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lore of ascalon

GUILD WARS



adventures in ascalon

Captain Calhaan: TANK, thank goodness you're here. We just received a report that Bonfaaz Burntfur's forces are on the move. We need you and your team to check it out.

TANK: Why do you have an exclamation point over your head? Are you excited?

Captain Calhaan: I'll have the guards open the gate for you.

Ascalon Veteran: Make way... make way... elite forces moving through.

Narrator: Perhaps you've seen this map before. It's "The Great Northern Wall". This is the start of the Guild Wars journey. You can take three of your friends on this mission. It is where you are introduced to The Charr. Clearing this map will unlock the next part of the story.

Ascalon Veteran: Protect yourselves! Devourers are approaching.

TANK: ¡Para un buen tiempo! Hmmm... no. That's not it. Blasted! I forgot my battle cry. What could it be?

Ascalon Veteran: Friend, take arms. The enemy is upon us.

TANK: You look ok. I'm going to figure this out. There's definitely a "For" in there, but it's not Spanish.

Ascalon Veteran: Help us. We're dying.

TANK: Well duh. You're using slashing on a shelled creature. Use your hammer. Now where was I? Oh yah... "For Neat Equality!" No... that's not it either.

Ascalon Veteran: For Great Justice... say, "For Great Justice!"

TANK: Huh? You surely speak in strange tongues. No one I know talks like that.

Ascalon Veteran: It's your battle cry. Say it. Say... ARGGGHHH. (Dead!)



This is TANK. He is my main character. I'm starting to like this Warrior profession.

GUILD WARS

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Photics

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"Hi! My name is Bonfaaz Burntfur.
I pick on new players. You can find me by
running the wrong way."

TANK: Oh no... you killed my friend. "I Will Avenge You!" Blast, I forgot to bring that ring!

Narrator: Tank fires up with Conjure Flame, then attacks with 100 blades. This is a vicious combo. The Carrion Devourer is slain in a single flurry of massive hits.

TANK: You there... Monk Henchman, I have been slightly wounded in that last battle. I believe I cut my pinky while looting this shell. I require healing.

Narrator: The beautiful Monk summons up magical powers. TANK is blessed with healing energy.

TANK: Ahh... thank you! I didn't want to wait the whole two seconds it would take

for my skin to grow back. Now, can you resurrect our friend here?

Monk Henchman: ...

TANK: What's the matter? Why don't you resurrect our fallen ally? The Ascalon Veteran, he is dead!

Monk Henchman: ...

TANK: Did you get your ear drums tattooed too? I said resurrect our friend. He's dead!

Monk Henchman: ...

TANK: Bah! I knew I should have brought the Warrior Henchman. Let's just go.

Narrator: After a slew of uneventful battles, TANK spots the Charr forces. Their numbers are many. The leader shines with a yellow glow.

TANK: There he is, a Warrior Boss. Maybe now I can get Galrath Slash or Hamstring.

Bonfaaz: I smell humans. There they are! ATTACK!

Narrator: Like a wild stampede, the Charr rush towards TANK's location. The attacking Charr smash through the land's meager defenses. They seem intent on rushing The Great Wall.



Err... I have no idea how this creature fits into the story. It sure is weird looking though. It sounds just as odd too.

TANK: OK sweetie, you might want to stay here.

Monk Henchman: ...

TANK: I said stay here. Don't follow me. The Charr will rip you to pieces.

Monk Henchman: ...

TANK: Have it your way. Here we go. "For Gigantic Legality!"

Narrator: TANK sprints ahead, while the Monk Henchman hides behind a rock. The Charr begin to surround TANK, forming a full circle around his location. TANK responds by opening up with elemental attacks. TANK points his sword to the sky. It is engulfed in flame. Instantly, the adjacent area explodes into an inferno. The smell of melted flesh and burnt fur fills the air. The Charr continue to attack, but they have difficulty penetrating TANK's Knight Armor. Meanwhile, our hero is having no difficulty slashing at his foes. TANK cuts through the Charr forces like warm butter. Only one fiend now remains... Bonfaaz!

Bonfaaz: How... how could you destroy my army?

TANK: Awwwhhh man... you got a hammer. Hey, do you want me to lend you a sword? Your friends over there, they just gave me plenty.

Bonfaaz: Die Human!

TANK: Hmmm... Power Attack. Nope, I got that one. Hit me with something else.



The Crusaders - A Visit to Ascalon.



Look at those snazzy capes. Check out that wacky Ranger pet. Now that's elite power. The poor Charr don't have a chance against such superior forces.

Bonfaaz: You shall pay for your impudence.

TANK: Not bad, but I don't need a Hammer skill. Do you know any stances?

Bonfaaz: What is this? Why won't you die?

TANK: Bah... it looks like you have nothing good. Oh well. Sorry... I can't play with you much longer. My Monk gets paid by the hour.

Narrator: The yellow glowing Charr is eliminated by TANK's melee attacks. With not a single living Charr remaining, TANK journeys back to the Great Wall.

TANK: Hi guys. Did you miss me?

Captain Calhaan: TANK! You have returned

safely. Where are the Charr forces? Do you have good news to report?

TANK: The news is not so good. I only salvaged a few Iron Ingots and one Steel Ingot. There weren't any runes or Warrior Rings. It wasn't a great run.

Captain Calhaan: You encountered the Charr?

TANK: Huh? Yah... but they're dead now.

Captain Calhaan: FALL BACK MEN. THE WALL IS LOST. THE CHARR ARE APPROACHING!

TANK: What are you talking about? I don't see any Charr. I already killed them all. Where are you going?

Captain Calhaan: We must join up with Prince Rurik's forces. It is our only chance. The wall is lost. RETREAT!

TANK: Loons!

Narrator: Instead of traveling to the south, TANK moves east. He journeys to the Nolani Academy of The Arcane Arts. This is where TANK meets up with Prince Rurik.

Prince Rurik: The Charr Archers have us pinned down.

TANK: Hey Rurik. That's a nice Dragon Sword. What are the stats?

Prince Rurik: We must not waste time. The lives of our countrymen are



If you explore around, you can find all sorts of wacky monsters... like this three headed enemy type creature.



Pretty colors...
Oooooohhhh!

at stake. Prepare yourselves for battle. We will avenge our fallen allies.

TANK: I'll give you 500 gold for it.

Prince Rurik: You must hurry. We cannot hold out here for long.

TANK: OK... 800 gold then.

Prince Rurik: We must not waste time. The lives of our countrymen are at stake. Prepare yourselves for battle. We will avenge our fallen allies.

TANK: Bah! Gold is just not worth what it used to be. OK Rurik, what's the plan? What do you want to do about these Charr?

Prince Rurik: You must journey east, to sneak around and ambush the archers. I will wait here where it is safe.

TANK: Go north through the gate and attack the archers head on? It's a crazy plan. I love it.

Narrator: TANK opens the main gates. He runs outside to confront the

Charr forces. TANK aims to put an end to this siege. This fight is a little tougher, but he manages to annihilate every last Charr.

Prince Rurik: We push on to Rin. Bring the Mages. Their homecoming is long overdue.

Narrator: Encountering only minor resistance from the Charr, TANK and Prince Rurik journey on to Rin. Their travels are stopped by an Ascalon Watchman.

Ascalon Watchman: I can't let you through.

TANK: Yes you can. Open the door.

Ascalon Watchman: OK.

Narrator: TANK safely escorts Rurik to Horn Hill, where Rurik unleashes the power of the Stormcaller. Dark clouds fill the sky. Rain begins to fall down. This quenches the sun scorched lands. The Charr, who always travel with a brazier of fire, are weakened by this sudden storm. Their health has been diminished.

Prince Rurik: It worked!



Maybe if I farm enough loot I can buy this!

TANK: WOOT! Hooray Rurik! You managed to do something besides getting yourself killed.

Narrator: The remaining Charr are crushed. That is when Prince Rurik is reunited with his father.

King Adelbern: My son, you've done well.

Prince Rurik: It was not well enough. We must flee. The Charr are too strong. We should head to Kryta while we still can. The Charr will destroy us if we don't.

King Adelbern: That's foolish talk. Know your place. We will stand against the Charr here. Do not overestimate the enemy. We will destroy them. We will rebuild Ascalon. We will start from here.

Prince Rurik: I have seen the enemy with their own eyes. I know their strength. We cannot hold them.

King Adelbern: That is nonsense. Your friend here doesn't seem to be afraid of the Charr.

TANK: Huh? You two still talking? I thought I hit the skip button?

King Adelbern: What say you? Should we stand here and fight the Charr or should we flee to Kryta?

TANK: Eh... I'm level 20. It's hard for me to be afraid of level 7 Charr. Besides, I like hunting Charr. They're a good way to get crafting material. Their flesh also makes a good lunchmeat. Charr tastes like chicken.

King Adelbern: Level 20? You... you mean you are ascended?



Glowing swords, a father/son rivalry, I know I've seen this somewhere before.



Ascalon City has seen better days than this.

TANK: I suppose, but I am still missing a few rings. I think I should be ready for Tournament again, once I get some better gear. Everyone is level 20 these days.

King Adelbern: See! With allies like this, we cannot fail.

Prince Rurik: You are a fool. One man cannot stand against the Charr Army. We should flee. We should head over the mountains, to the safety of Kryta.

TANK: Ummm... I just did... twice. I hate to break it to you, but you're not that strong. Maybe you should level up some.

King Adelbern: He's right! Go to your chambers Rurik. Let the men decide the fate of Ascalon.

Prince Rurik: ...but dad!

King Adelbern: GO!

TANK: Glad I can help out. Now if you excuse me, I need to go see if anyone in town has better than a 14-19 sword.

King Adelbern: Nonsense! I will not hear of it. Come with me. I shall get you the finest gear in all of Ascalon. We will feast on this new alliance. Tonight shall be filled with wine, women and song.

TANK: That sounds a lot better than a trek over the mountains.

King Adelbern: Forgive my son. I don't know where he gets those crazy ideas.



Your own adventure is calling. December 4th is the start of the next Beta Event. Next issue of Photics - 1/1/2005