

## ULTIMORE ADVENTURE #1: A World Divided

So, hast thou slain Exodus?? The very instant thou inserted the mystical cards into the hell born Prodigy, a force covered thy very being! Thy soul was instantly freed from it's mortal coil. Through great magicks, thy souless bodies were transported to Lord British. The former site of the castle of Exodus became a great wound in the Planet. Great gulfs of volcanic lava and ash hailed from the sky. The sun was blotted from the heavens and choking clouds of cinders rained downward. The lava flowed across the oceans. Before the moons made one cycle through the skies, the torrent of fire had reached the city of Grey. The flow began to slow. All of the good citizens of Sosaria fled to the cave city of Death Gulch. In a month's time, hot lava, pumice, ash, and cinders covered the seas. The flood began to engulf the very continent. The dungeons began to fill with mud and ash. Sensing the coming doom, the great Wizard of Coos created a mystical sphere wherein he encoded all plant and animal life with the plans for a new planet. The taxing weight of this enchantment cost him his life. Finally, even Lord British fled the conflagration, carrying the precious sphere. Soon the entire planet was coated with a thick mass of cooling magma. Then, the torrential rains began to pour down upon the cooling rock, converting it to a crude topsoil. After eighteen revolutions about the great star, Elandril, Sosaria became cooled. Lord British broke the mighty sphere of Coos, populating and terraforming the cold barren rock into a green Eden. The people began to disperse through the the new world. Castles and cities were quickly erected, easily making the transition from mud and wattle huts to the great stone edifices of the olden times. Thy bodies, specially prepared, were entombed in a great shrine near to the castle and city of Lord British. It is interesting to note that the eerie moongates have not yet been seen, a full century from the great conflagration. Then, the fair land of Sosaria was dealt a great blow indeed. The mighty Lord British gave up his spirit peacefully at the ancient age of one hundred four years. He left no heir to the Iron Throne. However, a quarrel soon arose about the eligibility of the successor. Two men began to vie for the Lordship. Maxman, great Pontiff of the Snake (in reality a shape-shifted balron) and the Viceroy Faerdin, nephew to the deceased Lord British. Maxman claims divine right, while the Viceroy claims bloodline. Many armed clashes result; turning the whole of Sosaria into an armed camp. The priesthood and the Thieves Guild support the heretic, while the Fighters Union, the Circle of the Mages, and the great Fellowship of the Druids support the true heir. Maxman, his followers, and a fanatically loyal legion of monsters journey to the south, to the ruined site of the castle of Exodus. The various unsavory creatures began to dig in the hard ash and volcanic crusted soil, through the layers of rubble and rock, uncovering various unholy icons and manuscripts in the deep vaults untouched by the heat. One manuscript particularly interests Maxman. A great copper bound tome - the original manuscript of Minax and Mondain....the schematics of the EXODUS computer. He constructs a castle, and through feats of eldritch wizardry erects a giant force field separating the north and the south reaches of the Sosarian continent.

The wizards of the Twelfth circle mass forces and resurrect thee. Thy long sojourn in the land of the dead has lowered thy powers, but not thy knowledge of the realm. All is new, yet is the same. Thee will awaken on the shrine where thee were entombed. Starting out as new adventurers, thou must get all new arms and armours. Remember to carefully pore this message and the stolen scroll fragment also enclosed within this sacred packet. Many lives were lost in supplying thee with these meager clues. Remember also to seek knowledge in thy quest in the pubs and oracles. They know much new lore for thy undertaking. Note also that Prices of goods have gone up, and many people are not above stretching the truths or even telling thee a falsity.

May the gods bless thee upon this great quest, and always remember that the answer to thy difficulties can often be found within thyself.

Supreme Viceroy Faerdin  
CCLXXXVII Lord British

We have been heavily involved in espionage-type activities with the advent of the heretic Maxman. His foul spies are everywhere, seeking out clues and machinations of the Viceroy's attempts to combat his evil. We successfully apprehended and questioned one of his operatives, a half-orc recently enlisted in the army headquarters at Fort Mordor. The agent provocateur insinuated himself in the quartermastery, sabotaging and learning of our strengths and weaknesses. Upon questioning, the subject detailed some of Maxman's foul designs, as well as some strange clues. Perhaps they will be of some use to you.

The subject spoke of Maxman's mighty castle, wherein lies Exodus. He said these words, before his self inflicted death. We found in his palm a needle dipped in the resin of the Afi root, a known respiratory paralyzer. He said this:

"..In Maxman's mighty lair, the great lord Exodus lies in four chambers...good is opposite evil, Exodus's house reflects that.."

This means nothing to us. We have analyzed it, but can find no indications of enchantment or hidden meaning. It may be just a blasphemous prayer, or it may hold value to you on your quest.