



THE CHRONICLES OF THE LATTER DAYS OF YARTH

ISSUE
9

THE MUSHROOM KINGDOM

"The key to another tomb is held by Princess Persikka of the Fungal Folk. Delve deep into the caves beneath the forests of the Peaceful Sleepers to find her. These forests lie beyond space and time in a pocket universe created by the wizard Thaladomis."



THINGS TO DO

- ✓ Travel to the Haunted Lands and thwart the plans of the Ebeeten Shackleminds who plan the doom of mankind.
- ✓ Locate the third Izvoreni Time Tomb and slay its occupant.
- ✓ Summon Pulthoom to claim the sarcophagus of the Izvoreni as agreed.
- Find the kingdom of the Fungal Folk in the pocket universe created by Thaladomis of Avalonia.
- Journey to ancient Knuum in Alkebulan.

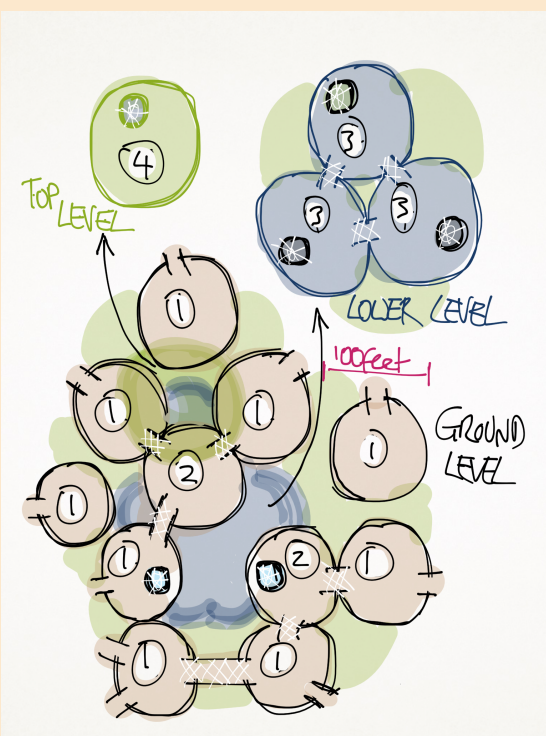
RUFFLOD SAYS:

"I'm not a fan of swamps anymore."



THE EBETEEN SHACKLEMINDS

"They built homes and shrines in the petrified heads of the Cinderwar Biogomorrhans."



ANTEDILUVIAN TOMBS OF THE IZVORENI

"The key to another tomb is held by Princess Persikka of the Fungal Folk. Delve deep into the caves beneath the forests of the Peaceful Sleepers to find her. These forests lie beyond space and time in a pocket universe created by the wizard Thaladomis."

"The final tomb can be entered with the aid of Knuum Gar, great spirit guardian of Knuum if he is summoned in the light of a full moon in a particular forest clearing in far off Alkebulan.

...I'm unsure of the details of this one."



PEOPLE

Kylos, Emperor of Romplaxar VI and Avalonia

He is a fat man who was once a warrior but has given his life over to debauchery and gluttony. He has small black cruel eyes and wears a permanent scowl on his petulant face.

When in his barge Kyros is perched on a small ivory throne over which have been flung half a dozen leopard pelts. Sipping from a golden goblet, Kylos typically watches the almost-naked Oasian temple girls swing their dusky hips and shake their shoulders, stamping with bare feet on the gilded deck planks as they perform lewd dances common in the temples of their southland.

He wears a thick scarlet cloak, marked with mystic symbols worked in silver thread, a short white tunic stained with food and wine and golden sandals.

The magic jewels he wears on his fingers are mounted on mysterious rings and a great emerald hangs in its golden circlet from his throat- the fabled emerald eyeglass.

PLACES

Romplaxar VI Capital city of the Avalonian Empire

A traveller who visits Romplaxar VI walks by way of the cobblestoned streets of this ancient city, past wine shops and taverns where naked women dance to entice customers to buy their favours. The traveller shoulders past little knots of men in heavy all-purpose cloaks who linger in the shadows assessing each passer-by with eyes that take in wealth, extent of drunkenness and ability to fight back, all at one raking glance. Romplaxar VI in the torchlights of its nights is no place for the weak of spirit or body.

The royal barge floats on Lake Lotusine to the south of the city near the royal palaces. There are wharves and jetties around the lake but when the royal barge is out no other vessels are allowed on the lake so all the fishing boats and smaller pleasure barges remain moored and unused.

THINGS

The royal barge

The barge is huge and massive, with its fore and aft bulwarks like walls of solid gold. At the prow a magnificent swan's head towers upward, beak half-open as if sending out its trumpeting call to battle, while at the stern, a smaller head upon a smaller neck seems to rest as if asleep. Between one head and the other, a covered deck holds two banks of oars, worked by galley slaves close to the waterline. The oars are red, gilded at their blades. At the aft section of the ship, where the bulwarks dip in a half-circle toward the water there is a cabin, well-lighted, and by the reflection of these oil lamps can be made out the corrugations in the hull of the barge, where it swells like the breast of the swan it imitates.

The rails are lined with soldiers in the gilded helmets and cuirasses of the Prokorian Guard. Tough men, specially selected for their fighting abilities, all of them. Their javelins glinting in the torchlight look very deadly; so do the short swords hanging in the gilded scabbards close to their brawny hands.

PEOPLE

Thaladomis The emperor's wizard

Behind the emperor stands a tall, lean man, robed in black velvet covered with mystic signs and sigils. His black hair hung free to the breezes sweeping the galley deck, and there was a dark, evil look about his thin lips and narrowed eyes. He is the great necromancer Thaladomis, on whose prophecies and stargazings the emperor so depends.

