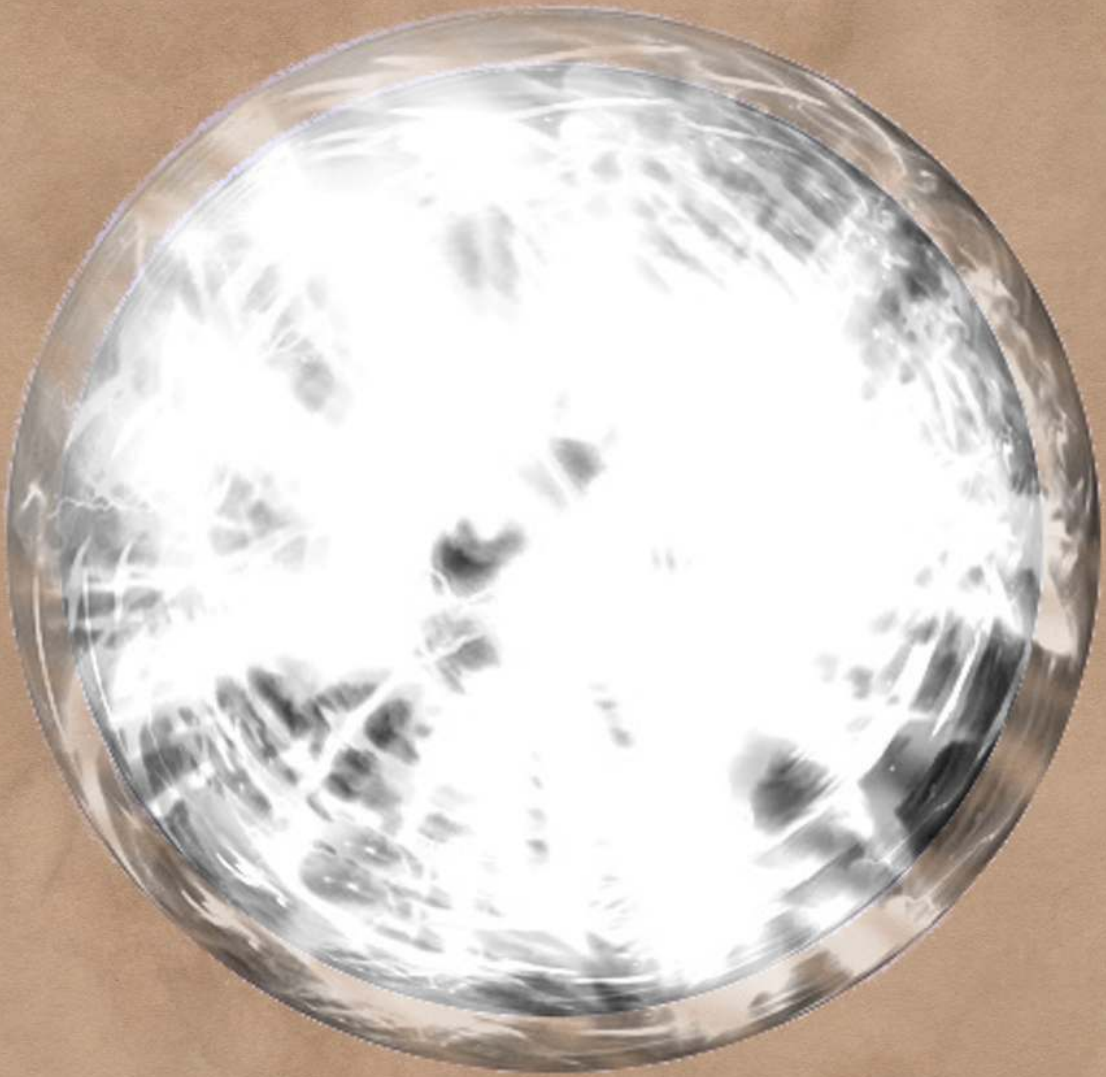


# HEART OF THE MOONSPIRE



GAME MANUAL



*Have you the wits to try the Spire  
And win the prize you most desire?  
A century of matchless power  
Awaits the one who bests the tower,  
Yet for the rest whose luck runs sour,  
Flesh and soul just might expire.*

*You risk everything and dare all?  
Yet with such power, what shall befall?  
Why should the Moonspire's heart be yours?  
I wonder if, for a trice, you've paused  
To ponder on the worth of your cause,  
Or are you simply heeding power's call?*

*The Spire is the judge of all who come  
And She will answer the doings done.*

- Henry Badwhisker, the mad minstrel





**W**elcome

Allow me to tell you the tale of the real and most terrible contest on which this humble game is based:

Have you heard of the Moonspire? No? Well that's understandable. Those who have tend to not wish to share what they know of it, which in truth is not much, for little has ever been learned about its history, its origin or creators; such details tend to be insignificant when the wandering moon and its famous spire draw near to our reality and others like it, as it does every hundred years. The reason for that, my friend, is because there is power in the Moonspire, one hundred years of Godlike power waiting to be claimed by only one individual of cunning, conviction and sorcerous might who is able to overcome the challenges of the Moonspire.

Dozens if not hundreds of witches and wizards swarm on the Spire whenever it comes within reach, not caring that only one of them can claim its power for their own, and that everyone who tries risks not only their life but their soul as well. Failure can lead to a fate surpassing the worst imaginings of mankind.

Fortunately for you, that particular peril does not play a literal role in this game. No, what we have here is a harmless recreation of the last great quest for the Moonspire, with the necessary creative liberties taken of course for the sake of creating a proper game with proper stories.

In these pages you will learn all you need to play the game, but I urge you to be attentive, both whilst reading this and whilst playing. The quest you will go on represents a grave and terrible adventure, taken up by the desperate and the mad, with the potential for disaster impossible to overstate. If you think only to reach the end first and win, you will lose, just as those who've had the same notion within the halls of the Moonspire lost everything.

Good luck.

- U

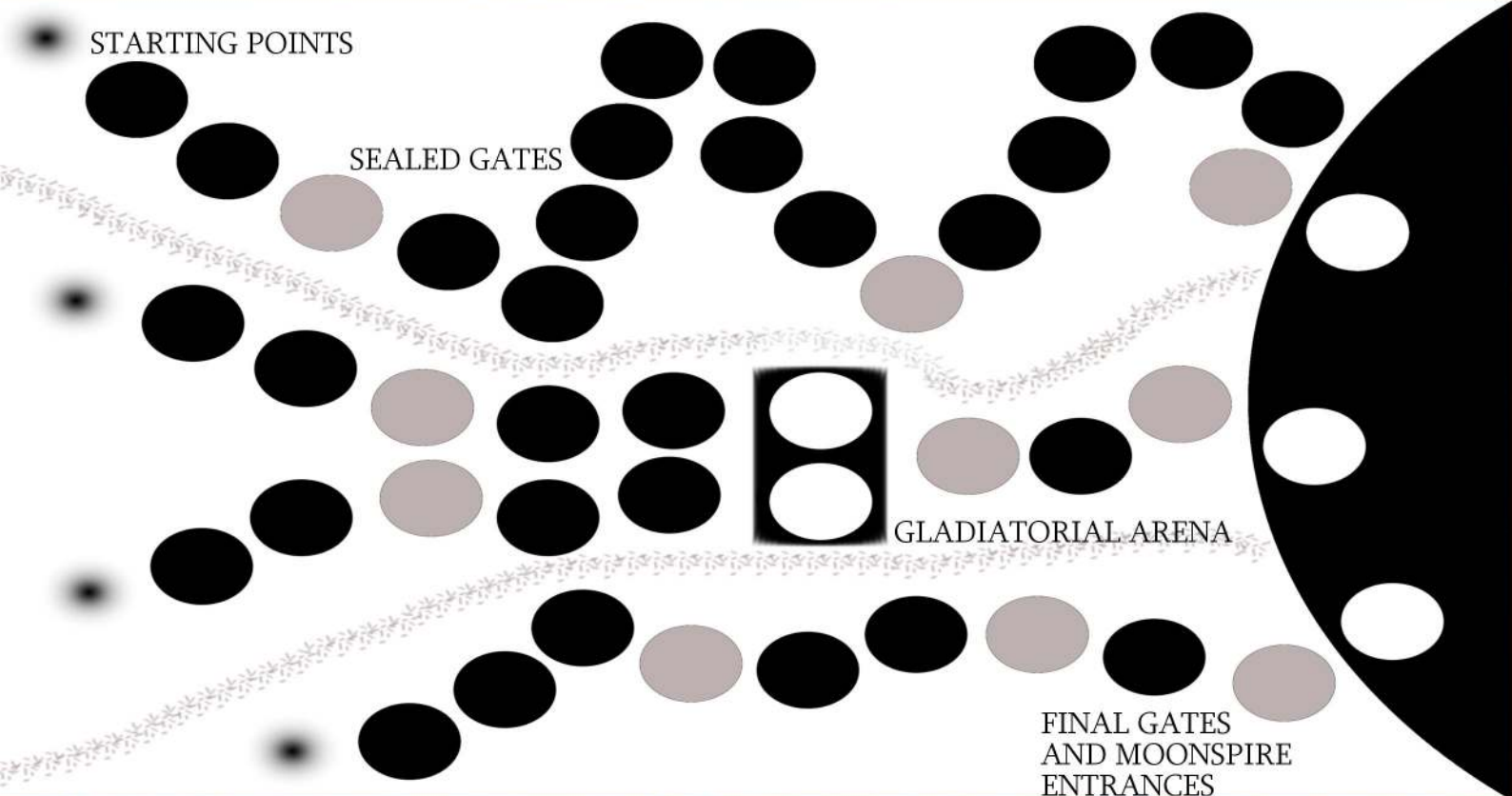


# How to Play

You will need:

A game board  
A six sided die  
Six counters for the six contenders  
Two counters for the two defenders  
Eight small jewels (or whatever will stand in for them)  
2 or 4 players

## Part One - Entering the Spire



**STARTING POINTS** - The players must decide amongst themselves which of the three paths they wish to take, details of which can be found below, and place their counters on the starting points on the left-hand side. The dice is used to proceed from these points to the varied challenges facing each player.

**SEALED GATES** - Three gates designed to safeguard the Moonspire from the ambitions of the lackluster and the foolish. A sufficiently powerful spell in each case, signified by a sufficiently high dice throw, is required to open each gate. Specifics can be found below where the three paths are described. When a player reaches a gate, they remain there until they open it. Once they do, they may take another turn to proceed through it.

**GLADIATORIAL ARENA** - The focal point of the middle path, where two challengers must battle each other for the right to progress further. Further details can be found below where the three paths are described.

**FINAL GATES AND MOONSPIRE ENTRANCES** - Once the final gate is opened, a player passes automatically into the Moonspire and onto the second part of the game. Once two players have entered the Spire, the remaining two are then barred from entering the Spire and have no option but to return home in defeat, or die horribly in the attempt.



## THE PATHS

The player on the topmost path goes first, then the player beneath them, and the one beneath them, and so on.

### *The Long Path*

The topmost path available to a contender. Whilst there is a greater distance to travel to the gates of the Spire, opening the gates is easiest for this player, requiring a 3 or above on the dice to proceed.

### *The Fighters Path*

The middle path, trod by two contenders who must battle for the right to enter the tower in the gladiatorial arena. As soon as both players have reached the arena, they must immediately duel. This involves both players rolling the dice once in three separate 'rounds'. Whoever gets the higher number in two or more rounds wins the duel. The victor then has the option to send the defeated contender back to the starting point, or else kill them and thus remove the opposing player from the game. Only when the duel is over can the second barrier and the entrance to the Spire beyond be breached. Barriers on this path require a 4 or above to overcome.

NOTE: Should the vanquished duelist be spared, they have the opportunity to catch up to and overtake the victor and potentially reach the Moonspire's entrance before them.

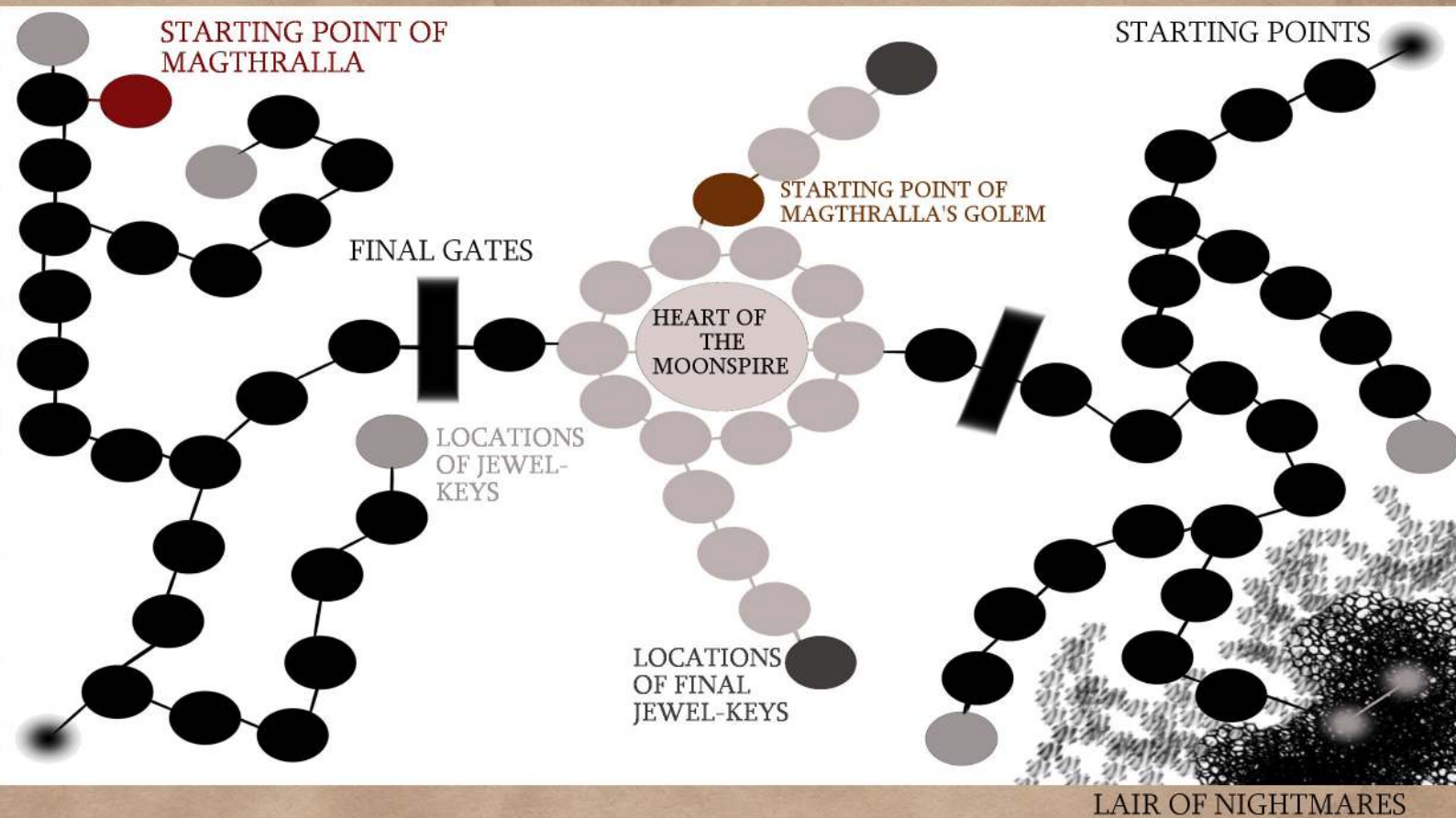
### *The Short Path*

The bottom and the simplest path, or the trickiest, it all depends on luck. Players taking this route have the shortest distance to travel to the Spire, however each barrier requires a 5 or 6 to pass.

YOU WON'T TAKE IT  
FROM ME! IT IS MINE!  
MINE!



# Part Two - Within the Moonspire



The Final two contenders for the power of the Moonspire each face a series of trials before they can claim it. First off, turn the board this way up and place the two guardians and the jewels on the highlighted circles, and one further jewel at the dead end circle inside the Lair of Nightmares. Whoever reached the Moonspire first in the first half of the game may decide which side of the board they wish to start on and have the first roll of the dice.

To win the game, each player must first collect the three jewels on their side of the board. They may move in any direction or directions they wish along the number of spaces they roll on the dice, so long as they move from one connected circle to the next.

Once all three jewels are collected, a player may pass through the final gate. In the central area, they must collect the final two jewels and journey around the circle surrounding the Heart of the Moonspire once, moving widdershins (Counter-clockwise.) When a player completes this one lap, they are taken within the Heart of the Moonspire, and thus win the game.

Sounds simple, doesn't it? Sadly there are no shortage of perils to hinder your progress, and likely as not you shall find yourself battling your opponent for control of the final two jewels.

## Magthralla

Magthralla was a sorceress who won the contest for the Moonspire the century before this current quest. By all accounts she squandered the time and power given to her in a doomed attempt to find some means to hold onto said power forever. With her hundred years expired, the Heart has abandoned her and she has become a mad, withered husk of what she once was. She remains dangerous however, and will constantly dog the steps of the contender on the lefthand side of the board. She moves around her section of the board as a third player, controlled by one of the vanquished contenders if there are four players, or by the player on the righthand side of the board if there are two.



Should she catch the player, a one-round duel follows. If the player wins, they can either destroy Magthralla utterly, or send her back to her starting space, where she will be forced to remain to recover her strength for two turns. Should she overcome the player, said player is banished back to their own starting space and, if they have any, a jewel of their opponenet's choice is returned to its own starting space. Whilst she would sorely love to kill you, so driven by her covetous lunacy, her power is diminished to the extent that she may only inconvenience rather than destroy.

### **The Lair of Nightmares**

As pleasant a place as the name implies. The Lair of Nightmares is a device of the 'Spire, used to test the resolve of would-be masters or mistresses. Once inside, a contender's worst fears plague them constantly whilst all light diminishes the further inside they go. Fittingly, one of the jewels is located deep within it.

The player on the righthand side of the board must overcome the Lair to proceed. Within the Lair they may only move one space at a time, and only then when they achieve a sufficiently high number on the dice. When they first enter the Lair, this is anything over 2; whether they succeed or not, with the next turn this becomes 3, then 4 after that and so on until only a 6 shall allow the player to move a space. With some luck, the Lair can be overcome in short order. With no luck, the Lair may conceivably hold them prisoner for the rest of the game.

### **Magthralla's Golem**

As part of her attempt to prevent anyone 'stealing' the Moonspire's power from her, Magthralla constructed a formidable, mechanical opponent, tasked with patrolling the central area of the 'Spire and confronting anyone who tries to reach the Heart. Once either of the gates to the Moonspire's innermost chamber is opened, the creature will come to life and then they may chase and attempt to catch any intruders, though it may not journey beyond either of the Final Gates. Should it succeed in reaching a player, a three-round duel follows; if the player prevails, the Golem will be smashed into inactivity for three turns, though after this it will have repaired itself and begun its quest anew. Should the golemn win, the player will have no choice but to flee back to their starting point, their jewels returned to their starting places. Escape is only an option once however, any contender who loses two duels to the Golem is killed and the player in question is ejected from the game.

Note: If there are four players, the golem is controlled by the remaning player who failed to enter the Moonspire. If there are only two, the golem is controlled by the player not currently through their final gate. If both players are through the gate, they shall alternate in rolling the dice for the golem, and must persue whichever contender is cloest, even if it is the player's own. Should there be a duel, the duelling contender's opponent must roll for the golem.

### **Duelling Your Rival**

A player may choose to challenge their opponent, and indeed they may well have to should each player possess one of the two jewel-keys. If either player lands on or passes over a space occupied by another player, they may instigate a (three-round) duel. The victor receives any jewels held by the vanquished, and has the option to either kill their opponent or send them back to their starting point.



# The Contenders

Here are shared the stories of the six contenders for the Heart of the Moonspire, you may play as any of these six and try to guide them to victory. Should you prevail with your chosen contender, consult the 'Endings' section of the manual to see what fate you've won for them and their world

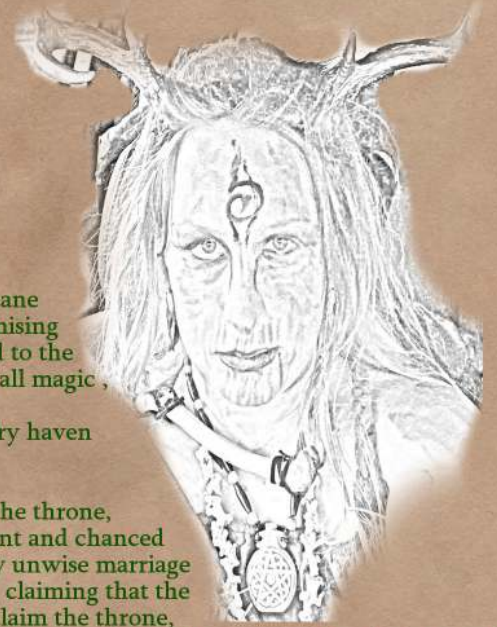
## Heidrun of Callaby

Heidrun was one of the finest, and sadly one of the final graduating students of the Royal Arcane Academy in the city of Callaby, one of the grandest cities of the Kingdom of Anthran. A promising life and career lay before her, but two days after her graduation her city was sacked and razed to the ground by the armies of Farntharan, whose new King, Kendrick III, had sworn to extinguish all magic, and all who practised it, from the entire continent. Heidrun has found herself on the run ever since, travelling with columns of starving, exhausted refugees from one temporary haven to the next, barely staying ahead of the army bent on their destruction.

Usurper King Kendrick's scheme is as malicious as it is obvious; his older brother and heir to the throne, Prince Gerlach, had fallen in love with a witch of Anthran who'd been travelling the continent and chanced upon the Prince whilst he'd been out riding one day. An admittedly unwise affair and equally unwise marriage ensued and shortly thereafter Kendrick had both his brother and new sister in law murdered, claiming that the witch had poisoned his brother's mind beyond repair, enrapturing him with sorcery so as to claim the throne, using Gerlach as a puppet. The wretch claimed what was, in truth, perfectly natural young love was in fact a plot contrived by Anthran and its sorcerous citizens, and for the sake of all decent people on the continent they must go to war with their evil neighbour and destroy them utterly.

Proclaiming himself king after his father died from his grief, (or poisoning, more accurately,) he instantly threw his armies against Anthran to unify and more importantly to distract his people with an easy war against an all-too-peaceful enemy.

Anthran is no match for Farntharan, the country is certain to fall unless a miracle can save it. The only thing that might provide such a miracle is the Moonspire. Heidrun has resolved to take its power for her own and demonstrate to those who would destroy all magic on the whim of a tyrant just how vengeful magic and its servants can be. She may be young, but she's smart and strong enough to overcome the Spire, if only some luck will meet her halfway.



## Ultio the Devil

The host body, a boy who was once Henry Schama, was a typical, seemingly good natured, quiet youth. No one outside of his family, when asked, could find much to say about him, assuming they could even put the name to his face. He was not the kind of person you'd expect to have such hatred hoarded in his soul which, coupled with his self-taught magical experimentation, weakening the barrier between the mortal and infernal realms around his house either by accident or design, were enough to attract the attention of a demon.

Considering the speed with which this demon took control of Henry Schama's body, it's likely the boy invited him to do so willingly. Considering the zeal and frequency of the murders which followed, it appears equally likely that the boy did not resist the demon in the slightest, even as his soul was consumed.

Such a creature, empowered by the Moonspire, could unleash destruction and torment past all precedent and almost past imagining upon the multiverse, which is precisely why he seeks it. It is not easy for Demons and evil creatures in general to, for lack of a better word, tame the Moonspire. It is not impossible however.



*Cruel hand, cruel heart, cruel fate, cruel art,  
Causing cruelest tears.  
Foul deed, foul rend, foul fool, foul end,  
Should you do it here.*

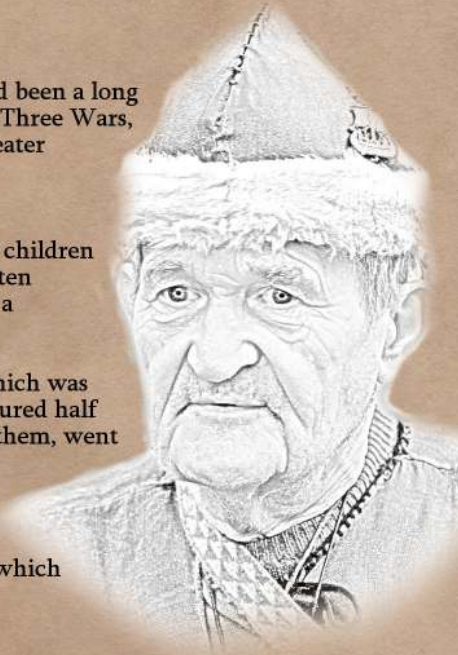


# Axton of Berishid

At the age of 80, Axton thought there was nothing before him except a pleasant retirement. His life had been a long and fulfilling one, from his youth as an artillery-mage in the armies of Countess Stephvreni during the Three Wars, during the course of which he was to meet his wife; to his two decades on the governing council of Greater Freanside City and the years after that spent teaching at the Freanside academy, wherein he tutored hundreds of students, including his two children, in the sorcerous arts.

Then, at the end, he'd gone back to his boyhood home with his wife to live out the rest of his days. His children and grandchildren were frequent visitors and he remained a popular figure in the small community, often lending his magical abilities to some chore or another at his neighbours' requests, to be rewarded with a home-made ginger cake or a gifted ale at the local tavern.

Then came the All-Feaster to his world, in the form of a titanic, ever-growing, ever-hungry shadow which was spreading over all the land and sea at a nightmarish pace. If the rumours were true, it had already devoured half the planet. As every other witch and wizard and soldier in the country, his son and daughter amongst them, went to wage a hopeless war against an unconquerable nemesis, Axton reluctantly turned to another option, the Moonspire, something he had taken great pains to keep from public knowledge for fear of the catastrophe which may potentially be unleashed by power-hungry fools thinking to quest for it. Against the destruction of everything he held dear however, indeed against the destruction of literally everything, what choice was there? The power of the Moonspire might just be the only thing which could turn the tide.



# Princess Zhoia

Not so very long ago, life was as perfect as it could possibly be for Princess Zhoia; she was a wise, kind and beloved heir to a fertile land which had been at peace for generations. She was married to a Prince she loved and who loved her, and she had twin sons whom she loved more than anything. When life's cruelty finally found her, it struck with an evil ferocity and an equally evil mundanity. One undercooked chicken, served by the weary and hungover kitchen staff in the wake of the Winter Solstice celebrations, left her whole family deathly ill. The Princess recovered, only to find that her husband, sons and parents were all gone.

The grief which followed was little less than outright madness at first. Zhoia sealed herself away in her chamber, refusing the crown which was hers by right. It was initially thought that Princess Zhoia had sequestered herself in mourning for her family, but as the months and later years passed it was believed that she had sealed herself away in her tower to die. This was not the case however; in truth Princess Zhoia had dedicated herself to the study of magic, recognizing the Moonspire, which was due to visit her world in a paltry three years, was the only chance she had to restore life to her family; once that was done, she'd remake her world so that no lives were ever stolen away by such meaningless accidents; that no children died before their time, that no parents had to weep over the graves of their entire families. All would be as it should be, as it had seemed to be before her family was stolen from her... failing that, she'd die, either to join them or at least to escape the endless grief.



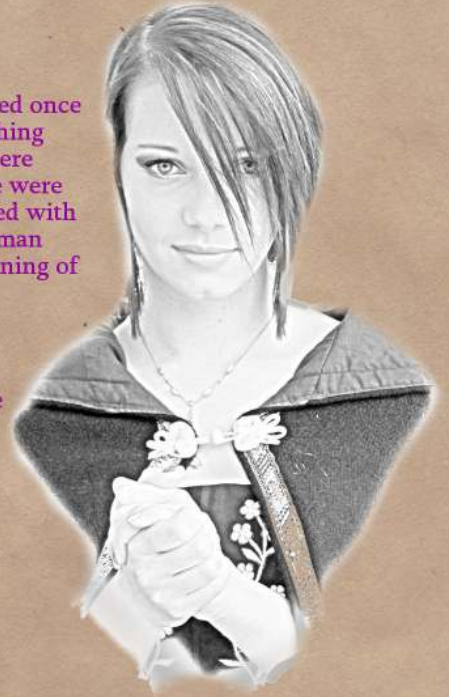


# Ema

The old woman who raised Ema, who never actually told the girl what her name was and indeed once threatened to cut her tongue out if ever she referred to her as 'mother', has spent every day teaching and training Ema to employ the spells she would require to reach and claim the Moonspire. There was no pause in this tutelage, save for the awkward necessities of food and rest and chores; there were no distractions permitted and any attempt by Ema to indulge her natural curiosity was answered with a beating. She existed, so she was often told, for one purpose: to claim the Moonspire for the woman who had so selflessly taken her in and raised her, who had endured the ceaseless crying and whining of her earliest years and not throttled her as she deserved.

Around her neck, the woman placed an amulet. As soon as the Moonspire was won, she was to squeeze the emerald within it four times, this would summon her mistress who would then be drawn through the borders of their native reality to the side of whoever wore the amulet, that done, she would claim the Moonspire's heart herself, as was, so she maintained, her right.

Before Ema was sent off on her quest, she was given a very simple instruction: 'Do not fail me after all I have done for you. I deserve the power of the Moonspire and you owe me nothing less than to win it for me.'



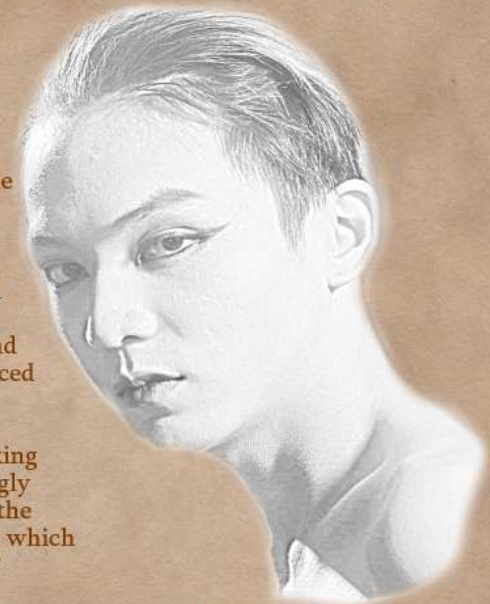
# Zharil, son of Hirvin

A prophecy, which has been known throughout Zharil's world since the beginning of recorded history, speaks of a single opportunity for a champion from the mortal children of the Goddess T'jannei to restore Her to life. According to legend She sacrificed herself shortly after creating the world and its denizens, fighting a doomed battle against an unnamed horror, giving her handmaidens time enough to hide the world from its hungry sight.

The prophecy states that if this chance is missed, that same horror is fated to eventually find and destroy the world; if T'jannei can be brought back however, supposedly She will leave the way open for an army of fallen Gods and Goddesses to follow Her back from the realm of the dead and together They shall cast down Their murderer and return to the worlds and peoples They sacrificed everything for.

As the son of a King, Zharil has the right to quest for the Moonspire if he so pleases, an undertaking that his people almost unanimously consider to be folly, much as the prophecy itself is increasingly considered to be ancient superstition by most. However, what if it isn't? What if the coming of the Moonspire represents the one chance spoken of in the prophecy? What if by shirking this quest, which Zharil possesses the skill and power to undertake, he is consigning his world to inevitable doom?

It is almost certainly conceited folly to believe he is the champion of the prophecy, but the uncertainty is intolerable, and he refuses to live with it throughout the rest of his life. Better he die as a fool than potentially doom the whole world as a sluggard. His father has other children to replace him.



NOTE: As you have seen, only four contenders may actually quest for the Moonspire. The six featured here represent the final six who overcame torrent and torment to reach the 'Spire, but as there can be only four, two were cast back into the madness surrounding the 'Spire, their souls obliterated.



# HOLD

The fates of the victorious, both good and ill, follow this page. If you read on, do so only after winning the game and read only the appropriate ending for your character.



# Untainted Endings

If your quest has been honorable, if you have resisted all temptations to let murder be done in the name of expedience, greed or even the perception of necessity, then I congratulate you. You have won the power of the Moonspire as it was intended to be won, and your reward shall be great indeed.

And if you are the exception to this rule, your 'reward' should at least amuse those who hear the tale of it.

If however you have killed anyone, even Magthralla, you must read your fate from the list of cursed endings.

## ***Heidrun of Callaby***

On many worlds throughout many realities, magic is described as 'the dramatisation of intent', and none can say your intent was not dramatic. As the armies of the usurper Kendrick closed around the Anthran's First City, ready to commit the final slaughter, they found their weapons, armour and horses gone, and then, stark naked, they found themselves confronting the emboldened and vengeful people they'd come to exterminate.

You return to your people as little less than a Goddess, and the knowledge and power you freely share with your people makes rebuilding and strengthening the Kingdom an easy matter. Throughout the continent and then the world, magic becomes a force which cannot be ignored by those who disdained it, and in due course they realize it is not the evil, nightmarish thing that panicked voices told them it was. At least not with you as its master.

## ***Axton of Berishid***

The All-Feaster is no more deterred by the worst fury you can bring to bear on it with the Moonspire's heart at your command than it was by any numinous force cast at it, your world remains doomed and less than a quarter of it remains by the time you return to its aid. Bleak as all may seem however, the Moonspire does provide another option; for all that you cannot harm the Feaster, you do have the power to create a completely new world and relocate everyone who yet lives to it. To your relief, this includes your family and friends.

Despite your best efforts to dissuade them, your people hail you as a God and saviour afterwards, and it does make for a taxing century as you work to replace as much of what was lost as possible. While the new world, Ixtarina, is a source of immense pride to you, you cannot help but ponder how for all the power you've acquired, you were still helpless to stop if All-Feaster. Should it find this world in turn and come for it, what can be done except run away again, assuming you're not dead and gone by then?

## ***Ultio the Devil***

It doesn't seem possible that the murderous, evil thing that you are should make it to the Heart of the Moonspire without killing anyone, however, by accident or design that is the case and you've sidestepped the curse that would otherwise snare you; not that it saves you in the end. The Moonspire is not some mere battery to empower those who would claim it, it can judge its wielders for itself, and judges you unworthy.

A terrible sensation of wrongness strikes as you feel your own nature being twisted and deformed by the will of the Spire; where once there was hate, now there is compassion; where once there was evil, now there is a repulsive urge to contend against it. The cursed Spire has remade you as the opposite of yourself... and yet deep down, your true self remains, trapped and impotent beneath the weight of the virtues unjustly imposed upon you. To your eternal disgust, you become a hero of legend for a century, and a mythical exemplar for thousands of years after that.

## ***Emay***

In the space of a minute, the Moonspire proves a better parent to you than the cretinous harridan who sent you on this quest ever was. As you go to summon your mistress, the Heart of the 'Spire shatters the amulet around your neck and for good measure takes from your former mistress all the power she had squandered on the senseless quest for even greater power. She spends her last few years impotently railing against the horrendous failure her life was and cursing the name of the 'ungrateful daughter' she's suddenly decided you are.

For your part, you have so much more to focus on than the now-meaningless abuser of old. At a stroke, the knowledge of what life could and should have been is yours, and you spend many years secretly sharing the lives of those who were luckier than you, experiencing joy and love as they do, until at least you feel yourself ready to live for yourself. With the 'Spire at your command, you create a sanctuary, nestled between those realities the Moonspire is known to, where those who suffer as you once did may journey to in their dreams, and if necessary after their deaths, so that love and friendship and satisfaction and all that is good in life need not be denied to them.

## ***Zharil, son of Hirvin***

What you took for conceited folly has saved your world and its people; the heart of the Moonspire granted you just enough power to crack the door to the realm where dead Gods and Goddesses languish. T'jannei, much as the prophecy said She would, emerged with an army of deities at Her back and together They wrought such vengeance upon a monster whose form They would not permit you to see for the sake of your sanity.

The return of the Goddess to Her children causes celebrations which last almost a century, and an age of peace and purpose that lasts forever more, and your name shall be revered by all your people throughout the entirety of this endless age.

## ***Princess Zhoia***

You never truly expected it to work, but as the heart of the Moonspire becomes yours to command, returning your family to life proves simpler than you'd dared imagine it could be. Years of anguish fade away to utter insignificance as you hold your husband and sons in your arms again, and you all return to the palace to the triumphant, and admittedly astonished, cheers of your people. A golden age follows which lasts a hundred years, where death only exists as a timely release for people at the end of a long and satisfying life.

It could not last forever of course, but it lasted the duration of a mortal lifespan, and a little more than that in truth, and as you lay dying on your hundred and twenty ninth birthday, warm in your bed with your sons and grandchildren about you, you find you cannot help but smile as your eyes close for the last time.



# Cursed Endings

The Moonspire does not tolerate murder done in its name. You have proven yourself as a careless butcher in its sight, unworthy of the power you have risked everything for, and as you have approached the heart of the 'Spire with bloody hands, it shall bestow on you and your cause a curse, and never shall the power truly be yours, if at all.

Though if you are the exception to this rule, your 'reward' may just console you.

## *Heidrun of Callaby*

It seems like such an obvious point; in war one attacks one's enemies, and anyone who got in your way whilst you were trying to save your people must be counted as your enemy. The Heart of the Moonspire did not accept this common sense however, and bestowed its curse as you reached out to claim it.

You wanted to save lives, you wanted to preserve your home and its worthy traditions, you wanted to help. Instead, fuelled by your rage and desire to destroy, when you unleashed your new power upon Kendrick's armies, you set the sky and seas on fire. In less than a day there was nothing left alive on your world. You spend the next hundred years trying to destroy the Moon and its wretched Spire, and yourself with it, to ensure nothing like this can ever happen again. Alas you fail, and finally, as the power leaves you, you die knowing that another contender is doomed to repeat your mistake, then another, then another, forever.

## *Axton of Berishid*

The Moonspire cannot have intended this; you knew there would be a curse to bear when you cast down your challenger, but your world was imperilled and you were willing to bear any curse if you could save it, or even any part of it. Instead the Spire merely brought a segment of the All-Feaster inside itself, casting it around you. It must have underestimated just what it thought to use for its own ends, for the Feaster soon expanded and devoured the Moon and its Spire, consigning it to the nothingness that shall be the fate of all reality unless it is, somehow, stopped.

## *Ultio the Devil*

The Moonspire does not suffer your evil hands to touch it, and you lack the wit and subtlety to outthink and outmanoeuvre it. The next wave of worthier challengers who come to quest for the offered power find a curious, masked statue with furious eyes in one of the hallways, reaching out with one hand seemingly to nowhere. They pay it little heed as they press on.

## *Emay*

The Spire didn't blame you, considering the nightmare that was your upbringing, there wasn't exactly a 'you' to blame. Nevertheless, there are no exceptions to its primary law and a curse must be bestowed. In less time than it takes to blink, you fall down dead, and your soul is consigned to an unfeeling limbo, there to remain in a kind of serenity forever. A sad thing that the best which can be said of so tragic a life is 'It could have ended worse.'

## *Zharil, son of Hirvin*

You were indeed the champion of the prophecy, and all your peoples' hopes rested with you, and you failed. Your attempts to retrieve T'jannei from her deathly domain fail and instead you simply attract the attention of the nightmarish creature she died to save your ancestors from in the first place. The sight of it drives you mad in short order; nevertheless, with all the tainted power that the Moonspire suffers you to wield, you try everything you can think of to hinder this beast as it unleashes unspeakable torment and death upon your world. Nothing stops it, and it seems to scornfully ignore everything you attempt. Once your world is a lifeless husk, it moves on, leaving you the last of your kind, with the better part of a century to lament your failure.

## *Princess Zhoia*

You did it for them, you did it all for them. It was an act of callous cruelty that brought you to this place, and perhaps it was another such act that has unleashed a nightmare upon your world, but what were you supposed to do? Nothing? Should you have stayed at home and simply accepted the travesty that took all you loved from you? Should you have let the other contender steal all you'd striven for? They'd have taken your family from you again if you'd not struck them down, but the Spire can't see that.

What you returned to life were bestial mockeries of your family, and the faces you had dreamed of every night grinned like demons as they swarmed upon you and tore you apart. With the power of the Moonspire, albeit corrupted, yours by right of conquest, you cannot die for a hundred years, and for all of those hundred years your spirit will be bound to your scattered bones, lamenting the folly which has led you to this fate, and listening to the screams of the victims that the beasts wearing your family's bodies drag back to the Moonspire to feast upon, week after week after week.



# Acknowledgements

Stock art pieces used in this manual are as follows:

'Orb stock' by Nazo-The-Unsolvable

<https://www.deviantart.com/nazo-the-unsolvable/art/Orb-stock-398793224>

'Viking 2012 stock 61' by Random-Acts-Stock:

<https://www.deviantart.com/random-acts-stock/art/Viking-2012-stock-61-285935323>

'Ice Queen Stock 14' by Random-Acts-Stock:

<https://www.deviantart.com/random-acts-stock/art/Ice-queen-stock-14-148951227>

H i m 0 1 (Stock) by ginathuyduong:

<https://www.deviantart.com/ginathuyduong/art/H-i-m-0-1-Stock-640808612>

Analisa I by XxSaraiyu-StockxX:

<https://www.deviantart.com/xxsaraiyu-stockxx/art/Analisa-I-645839177>

My thanks to the artists who have made their work available for use in such undertakings as this.

Special thanks go to Chailis Rathbone

Copyright © 2018 Richard Paul

All rights reserved

The story featured with this game is a work of fiction, any similarities to people (living or dead), places or events are entirely coincidental.

[www.rmepaul.com](http://www.rmepaul.com)