the shadows. In those days the Keeper of the Drun-al stood high in the councils of the horned god. He bore many names and few could face him with fear seizing them. Trigal to the ancients, Mongroul to Trolls of the north, but to men and history he bore the name Nulak-kiz-Din. He watched the gates for his master, for neither trusted the minions who ruled the world at large and the Mogrl were not yet born. Too, Nulak too great joy in the misery of Jaren Falkynjager, the Monk of the Scintillant Dawn who hung like a cross over the gates, nailed to the wall by Nulak's own cruelty.

"Few come thus to the gates of Aufstrag and speak in tones of such arrogance. It can be none other than a proud Elf lord from afar." Nulak came forth, leaving behind the shadow,

though a darker stain followed his step. His tall bearing and thin frame bore a power beyond that of even the immortals, for his body and soul were long ago immersed in the deep mysteries of the magi. The folds of this wizardry hung about him like wreathes of unbridled power. For a moment he looked beyond the Elf into the swamps, smiled a cruel smile, and looked back to the Elf.

"Come then, servant of Unklar. Come and unchain me. You will feel the pride of my arrogance across your scalp." Long ago Esrod left behind the refinements of his people. The long hard road, the blood stained battle fields, the heaps of bone and flesh, iron and steel haunted his memories. And ever he saw himself upon a field of war, with hands red with blood and a look of madness writ on his face. He thought little, but acted according to his warrior instinct.

But the mage was no simple servant. Extending his arm, uncurling his fingers, Nulak gestured by raising his arm. Esrod rose from the ground, lifted from the earth by the sorcery of the Troll Lord. "Proud and foolish." He slammed the Elf back to earth. The wind knocked from his lungs Esrod gasped for breath. The acidic fumes of the swamps swept past his blood splattered lips, filling his lungs with pain and longing.

At a call from the mage a great Troll came forth. His huge hulking form bound in an iron girdle. In his massive paws he bore an iron shafted halberd. "Lok, take him to the pits. Give him food and wine. I'll send for him when I need him." He passed beneath the arch. "And Lok, do not remove his chains."

Lok drove the haft into the chain and with a grunt lifted the Elf up. "Come El-karek I'll take you to a new home." Throwing him over his back he set off on the long journey to the pits that lay beneath Aufstrag.

When at last Esrod came to, he found himself in a dark and dank hole, far beneath the towers of the horned god. The Troll had stripped him of his clothes and bound him to the wall with huge manacles. He hung there in the dark and damp, naked and alone. It is said that some of those pits are so deep, that they are so filled with evils of Unklar that no light born of man or Dwarf may break them nor any who can see in the dark, see within them. Esrod found himself in such a pit. The dark was palatable and he felt drank it with the air he breathed. Once in a great while he could see far above him a small red flickering as if a great heat or flame was kindled. This passed as quickly as it appeared.

After some time passed Lok came to the pit, baring food and water. In his paw he carried a lantern and with great effort squeezed through the door that only now was revealed to Esrod.

At last the Elf saw his prison. He hung from a wall in a roughly circularly pit. The rough cut stone was broken only by the well concealed door in the wall. The light from the

lantern spilled up the pit but never reached the lip of the edge. Lok caught the Elf following the light up and laughed out loud. "Eh, you are deep beneath the forges El-karek in a pit unmarked by map or door. None but myself and the Lord even know you're here, so think of nothing but your misery. That is stew you should grow used to eating."

Coughing, Esrod cleared his throat. "I do not speak your tongue foul creature. What is this 'El-Karek'?"

The Troll laughed. "Little bones, little bones, little bones I call you. For when the day is Lok will feast on the flesh of Esrod Marioth and bare his little bones in a pouch of Elven skin." Lok jammed the filth laden spoon into the Elf's mouth and fed him. When at last the bowl lay empty he tossed aside and made the Elf drink a draught of the water.

So the Elf hung in chains for many years. He wasted away with hunger for the light of day and thirst for freedom. None came to him but for old Lok and it seemed that even the Mage had forgotten him and left him another lost soul in the pits of Aufstrag. The Quest Knight learned little of his fate, though some later learned that he had been borne to Aufstrag, and they thought him long passed into the halls of the living. But there was one who had not forgotten the Elf.

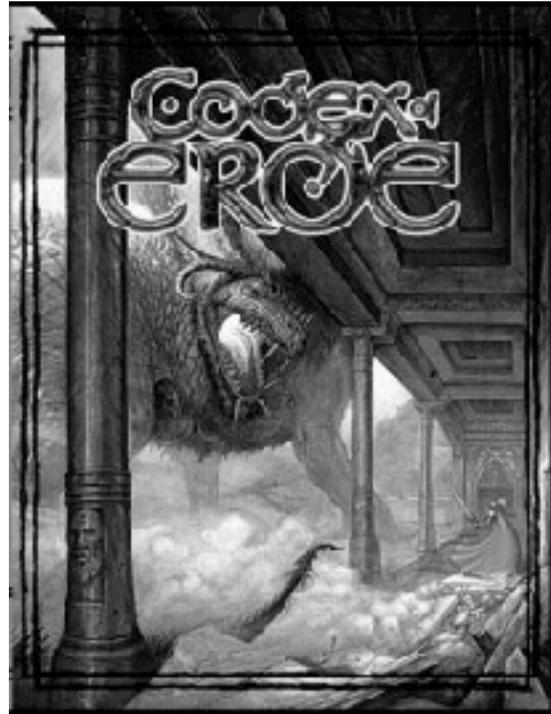
Hohurn Stauf the Halfling followed the trail of the Orcs into the Grausamland. He carried the Elf's sparth axe with him, intending to return it to his companion. Though he lost the trail in the swamps he knew the paths to Drun-al and he followed them to those gates. Even as he came up to the road he saw the Elf and the Mage and heard their conversation.

Hohurn bridled with rage. He pulled forth a stout bow and knocked an arrow. As he took aim the mage cast a glance at him and to his shame Hohurn froze. He could not move, no muscle would obey him, no arm or leg and the arrow would not fly. Nor indeed would breath come into his lungs. He stood thus, petrified until the mage turned and left the road. The spell broke and Hohurn fell to the earth with a groan, gasping even as Esrod did. Before he recovered his companion had vanished and the cruel gates closed.

Cursing he ran from swamps and out to the road. He banged upon the gates. "Come forth! Come forth! Cruel masters come forth and I shall slay you for Esrod was my friend!" He fell to the earth weeping, calling for war and vengeance. As he spoke a drop struck his hand and brought him to his senses. He stared at it and it took him a moment to realize that this was blood on his hand. He looked up and saw then the sight all who entered Aufstrag saw. There, a hundred feet above, nailed in cruel fashion to the walls of stone was a man. Drawn and pale, his clothes in tatters, a long beard of grey hair he seemed little beyond a skeleton. But his eyes looked down upon Hohurn and they were filled with wisdom and power.

to be continued...

"The All Father lingered in the world for many ages, and laughed and reveled at the racing of the Twin Sisters. He marveled at the Seasons and marveled even more when he saw the world take shapes of its own accord. Grasses grew and strange plants as well, rising from the soils of the world. There were other things, creatures which lived as memories of his original thoughts, those who stole into the world before the Wall of the World was made whole."



Explore the fantastic World of Erde, Troll Lord Games" official fantasy campaign setting in this 256 page, illustrated, hardback sourcebook with all the d20 crunchy bits you have come to expect. This core book is the foundation upon which rest the Companion Books, Modules and Sourcebooks of the Troll Lord Games d20 enterprise. Also, the Codex is the essential book for the Legends of Erde campaign, an ongoing d20 fantasy campaign supported by local gaming groups and conventions across the country. The setting resounds with its own vibrant spirit, a world where historical mythology is bound with a touch of fantasy to bring the Epic back to the game. Join the tides of History!!

"Ultimately, the genius of this book is that everything builds upon everything else. The book is extremely well written which is rare these days, and the exacting attention to detail is astonishing." Chris Berman ~Gamingreport.com

The Angry Gamer

The advantages to killing other PCs are innumerable. Let me point out, the first advantage to killing other PCs in our game is that it gets Davis away from the table so he can go sit on the porch in that pall of smog that follows him around these days like stink on... well you know!

But let us consider our latest game, which, by the by, I thoroughly enjoyed despite the following. The game started small. There were only four players at the table. We headed into the dungeon with the perfect party mix - fighter, thief, cleric and magic user. Hobbit, human, dwarf and elf. Nice set up huh? Just like the old nine who set off across the desolate wildernesses of JR's dreamscape. Excepting the lack of plot and such. These dudes are just professional dungeoneers. Even Davis' cleric worships the Deep Delver, a god who protects miners and those who labor beneath the earth (who also, coincidentally, found the first goblins set in stone and loosed them upon the world - and keeping true to his deity, Davis' cleric finds creatures and loses them upon the party - to date, 16 goblins and a stone golem at a cost of 3 party members);

So anyway, there we are in a small game and the people start showing up. Next thing I know there are eight players at the table. A table that usually sits just one. So anyway, there we are, all eight of us trying to make heads or tails of the situation, Davis is being noisy and not listening to anyone, Chris is being noisy and not listening to anyone, Mac is joking a lot, Charlie created a fly-by-the-night character, Mark and Sarah are really trying to play, Cliff is trying to figure why he plays with such a large group of numbskulls and all I want to do is knock some heads. We are sorta jumbled and moving down the corridor, jostling for last place in line and trying to avoid carrying the torch. Then an encounter comes along and starts knocking heads. Well, considering the tight corners we are in and the number of people in the corridor, things get sorta confusing.

People are jumping over each other to get into the fray, tripping and falling etc. Davis' character actually shoved two others to the ground and charged in to attack the creatures and went down like a rock in a pond on the first blow. But in his wake he left two PCs on the floor, caused one to drop his weapon and incurred the wrath of the DM. Next thing I know, two PCs are dead, one has a gaping head wound, one has an arm ripped out of socket, one has a busted knee and on.

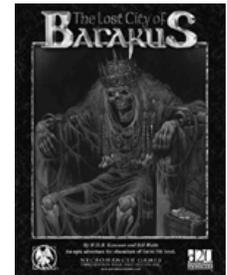
We escaped licking our wounds and decided to rest up for nine months (arms and heads to heal), rethink our course in life and generally convalesce for the time being. Next week we pick up again.

Now, back to my original point. Had I just killed Davis' PC as soon as I sat at the table, none of this would have happened. He is always after the glorious death anyway - well not glorious more like tragic and it seems to me that being killed by your 'best friend' would be sorta tragic. Further, had I just gone down the line and killed the weaker PCs not only would I have garnered extra xps but I would have invariably strengthened the party - evolution in action and all.

Necromancere Games Titles

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Plunge into the forgotten city of Barakus where only the bold survive! Explore cavernous dungeons, intrigue with wary soldiers and battle horrors from the edge of time. Barakus is an Epic introductory location-based adventure for character levels 1-5, revised for the 3.5 system. This huge adventure provides months of gaming material. The book details a complete city, the wilderness surrounding it, and a huge, 5-level dungeon. Dozens of minor quests and puzzles are used to distract and entertain adventurers while the main storyline builds to a crescendo.



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Silent mockeries of life; the undead. From the dark beyond, these horrid apparitions rage against the living in jealous madness. Nightmares of blood and maleficence; vampires. Astride the nebulous worlds of the living and the dying are creatures who defy the natural order in a ruthless quest for vengeance against the living. Horrid creatures intoxicated with power; liches. Imprisoned by hatreds and vile sadism, these abominations reap a grim and endless harvest on the weak and defenseless. Bend your mind to unravel the mysteries of Athransma! Plunge into the dank sewers of the Underguild! Ride the seas of fate to uncharted isles and battle the deadliest of the undead. A journey of nightmare and terror ends with a cataclysmic struggle between the living and the undead.

Artist of the Month

I don't know if I have ever officially introduced Peter Bradley (no kin to Peter Brady or Omar Bradley), but he is one of the few unsung heroes of the Eternity Brigade and a Tulsa's local Mentat Saderat. I ran into Peter sometime ago at Spice Girls convention (!!!) Where he was displaying some of his art. Shortly after, we Troll Lords hogtied him and strapped

him to the art bandwagon. He is still tied up but we let him use one hand once in a while to draw some stuff. The following is an excerpt from an interview I had with Peter some time ago in a galaxy far, far away.



Davis: Peter, I happened to be crossing the threshold of that yonder portal and caught but a glimpse of you standing here beneath the eave of

light cast by that neon light.

Peter: What? Where did you learn to talk?

Davis: Never mind the niceties, I am onto your tricks you Bene Geseret or whatever.

Peter: I have read several of your previous interviews Davis and I do not intend for this one to go that direction. If you want to talk about art, we will talk about art, if you are going into your usual delusional paranoid trance I am out of here.

Davis: Take it easy, take it easy, we all have jobs to do and mine is interviewing artists....

Peter: OK, we'll talk about my art. If you notice....

Davis: And uncovering the nasty ilk that the Baron Harkonen has dribbled into the world.

Peter: You done you blundering dimwit?

Davis: I am never done, my mission impossible is to uncover your true lies and misdemeanors.

Peter: You know, I agreed to work with you guys and in the contract it specifically states that I DO not have to talk to you, look at you, listen to you, pay attention to you....

Davis: Nor eat the curds and whey. Yes, so I have been told

and informed my maligned....

Peter: Bye and pay your own tab.

Davis: Hey wait, we didn't finish the interview.

Peter: Oh yeah we did you kinky haired dwarf.

Davis: Kinky hair? I used conditioner this morning.



And so it went, Peter could not stand the heat and left the fireplace of my burning interrogation. But worry not my fine fellows, I shall dissever his plots and make the world safe for Democracy again.

And as the scene fades back into reality, we find Davis comfortably attired in a nice white coat with wrap around sleeves as an accessory. Observe as the ambient light from the well padded cell glitters off the shiny buckles that complete the picture of abject insanity.

Peter: Doctor? Do you think he will ever recover?"

Doctor: We haven't tried shock therapy yet. As you can see he still wends off into these bouts of schizoid insanity wherein he spends many hours lost in unnecessarily verbose debate with himself.

And a brief pause ensues where we listen to Davis gibber inanely in his corner. His only comfort the stuffed Troll doll he named Kent.

Peter: Have you narrowed down the cause of his condition yet?

Doctor: It appears to be too much time spent in internet forums as well as too much black coffee and too little sleep.

Peter: I can see how that would send anyone into fits of paranoia.

Peter: What is this rant about democracy he is always on about?

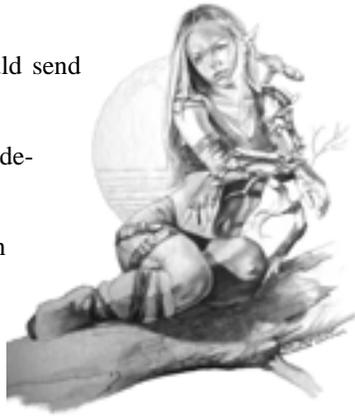
Doctor: Oh that, near as we can ascertain its some nonsense about how people can make decisions by comittee. Its been long understood that people are like sheep, easily led and in need of shepards.

Peter: Did not the wise sage Lazarus Long once say that 'a comittee is a life form with 100 arms and legs and no brain?'

Doctor: True. But this is a problem we find in many schizoid personalities. They ARE their own comittee...

And so forth. The prognosis is grim. We do not know if ever the poor soul with his stuffed Kent Troll doll will ever recover...

Peter is currently working on a lot of projects for us. Not only is he heading up logo and 'look and feel' material for the Castles and Crusades Society' he is doing interior art, banners, and some cards for Cleaver the Pit. He is a busy man. Please visit his website and ask him to post more of his pics. Some of his better pics never see the light of day.



Recipe for Disaster
Gather up a bunch of old Grogards
Gaather up a bunch of worthless Trolls
Find an old set of Rule Books
Some Dice

Recipe of Whenever we Happen to Finish the Seeker

German Sweet Chocolate Snack Cake with Frosting

Ingredients

1 pk (4oz) Bakers german Sweet Chocolate
3/4 c (1 1/2 stick) Margerine or Butter
1 1/2 c Sugar
3 Eggs
1 t Vanilla
3 c All purpose flour
1 t Baking Soda
1/4 ts Salt
1 c Buttermilk

Frosting

3/4 c Evaporated Milk
3/4 c Sugar
6 tb Margerin or Butter
2 Egg Yolks
1/2 ts Vanilla
1 c Flaked Coconut
3/4 c Chopped Pecans

Heat oven to 350, Over medium heat, melt chocolate and margarine in large bowl until margarine is melted. Stir until chocolate until it is COMPLETELY melted. Remove from heat and add sugar and stir until WELL blended. Beat in eggs, one at a time, with electric mixer until completely mixed. Add vanilla. Beat in 1/2 cup of the flour, the baking soda and salt. Beat in the remaining 1 1/2 cups flour alternately with the buttermilk until smooth. Pour into greased 13 x 9 inch pan. Bake for 50 minutes or until toothpick inserted into center comes out clean. Cool in pan on wire rack. Frost with Easy Coconut Pecan Frosting.

FROSTING: Combine milk, sugar, margarine, egg yolks and vanilla in saucepan. Cook over medium heat until mixture thickens, about 6 mins., stirring constantly. Remove from heat. Stir in coconut and pecans. Cool until thick enough to spread, stirring occasionally. Spread on cooled snack cake. Makes about 2 cups or enough to frost top of one 13 x 9 cake.

Serve up nice and do not invite Davis over.

Davis' Recipe of the Moment

And a lot of House tips

Mix 'em up with a desire to bring back the old days, a stove to cook em in (preferably at the lowest temperature possible). Toss in a little hope, the dice and see what you get!

Go to www.trolllord.com and check out the results.

INCOMING



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TROLL KON III

Troll Kon 3 is growing... This is going to be the largest game convention in Arkansas history.

Our artist Guest of Honor is **Quinton Hoover** of Magic the Gathering fame.

JC McDaniel with Devil Dog Designs will be showing his modern military miniatures.

Games Workshop is sponsoring the miniatures room. There will be non_stop GW games including Blood Bowl, a Rogue Trader WH Fantasy Event, and demos. There will soon be a link from GW to their schedule of events. Other miniature games will be in the same room.

D20 Publisher **Troll Lord Games** of Little Rock will also be bringing a writing Guest and opening up with a BIG announcement.

The convention will be at:

Wyndham Hotel

#2 Riverfront Place

North Little Rock, AR 72114

For now, when calling the hotel for reservations, mention Ark_Con for the \$79 room rate. The phone number is 501-371-9000.

Admission for October 25 and 26 will be \$10, ages 15 and under will be only \$5. Event fees for Living Campaigns and miscellaneous events will be \$2. The \$1000 Settlers of Catan Tournament is \$15. The Magic the Gathering State Championships will be \$10.

Further information including RPG slots coming soon. RPG slots are being scheduled by Keith Fix of the LRGG and the Interactive is being written by Alfred Bonnabel.