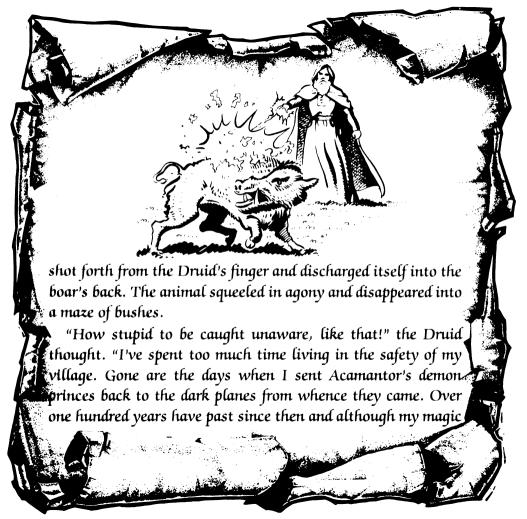
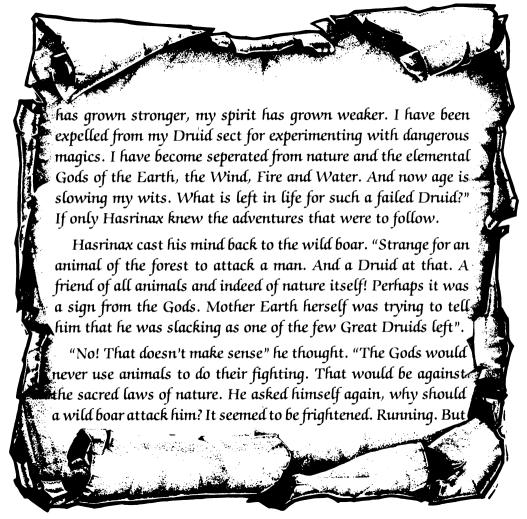


One hundred and three years after Acamantors expulsion from Belorn, he has returned.

Hasrinaxx the Druid was in the forest of Argoth searching for fresh mistletoe which was to be used as a component for a new spell he was preparing. In the distance he could just make out a blossoming bush and started towards it. He flinched suddenly as he crossed the small patch of open grassland in front of it. Was he seeing things or did the bush really jolt suddenly? There it was again.

All too late he saw the wild boar come rushing out towards him. He staggered back and yelped in agony as the boar nuzzled its way under his robes and bit into his now thrashing leg. Hasrinaxx quickly pointed a ringed finger at the boar and uttered two short words of mystic Druid chant. A small electricity bolt



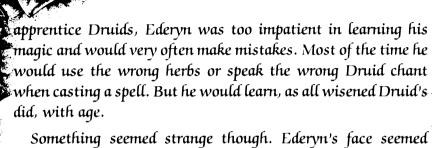


running from what? What could possibly scare a boar in the forest of Argoth? Men?"

"No! Hasrinaxx could sense if there were men nearby. But he could sense something else though. It seemed almost Ethereal. A feeling he hadn't felt in a long time. Not since he'd vanquished the demon princes from Acamantors tower. But that was many years ago. The wounds that opened the dark planes to this world could never be opened again. The Great Druid sects had closed them soon after the demon princes had been expelled, with strong and mystical magic".

Hasrinaxx cast his mind aside and set about tending to his wounded leg. Nothing a small poultice of woundwort couldn't fix.

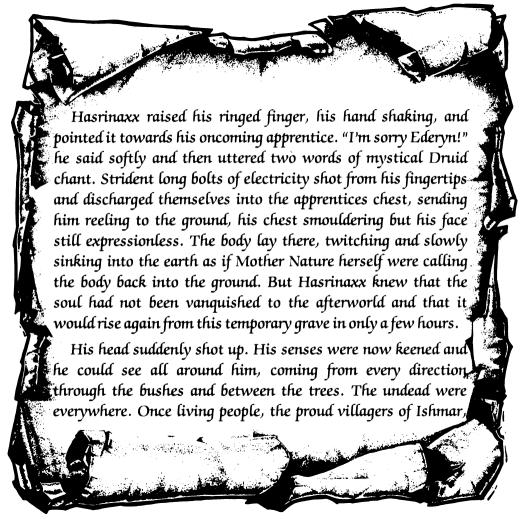
It was as he stumbled along the well beaten track to Ishmar that he saw Ederyn, his faithful young apprentice. Like all



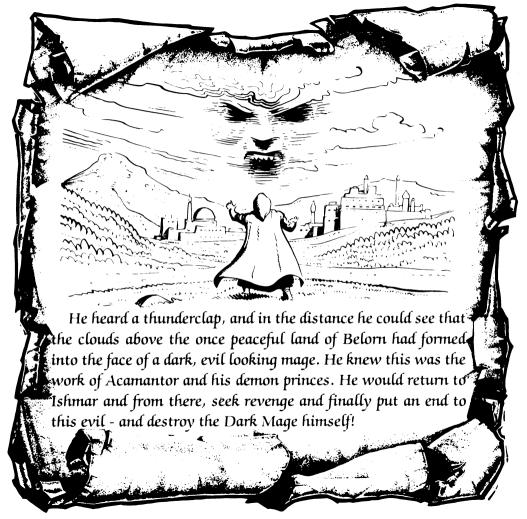
something seemed strange though. Ederyn's face seemed almost expressionless, his eyes bulging. Saliva dripped from his mouth and his skin seemed to have a blue tinge to it. Hasrinaxx commanded him to halt. For a moment, he thought he saw a sign of recognition in his young apprentices face, but this instantly disappeared as the apprentice moaned deeply and continued to stagger forward.

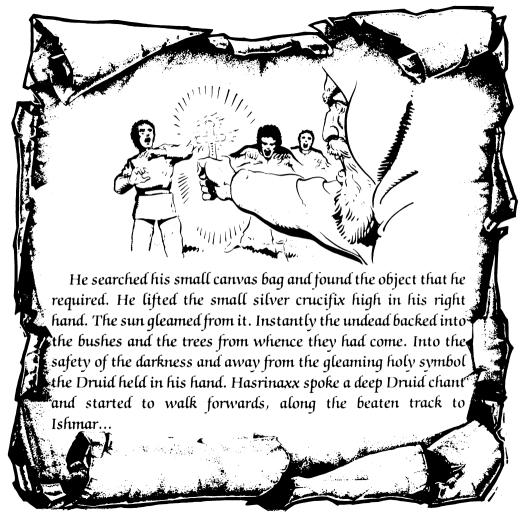
As he grew nearer, a piercing stench came over the Druidwhich seemed to instantly draw him out of his trance. The stench was unmistakably that of death - or rather the undead -

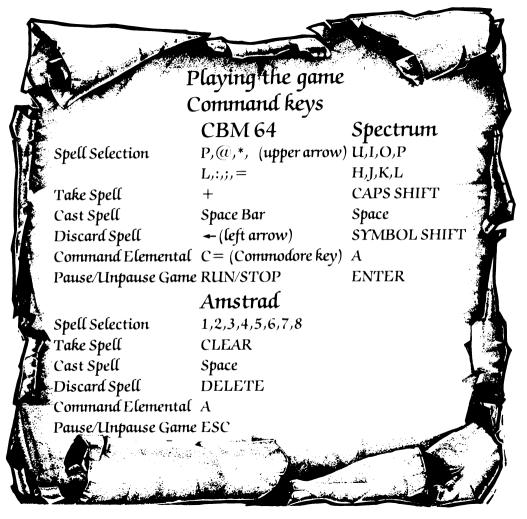


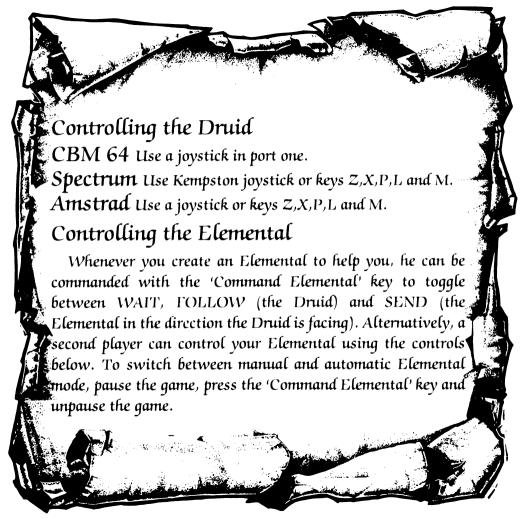


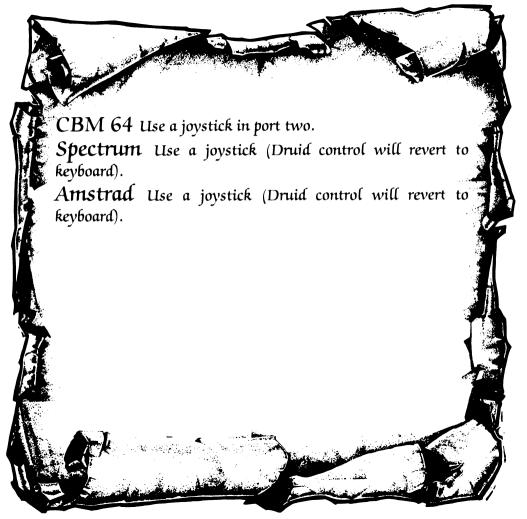


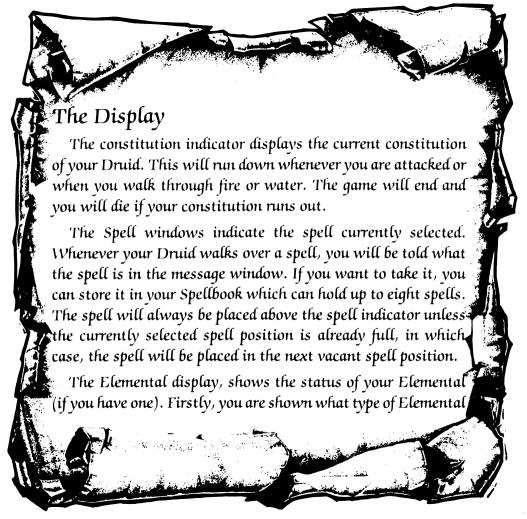


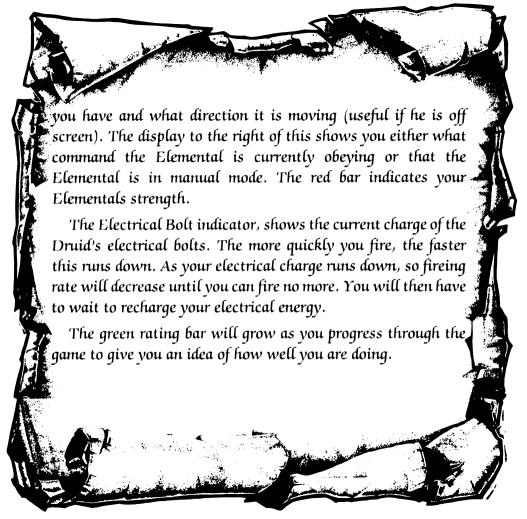


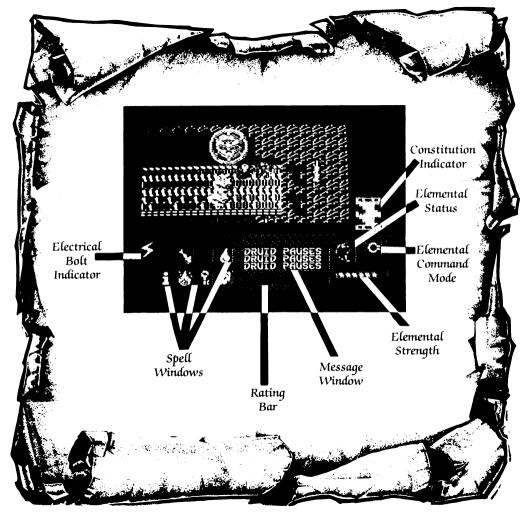


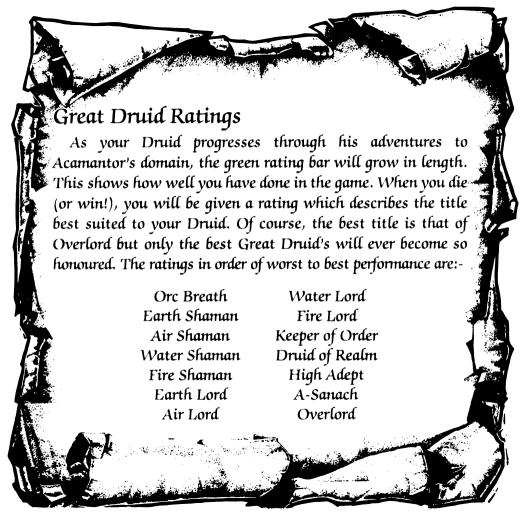


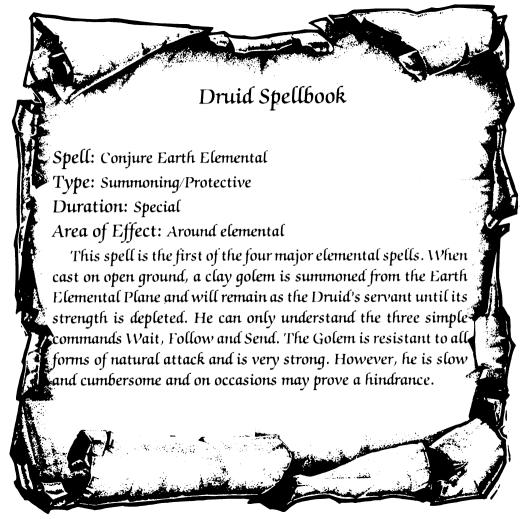


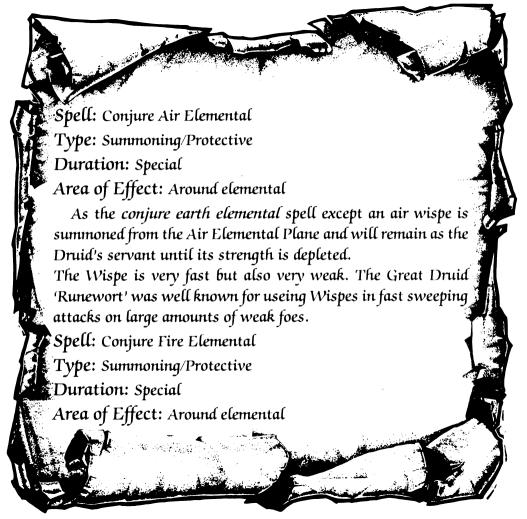


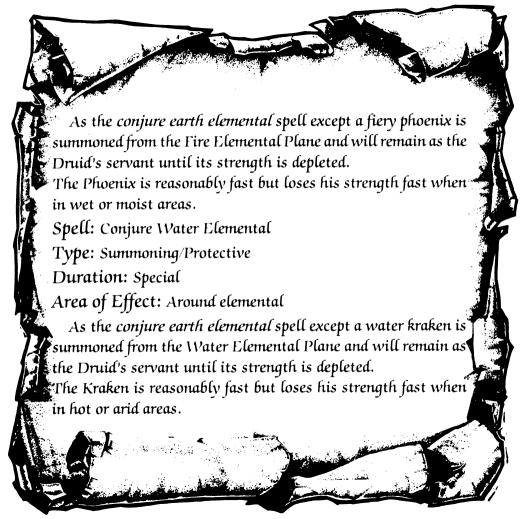


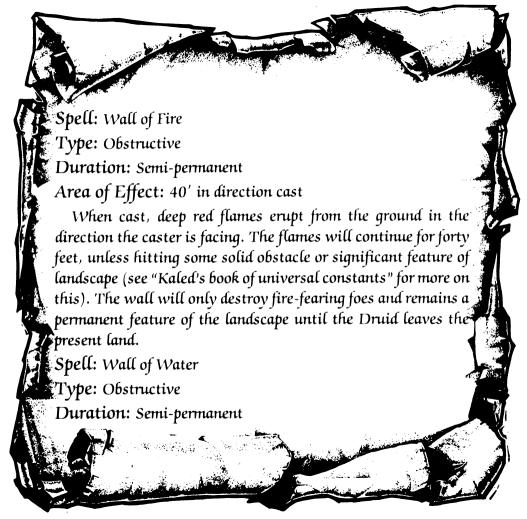


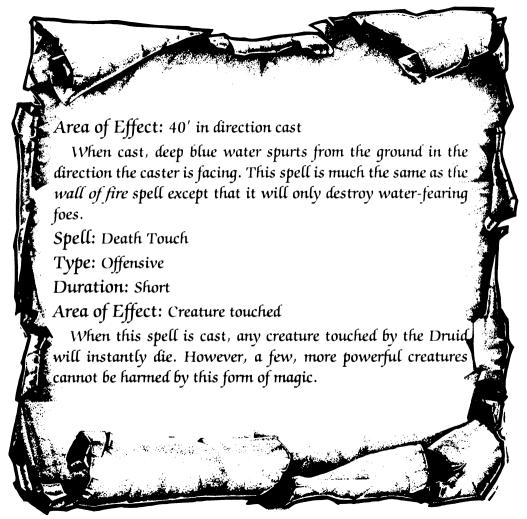


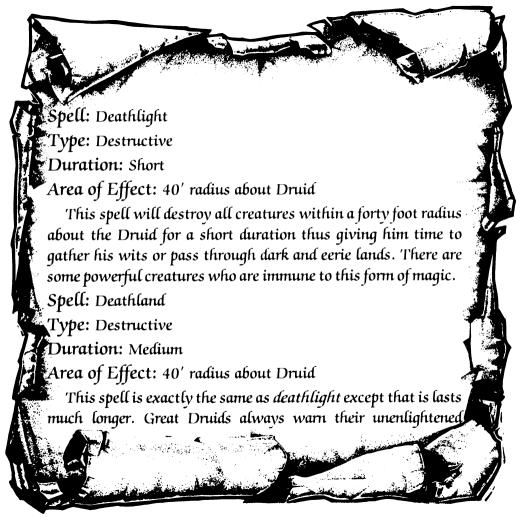


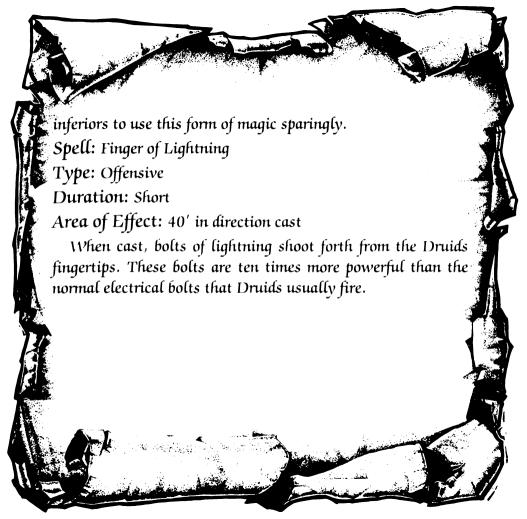


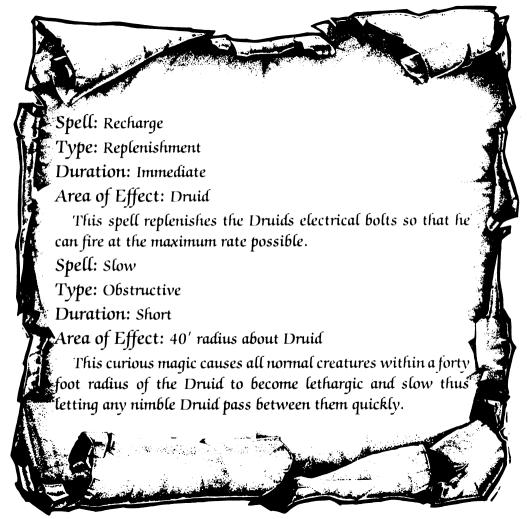


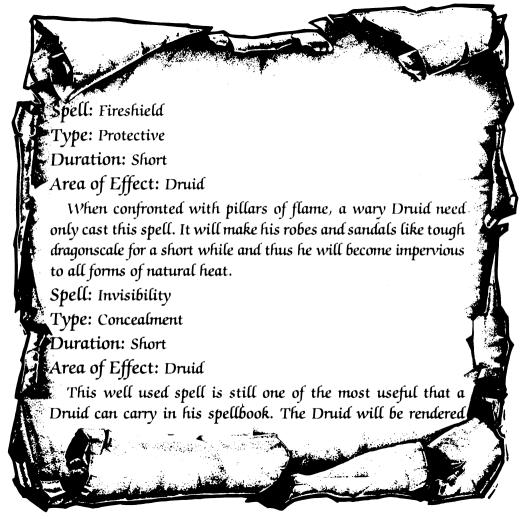


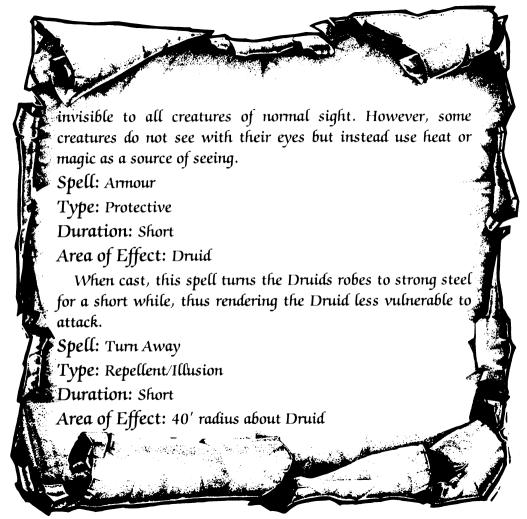


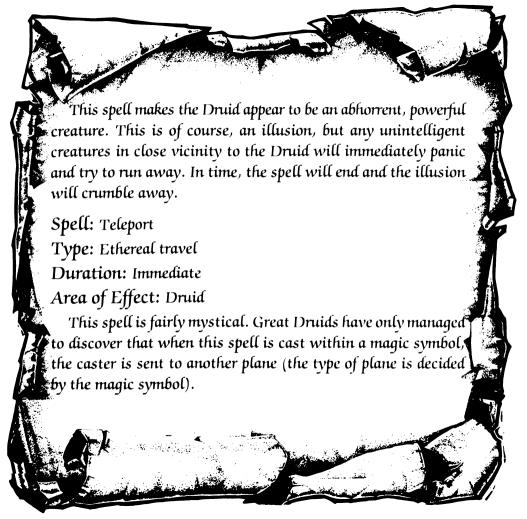


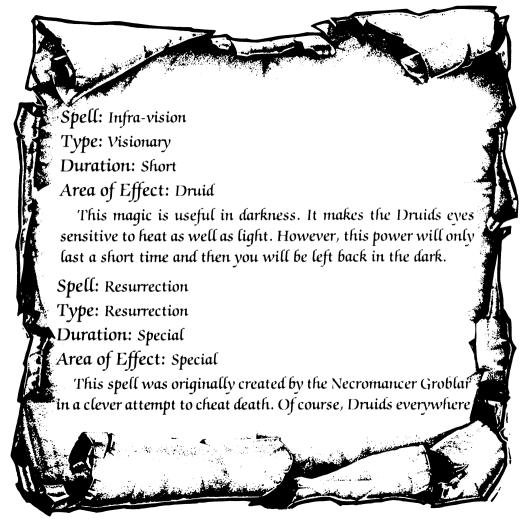












realised the value of such a spell and soon it was circulating amongst the higher ranks of the Druid sects. When cast, a grave is created. Should the Druid now bear the misfortune to die, he will gain new life and full strength and rise from the very same grave that he created. But be warned, you can only create one grave. If you cast another resurrection later, the grave created by the first resurrection will be destroyed.

Spell: Doorblast Type: Destructive

Duration: Immediate

Area of Effect: 5' radius about Druid

When the Druid casts this spell, a mighty explosion can be theard about the Druid and all doors within a five foot radius of the Druid will shatter and splinter into a thousand pieces. Any foolish creatures within forty feet of the Druid will collapse in agony at the sound of the explosion.

