

Barbarian

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Barbarian the Game

Can you become Hegor the Barbarian?

Are you the warrior who can enter the fearful realms of the underground world of Durgan, a world terrorized by the evil Necron?

Your quest; to destroy the lair of the accursed Necron. Your prize; the kingdom's crown.

Your task is awesome! You must live on your wits, conquer your innermost fears, use every skill and weapon available to you.

Hideous perils await. Can you survive?.....

Barbarian the Software

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HEGOR THE BARBARIAN

As everyone knows, Heger was the most famous dragon-slayer of them all.

* * * *

From an early age Heger was schooled in the use of several weapons by his father Thoron, a revered and respected hunter. Each day, before most of the other villagers were awake, Heger and his father would go off into the woods that surrounded the little village of Thelston. Here, under Thoron's tuition, Heger first learned how to use a spear, as he grew older and stronger, a bow and arrow and finally, a sword. Whilst teaching his son, Thoron would tell stories of his adventures when he was a young man. Heger was fascinated by these tales and longed to go off on an adventure himself. In his early teens Heger's life was changed dramatically by a quite unexpected event. One day, when he was returning home Heger was startled by a great commotion on the outskirts of the village: people were running around screaming and shouting, a huge dragon was attacking the village, a man was trying to fend it away with a sword, Heger froze.....It was father.

Heger watched the entire episode as Thoron fought desperately, but in vain, against the huge fire-breathing monster. Wielding his mighty sword, Thoron had managed to force the dragon away from the village but the great beast in a frenzied retreat lashed out its enormous tail, there was an almighty crack as the tail smashed into Thoron's head, breaking his neck and killing him instantly. Having mutilated its victim, the dragon ripped the head from the lifeless corpse and devoured it, then picking up the body in its mouth it disappeared back into the woods.

Thoron had sacrificed his own life to save the village and Heger had been robbed of his only remaining family. In the wake of this gruesome scenario, holding his father's sword on the spot where the body had lain, Heger made a vow; some day he would avenge his father's brutal death and destroy the evil dragon.

If he was to fulfill this impossible pledge, Heger knew that he must leave Thelston and travel away in search of adventure. He knew that he would have to survive many adventures and learn many secrets, before he would ever be ready to take on the beast that had so easily defeated his father.

* * * *

For three years, Heger travelled the land in search of evil, never shirking the duty he had bestowed upon himself.

He forged quite a reputation for himself throughout the kingdom; people would travel from all around to ask for his help to save their villages from all kinds of strange monsters and evil characters. Heger had become the most famous dragon-slayer in the land.

It was at about this time, in the small rural village of Egdon that Heger came across an ageing dragon-slayer by the name of Commat, who told stories of his conquests, the places he had visited and the horrendous injuries he had endured. Listening to these stories reminded Heger, of when he used to sit with his father as he recounted the tales of his own adventures.

In truth, Commat had only ever killed one dragon and that was a blind and decrepit old beast that had been drugged senseless by an ancient druid potion. Commat had however spent several years travelling round with a renowned hunter called Raiph, who was eventually killed by bandits in an ambush. It was after this that Commat began taking the credit for many of Raiph's conquests, telling of their adventures

with him as the hero and Raiph as the coward.

Now there was one particular story that really fascinated Hegor; Commat would tell how he and Raiph had stumbled upon an underground kingdom completely by accident. This was a kingdom ruled by the sinister Necron, an incredibly evil being of awesome power and influence over his devilish band of guardians and subordinates. Commat described how he had been forced to venture into the dark caves alone because Raiph had been too afraid. The story continued that they both had to run for their lives, chased by a gang of hideous dog-like creatures, the number of which would increase each time he told the story.

The part that intrigued Hegor was the bit about Necron; he was sure that his father had mentioned that name, he seemed to recall something about the underground world that Commat spoke of and was always pestering Commat to tell the story again. Commat was however, unable to elaborate further as he had not been there at all, having in truth heard the story from a drunk in a tavern, but he still managed to add new details himself each time he told the tale.

Commat's favorite place for telling these stories was the tavern at Egdon, the Druid Inn. Before long, Hegor began to develop a taste for the frothy ale served up by big Rosie, the landlady. By now Hegor was spending as much time as Commat in the tavern, listening to his stories for hours on end, the ale and the damp smoky atmosphere all adding to the intrigue and fascination. All was well until one night Hegor had got so drunk that he had fallen asleep in the tavern, awakening to find himself alone in the tavern with big Rosie.

That morning inspired by this experience in the tavern, Hegor went out and killed a dragon he had been hunting for several weeks. From that day forward, Hegor would celebrate each of his conquests for at least a week, drinking copious amounts of ale and leaving no woman

in the surrounding area safe. Thus Hegor's reputation spread not only for being the most famous dragon-slayer but also the most famous drinker and womaniser in the kingdom.

* * * *

Several years on Hegor was still roaming the land seeking adventure, slaying evil-doers and dragons; all the time celebrating his great victories in a way that only he could. But this was not to last, as he travelled from town to town, Hegor began to hear rumours of strange happenings at his home village of Thelston; at first the rumours were of complete fields of crops being totally destroyed in a single night, then of livestock going missing, of children being stolen from their beds and finally houses being burnt as the occupants slept.

Stories travelled throughout the land, of werewolves and ape-like men, controlled by some immense power, terrorizing other villages in the area. As the rumour and the accompanying fear spread so did the desolation, before long the whole kingdom was in turmoil.

The King called together elders from all over the land... After three days of talking the King finally sent out his decree: "Whosoever could put a stop to this destruction and remove the evil power behind it, would be entitled to claim the kingdom's crown and all its riches." The King knew that if something was not done soon, his subjects would be devastated by famine and poverty.

Hearing of the decree, Hegor knew immediately that only he could destroy this evil force and save the kingdom. The trouble had started near Thelston, so he set off immediately, after all these years he was going home.

Hegor had been walking for two whole days before the surroundings began to look familiar, he was close now, a strange sense of foreboding filled his mind and the warm afternoon sun offered no comfort

from the cold sweat that had broken out over his body. He didn't know why he felt like this but he did know he was part of it, as if the terror and suffering was for some reason directed at him.

As he approached he could see wisps of smoke rising above the tree-tops, coming to the woods where he had played as a child he thought of the happier days when his father had taught him to fight and of when they had sat together against a tree whilst Thoron told the stories of his great adventures. Hegor found the old path that led through the woods to the village, a little overgrown now but still discernable.

Coming through the trees, Hegor caught his first glimpse of the village, it seemed to be deserted, but then he caught sight of two old men sitting on a bench outside a dilapidated old house on the outskirts of the village. The thatched roof was threadbare and the stone walls bore the scars of many ancient repairs which were now crumbling again.

As he passed the two men were talking, seemingly oblivious of his presence. It occurred to him that there must have been many young men passing through the village recently, all wishing to claim the crown for themselves. Approaching the centre of the village, Hegor was amazed at the state of disrepair, many of the houses had obviously been empty for some time and were decaying rapidly. An old woman was fetching water from the well, bent forward, she stumbled several times under the weight of the pail, an old man dozed in the warmth of the afternoon sun.....all the people were old. Hegor remembered the dozens of children playing around the houses and in the woods, where were they all?

Hegor returned to the house where the two old men had been sitting, one had already gone, the other was lifting himself stiffly from his chair.

"Hey! Old man." Shouted Hegor as he approached. The old man, now standing with the aid of a stick, slowly turned his head to face Hegor.....he said nothing. Hegor came closer.

"Where is everyone? The children, the families where are they?"

"Gone," said the old man "All gone. All trying to escape the evil powers of Necron."

Hegor froze, recalling Commat's story and the name he had heard his father mention as a child. The old man began to speak again, Hegor noticed the empty bottle of spirit by his chair, he was drunk.

"No one can escape Necron, he has destroyed Thelston and many other villages nearby, soon he will destroy the whole kingdom. Like yourself, many young men have come here trying to destroy him and his underground kingdom, none have returned, not even the great Thoron could survive the wrath of Necron."

"Thoron you say? I am Hegor, Thoron was my father."

"Hegor!You should not have returned here."

"Tell me old man, the great beast that killed my father, was it sent by this Necron?"

"It was indeed. The beast "Vulcuran" is his guardian. Only once has the dragon left the underground kingdom of Durgan, to kill Thoron and put a stop to the almighty feud that existed between your father and Necron . That would have been the end of it, but for you Hegor, when your father was killed you vowed to avenge his death, now Necron sees you as a threat to his power."

Hegor remembered how he had felt as he approached Thelston earlier that day, how he had felt in some way part of all this, he also remembered the story his father had told him; of his friend Necron, who had

turned to the ways of evil.

"But my father told me that he had killed Necron, that they had been friends until Necron turned evil and how he had been forced to kill him with this very sword."

"What you say is true Hegor, Thoron did kill Necron and with that sword, but Necron has strange powers; the powers of darkness and evil. He can only be destroyed by a being who commands equal power; the power of good. Your father had that power but he was weary and became careless, he allowed Necron's soul to live because they had been friends. Now the evil one lives on in a decaying body, after all these years his revenge is almost complete, he has destroyed Thoron and all that remains is for him to kill you, cutting Thoron's last blood line. You are the last remaining threat to his power and now you must also die, completing his plan, a plan that through a trail of destruction has drawn you into his web."

For the first time in his life Hegor felt fear, but his need for revenge suppressed the fear and replaced it with the anger that had been pent up inside him ever since his father's death.

"Why does Necron not send the great beast to kill me?"

"The great beast cannot leave Durgan. After so many years, it has grown fat from eating human flesh and is now is too big to leave the caves which lead to Necron's temple. Instead, Necron sends out his evil followers to take children from their beds at night, to feed the monster."

"Then I must destroy Necron and his underground kingdom."

"First Hegor, you must know the story of Thoron and Necron." At that, the old man hobbled into the house, beckoning Hegor to follow.

Inside, the old man motioned Hegor to sit at the table in the corner.

He then produced a bottle of spirit and two metal cups and struggled into the seat opposite Hegor.

Hegor drank thirstily after his long journey, the spirit had no obvious effect. The old man was stunned at how Hegor drank, for this was his oldest bottle and as strong as any drink in the kingdom. He refilled Hegor's cup and began the story.....

* * * *

The tale began with Thoron and Necron as children. The old man revealed that they were not in fact friends, as he had said before, but brothers, twins in fact, and how they had always been very close and went everywhere together.

One day when they had been playing in the woods, they had come across an old man who had fallen down, fascinated by his long white beard and flowing hair, they had helped him to his feet. The old man had scurried away without a word. The next day, the boys saw the man again, waiting for them, near to where he had fallen; the man thanked them for their help and told them he was a Druid and thus normally forbidden to speak, but as they had been so kind he promised to repay them.

Each day afterwards the boys met the Druid in the woods, at first he would just tell them stories, each one about a good man and an evil man, and at the end of each story he would always say: "And good finally triumphed over evil." and the two boys would clap and cheer. One afternoon, after some weeks, the boys turned up as usual, to find the old Druid waiting for them, only this time he had some weapons with him; a spear, a bow and arrow and a sword.

For a year the Druid taught the boys how to use each of the weapons. At the end of every lesson, the old man would take the weapons away with him and forbid the two boys from saying anything to anyone,

about their meetings. As the boys were starting home after one of the lessons, the Druid shouted after them to come early the next day.

When they arrived they were surprised to see that he only carried the sword and the bow with him. He asked the boys to close their eyes, as they did so they both felt a strange sensation pass over their bodies. The old man then told Necron to think of fire, at that instant bolts of flames flew from the boy's hands and destroyed the nearest tree. Whilst they were still in a state of shock, the Druid told Thoron to think of good and as he did, he experienced a warmth envelop his whole body and an immense power in his hands. Necron was told that he must never use the fire against Thoron, for Thoron's power was equal to his and just by holding up his hands, Thoron could reflect the fire back at Necron and kill him.

The Druid then sat the boys down and began one of his stories. As usual, the tale told was of good triumphing over evil, concluding as always with the destruction of the evil man's body and soul. The Druid continued, telling the twins that the story was really about them and that how Necron would become evil, using his special powers to destroy and corrupt. He also told of how Thoron would become the embodiment of all that was good and of how he would use his powers to suppress and stamp out evil.

With the story told the old Druid handed the sparkling sword to Thoron, the very same sword that Hegor now held, and the beautiful bow to Necron, without uttering another word, he then walked behind a tree and vanished never to be seen again.

The two boys did not understand what the Druid had told them and they soon forgot about their strange powers and the Druid's riddle about their future. The sword and the bow, however, remained very precious to the twins and they treasured them always.

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Many years later when the twins had grown up and gone their separate ways, Thoron, on one of his many adventures came across a large town ruled by a much despised, rich and evil man. When Thoron asked why the townspeople did not throw him out of the town, they said it was impossible, that he was the very devil himself, that fire came from his hands and that with his bow he could shoot an arrow through the eye of a bird perched in the highest tree.

Thoron was stunned, it had to be Necron. The old Druid's tale had come true.

He went to see Necron in his huge house, at the centre of the town. Necron welcomed his brother with such open arms and hospitality, that Thoron could not believe that his brother had done the terrible things that the townsfolk spoke of; burning down houses and executing entire families for not paying their taxes.

This belief was short lived, the following morning Necron showed Thoron all his riches, a whole room of his house was filled with precious things. Necron then offered to share his riches with his brother, saying that they could take over the neighboring town and double their wealth. Thoron went wild at the thought that Necron felt he could so easily be corrupted, and a fierce fight ensued.

The two brothers knowing that their powers were useless against each other, began fighting hand to hand. They fought like wild animals for hour after hour but as dusk drew in Thoron eventually managed to overpower Necron and in an endeavor to rid the town of this terrible evil drew his sword and with one mighty blow severed Necron's head from his body.

Standing over the body, exhausted, Thoron watched it change into a gleaming crystal, the very symbol of evil, he uttered the words of the old Druid, "Good finally triumphs over evil."

Thoron knew that the crystal could only be destroyed by the burning heat of the Earth's very bowels, but was unable to bring himself to burn his own brother's soul. Feeling safe in the knowledge that Necron could never again walk the earth, Thoron turned away

Suddenly the crystal began to glow and with a blinding flash vanished, taking the Druid's bow with it..... unknown to Thoron, Necron's evil lived on!

Thoron was hailed a hero among the townspeople but despite their pleading, would not stay and become their leader, for he was too ashamed at the suffering his brother had brought them. Instead, he settled in the nearby village of Thelston and married, his wife soon bearing a son.

Necron's soul was banished to the worlds of darkness, never to walk the earth again. So, he created the underground world of Durgan and in it he lived with his hideous band of followers and Vulcuran his guardian.

The old man continued the story passing through time and unimportant events finally reaching the point of the death of Hegor's mother, Naylar. Hegor knew most of it but he did not know that her death had been caused by Necron and his pack of evil hell-hounds.

It was at this time that Thoron had realised Necron was still alive and sought revenge, not just on him, but also on his family. This explained why Thoron had never taken another wife, choosing to raise his child alone, and also why he had taught Hegor to fight, as he had been taught, by the old Druid.

So when the great dragon came to Thelston, Thoron was expecting it. He knew that he would need a bow, the like of Necron's, to kill this beast and that a single arrow would be a mere pin-prick to such a huge monster. But with time and the mourning for his lost wife he had

grown weary of fighting and, satisfied that Hegor was ready to take up the battle with Necron, he merely ensured that the dragon did not reach the village, before giving himself up to the beast.

At this point, the old man paused to refill Hegor's cup before continuing "Now Hegor, it is up to you but remember the world of Durgan is filled with evil creatures and there is Vulcuran guarding the passage which leads to Necron's temple. Necron himself possesses great powers, magic powers, of which you must beware. Only an equal power can destroy him. You Hegor, do not have the physical powers of Necron or your father, but with the knowledge that Thoron has passed on to you, you can destroy the soul of Necron and the world of Durgan. Remember that Necron's fire was useless against Thoron. Find a means to reflect his bolts of fire and you can kill him, it is your destiny. Then Hegor, you shall become King."

The two men continued talking and drinking bottles of the old man's spirit, which he kept producing from a dark alcove in another corner of the room, into the early hours of the morning.....

Hegor awoke with a start, for a moment he didn't know where he was. He felt a sharp jab to his side and turned to see the old man lowering his stick. "Come Hegor, the sun is almost up, you have work to do, today you shall become King."

Hegor went to the doorway, stepping out, he breathed in the cold morning air. Thelston looked, somehow different in the half light of dawn, and he could almost hear the children's laughter as if they were playing in the village.

"You must not forget this Hegor," said the old man handing Hegor his sword.

The old man led the way, the pace was slow and the old man leant heavily on his stick, but he did not complain. They came to the

woods, beyond the farthest end of the village. Hegor stopped momentarily, the horrific memories of his father's body, hanging from the dragons mouth, all those years ago, flooded back.

.....Deep into the forest now, Hegor was becoming impatient at the old man's slowness.

"Anyway old man, how do you know so much about my father and Necron?"

As he finished speaking, there was a low whistle in the air, at the same moment Hegor heard a great thud and the familiar sound of bones smashing. He ducked instinctively, and there was silence. Turning quickly, Hegor gasped. The old man had been thrown back and lay slumped against a tree, an arrow protruding grotesquely from his right eye, blood began to trickle down the side of his face. The old man's stick lay forlorn on the spot where he had stood just a moment before.

Hegor walked towards the body. He froze. The old man's face was changing. It became the face of Thoron, the arrow had gone, he spoke "Today, my son, you shall avenge my death and become King."

"Father!" Shouted Hegor.

As he shouted there was another whistle, Hegor dropped like a stone, to the ground. But this was a different sound, he looked up and stared in disbelief. The body was gone, only the stick remained. Suddenly, the trees began to shake and the leaves on the ground were whipped up, swirling in the air, as his father's voice echoed in the wind. "Good will triumph over evil."

Hegor turned and started running, in the direction the old man had shown him. Gasping for breath, Hegor kept running, the undergrowth was thick here, but he was totally oblivious to the brambles and branches tearing at his flesh, as if in a desperate attempt to stop him. His father's words filled his mind. Nothing could stop him now.

BARBARIAN

Finally, after years of torment he was about to avenge the death of his beloved father.

Hegor came hurtling through the trees and stopped dead in his tracks. A vast marshland lay before him

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