

four storms

the chronicles

NAXXRAMAS - CITADEL IN CRISIS

WE LOOK BEHIND THE CURTAIN OF THE WORLD FAMOUS ENTERPRISE

A prime location, sporting the latest in Unholy and Evil Technology™, rumoured to have cost an arm and a leg – and highly controversial still to this day. We present to you: Naxxramas – “the dread citadel”. Originally meant to be a restaurant with superior views and the ability to go to whatever location is the trendiest at any given moment, it is now far, far away from that old dream.

Soon after its completion it attracted the attention of grassroots environmentalists, who later organised into what we today call Argent Dawn, which made the original owner quickly shunt the project over to a business partner by the name of Kel’Thuzad. But that was only the beginning. Initial reviews of Naxxramas’ culinary selection spelled out armageddon and no matter how its management tried to renew the restaurant, its inevitable bankruptcy drew steadily closer.

New entertaining ways of serving the food only made things worse (the Meat Wagons being the most criticized as they were fuelled by methods not up to current ecological standards) and weak attempts at renewing the menu even attracted the attention of haxxor Food Sorcerer Gordon Ramsey. After being yelled at for three days (comments including stinging remarks such as “Your *%\$# food are giving people the \$*%#ing plague you stupid %!#%/



A local protestor takes a break from picketing to look over at “the enemy”.

bastards!” and “no YOU are the %€%#%* problem here Kel!”), things looked grim.

Naxxramas’ and Kel’Thuzad’s growing unpopularity finally led to a financial and personal tragedy; a band of anarchic looters broke into the restaurant after closing time, robbed the place and finished off with assault and battery of the owner in his own business office. The looters claimed that they were trying to take action against Naxxramas’ alleged environmental crimes

and this found support amongst both the Argent Dawn and the general populace. The legal authorities basically turned a blind eye, not wanting to step on any toes, and finally Kel’Thuzad told local reporters “Screw this, I’m out of here” taking Naxxramas and his curious culinary vision with him.

Schneekuh ✕

Next issue: we dig deeper and unveil the financial mysteries circling Archmage Vargoth and his thug sidekick “Mr Pinchy”!

MORE INSIDE:

The Management Moo ♦ Kill order ♦ A tale of devotion and a higher purpose
New dungeon in patch 3.2 ♦ “It Dropped!” ♦ Crafty Talkings ♦ FS Word Puzzle



Lok'tar ogar! Victory or death - it is these words that bind me to the Horde. For they are the most sacred and fundamental of truths to any warrior of the Horde.

I give my flesh and blood freely to the Warchief.

I am the instrument of my Warchief's desire.

I am a weapon of my Warchief's command.

From this moment until the end of days I live and die

FOR THE HORDE

THE MANAGEMENT MOO

By DHAEGU CHINLEY

Greetings Four Storms,

It is a testament to what we have all achieved over the last year that we can finally set up regular supply lines to receive news from home, and to send a few words back to our native lands on how the current battles progress.

We have endured much over the last two years and have never asked for glory or parades beyond what we have made for ourselves, yet upon reflection it



Y. Prairie-Stomper, fearless field marshal

seems remiss that we have not had a publication such as this to spread the word to those that wish to hear of our endeavours.

Schneekuh has put a lot of hard work into getting this together and to the presses in-between our fights.

Taking a moment to write this, I cannot help but reflect upon what has been lost, most notably the lives taken, constantly thinning our ranks. We have achieved much with the numbers we have and the losses suffered, but these times bring new hope as more blood has joined our ranks, new spirits with new camp fire stories to tell and new talents to bring to the fight.

I deeply wish I could be there with you more often, to fight by your sides once again - you make me proud fighting for what we believe in, putting aside prejudice and hatreds for what is right. Within these pages you will find the most current information from the front as Four Storms sees it, as well as stories from the troops and other relevant information for the fight.

Yilani tells me she will rework this short piece before printing to remove what she refers to as 'Incoherent Troll natter', actually, it is all of you that sound odd to my ears!

Dhaegu Chinley

Translated by Yilani Prairie-Stomper

CRAFTY TALKINGS

WITH NIRIYA SERAI

Do NOT get stew on a wedding dress



I've stuck with

training the same few trades for the last few years, partly through liking them and partly through dread at the thought of learning from scratch again! I could say a lot about the slog of learning enchanting, or the heaps of cloth to wade through for first aid, but I'm going to talk about my favourites though - Tailoring and Fishing/Cooking!

Tailoring

It's always been a very useful trade to have, even if I haven't always been able to devote myself to it entirely - life is very busy, always someone wanting you to run off and do something for them, I do wish people would collect their own un-popped spider eyes!

In the early days, the best robes you could get, before having to gather 9 or even 39 other fighters to face some of the biggest evils on Azeroth, came from tailoring. The gathering of the materials for my Trufaith Vestments made the finished robe feel like the finest silk, satin, velvet and whatever luxurious cloth you can think of. I still have that dress, I keep it carefully wrapped up until I want to wear it, and I feel a little taller whenever I do!

These days tailoring is much more useful! As well as the bags and robes we've always been able to make, skilled tailors can also use especially enchanted threads to sew patterns into armour that imbue the armour with magic power. You don't want a tailor who doesn't like you to do it though - you

Fish fingers?



never know what kind

of curse they could sew into your trousers!

We can also craft specially lined items to protect against the bitter cold in some parts of Northrend.

I'm not an Ice Troll, I like my jungles so I'm glad of all the cold resistant armour I can get! Ultimately the tailoring I've learnt has provided me with the patterns for some of the nicest robes and shirts you can find anywhere. Including of course the White Wedding Dress pattern, which I've happily made for a few people.

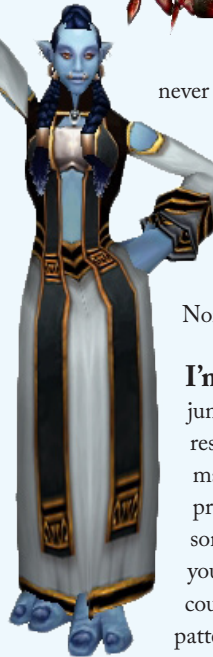
Fishing (and Cooking)

Well fishing is pure casual fun! I used to know a hunter for whom fishing was the way she fed her pet (an eternally hungry bear called Siku), but for me it's always been for ingredients to make a good STEW! Well, alright, not just stew but all sorts of meals. Fishing and cooking just naturally go hand in hand - what are you going to do with all that lovely fish except eat it!

Not that fish is all you get on the end of your line! Sometimes there's potions, or books or whole crates with cloth in them! And of course there's one or two people about who like to ask you to do a bit of fishing to help them. In return they'll often give you some coin and a bag of whatever they have lying around - If you're very lucky in that bag you can find something special, like a new friend who crawled in the bag looking for fish to munch on or potions that make you big, or small, or walk on water!

Good crafting in whatever you turn your hand to!


Niri ✕



Trufaith Vestments

A BRIGHT NEW DAY

A TALE OF DEVOTION AND A HIGHER PURPOSE

 **The morning was** chilly, the air raw enough for her throat to hurt when she inhaled deeply. She did anyway, relishing the sharp pain, mourning it when it swiftly subsided within the warmth of her flesh and saliva. The sun had not yet risen, although it would within a couple of hours. It rose so very late during the winter months, late enough for her to have been up for several hours when it finally peeked over the horizon, its rays weak and uncertain in those first minutes of the day. The window to her cell was open, the freezing cold rushing inside to coat the room and her bare skin with a thin layer of moisture. She didn't shiver or tremble when it did, but just watched how the frost slowly formed on the covers that lay rumpled on the bed. It was an extra test to not make the bed, but to watch that soft offer of relief just a few feet away, and not take it. She bowed her head, the silver strands of her hair spilling forward to hide her face, with its absent expression and peaceful smile, from view.

There were footsteps in the stairs outside, hurried ones that closed in on her door, which was thrown open. The draft made the window slam closed and the sound made her visitor jump, his eyes involuntarily drawn towards the snow on the window sill.

"Inquisitor Faucet, pardon my intrusion, I-..."

The young man who had entered was short and gaunt, his skin a sickly yellowish brown and his eyes blodshot and baggy. At the sight of Noelle he trailed off, his mouth falling open, and he quickly turned away, his fingers tightening around the doorhandle. The deep blush did nothing to make him appear more healthy, on the contrary it brought a feverish look to his face and eyes.

"I beg your forgiveness, Inquisitor, I had no idea that you were...pardon me. His Eminence Tarcisio Cardinal Bertone has asked if you would join him."

Noelle remained motionless for a few moments, fascinated by how the

faint light from the torches outside her door glittered in the melted snow by her window, but then she walked over to her bed and put on her yellow trousers and the matching top. Slowly, almost lazily, she shrugged into her long robes, still not answering the messenger or paying him any other attention. The dull, gold buttons were small and it took her some time to button them all before she pulled on one dark red boot at a time. The luxurious, scarlet fabric, with the crisp insignia of the Scarlet Crusade on its chest, hung in heavy creases from the narrow, laced up waist, only allowing glimpses of her undergarments and boots as she moved. Her blonde hair was tied back into a braid by a red ribbon and the ceremonial, red cap sat snugly over her forehead and ears. Finally she turned around, her cool voice causing the messenger to shiver slightly, despite his practical, thick robes.

"Lead the way, Brother Albert. We should not let the Cardinal wait longer than need be."

At her words, the messenger slowly turned back to her again, as were he afraid that he would find her as bare as he did when he entered. When seeing her fully dressed he relaxed and stepped out in the hall, waiting for her to join him before he started to hurry down the stairs. Noelle followed at her own pace, forcing him to slow his steps somewhat, but even so they soon reached the Cardinal's chambers. Brother Albert bowed low as he announced her, his voice somewhat muffled from the hood covering his head.

"Your grace, I present Apostolic Exarch, the Eastern-Rite Faithful, Noelle Faucet."

With another bow, the messenger left them. Noelle smiled faintly and inclined her head in respect, walking forward to kneel and kiss the Cardinal's hand when he offered it. She glanced up at him before rising, her eyes alight with devout fervour and eagerness.



"Your grace, have you changed your mind? Do you wish to attend the burnings?"

There came a hearty chuckle from the meaty man and he waved her to her feet with a jeweled hand.

"You read my mind, Inquisitor. Brother Albert have arranged for suitable seating arrangements already, but I did not wish to spring surprises on you this late."

The Cardinal rose with a slight huff, his robes in a darker red shade than hers swishing past her as he crossed the room to the fireplace and the crystal decanter waiting for him there. The smell of the spiced wine was rich and inviting when it reached Noelle but she remained where she



Comfort was dangerous in that it made you expect and want it once you had had it, which weakened you in situations when you could not. Now, however, it could not be helped.

Her assistants bowed when she approached and fell in line behind her, and together they stepped through the gates to inspect the massive pyres that had been arranged for the miscreants. Nothing would go wrong when she was in charge. It never did.

“...and the sinners will be rewarded with sin, and never see the glory of the Light. Their souls, an abomination unto all that is good, will be cast aside to an eternity of nothingness, a fate worse than the most cruel death. Only by fire will they be cleansed from the filth that infests their minds and the rot that decays their flesh

and blackens their tongues, that which makes them spread plague and pestilence to their neighbours and loved ones. It is malice and spite to blind your neighbour to the grace of the Light. The prophets say, it is a viciousness beyond comprehension to sow such doubt and venom in their hearts, that they turn from salvation...”

There was a slowly growing crowd watching. Little by little it grew, a small trickle of men and women and children that came to watch the burnings. No words came from them, no cries or shouts or pleadings, only a quiet shuffling of bodies. Noelle watched them in turn. Her eyes searched them, looking for signs of treachery, of heresy, but she found none. It was pleasing that she did not and she turned back to the Inquisitor that had been allowed the honour to read from the scriptures. The girl was new, so new her hat was still stiff from un-use,

but the light in her eyes matched that in Noelle's. Quiet members of the clergy and the Inquisition stood by each fire, ignoring the wails and prayers that were uttered by the more than a dozen dissidents that was being given the gift of the purifying flames. The torches in their hands crackled cheerfully, small specks of ember escaping them to quickly go out in the cold wind, like dying stars on the night sky.

“...for you to accept this wondrous gift given to you, to give yourself over to the forgiving embrace of our merciful Light. For their goodness is also for those who confess their shortcomings and renounce the malevolence within, the cruel beast who seek only to tear on flesh and feast on the blood of the Innocent...”

Noelle did not listen. She knew the words by heart, she had read them so many times herself, and they were whispered through her mind even now. She stepped into the centre of the circle of pyres, raising her hands. A hush fell over those gathered - even the sobs and cries of the heretics subsided somewhat. She stood for several, long moments with her arms outstretched, the warm, orange light from the torches causing her robe to seem ablaze with fire. She slowly lowered her arms and the torch bearers stepped forward, each putting their torch to their designated pyre. Suddenly the world came alive again. What had once been a young woman, screamed, a high-pitched panicked sound that cut through the crisp winter air. The rotting limbs kicked and struggled against the chains that bound her to the stake, frantically trying to get free, tears running down putrifying cheeks. Her efforts were in vain but they caused the rest of those bound to follow her lead, to struggle and wail.

The flames wound their way around the pyres like yellow and red snakes, flickering in and out of existence but no less real than the wood that started to glow and snap under their lazy tongues. Noelle remained in the circle with her eyes closed, her willowy frame swaying just a little as she sucked in air, breathed in their fear and their screams. The crowd had come

was when the Cardinal offered her a glass, simply shaking her head.

“You are too kind to offer, Your Grace, but I fear it will cloud my mind.”

She paused briefly, watching him pour a glass for himself and slowly drink it, before speaking again.

“Was there anything more you wanted of me, Your Grace, or should I proceed?”

There was another wave of his hand and Noelle inclined her head again before spinning on her heel and leaving the room. The soft leather of her boots were comfortable against her still cold, sore feet, and she frowned to herself as she swept down the stony corridors towards the main hall.



"The sun had not yet risen, although it would within a couple of hours"

to life as well, throwing rocks and sticks and whatever they could find at those who burned, for they too realised how close they had come to being taken by the same ill as those at the stakes.



The sun had risen when the screams finally stopped. The light was pale but

inviting, whispering stories about a bright and full day. Servants were already removing the blackened corpses from the stakes and taking what was left of the firewood inside, to heat the giant stone buildings. Nothing was allowed to go to waste. The Cardinal had long since left his cushioned seat, only raising his glass to the Inquisitor who still remained in the core of the circle. Now, even she turned to walk inside and prepare for her duties, and it was with

a light heart she thought back at the moment the pyres were set on fire. It was that glorious moment she lived for, for suddenly they knew what she knew, and what they never before had - that there was no peace for the soul except in the glorious rays of the Light.

El Sacho del Tankabutto ✕

*Do YOU want to be a published writer?
Contact Schneekub in-game!*

ENTER THE CRUSADER'S COLISEUM

NEW RAID DUNGEON IN PATCH 3.2 – FOUR STORMS RATTLES WEAPONS

(Directly from the official website:)

 **"In the next** major content patch, the construction of the Crusaders' Coliseum on the Argent Tournament grounds will be complete, and it will hold new challenges for players. We'd like to share some details on the new dungeon, which represents the next tier of content for the game, but keep in mind that this is still in development and subject to change.

The Crusaders' Coliseum will include:

- New epic 10- and 25-player raid dungeon with five encounters, with each encounter being unlocked one week at a time.



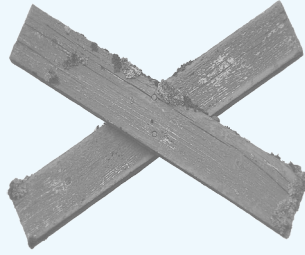
- A more intuitive structure for harder encounters. This raid dungeon will have four different versions: 10-player, 25-player, 10-player Heroic, and 25-player Heroic, with each one using a separate lockout.

- Introduction of the Crusaders' Tribute!

Each of the Heroic mode instances has a new tribute system that will limit players on the number of attempts they get in the Coliseum each week to present a greater challenge for the most battle-hardened heroes. Additional rewards can be earned depending on the number of attempts left in the tribute run each week when the final boss is defeated.


- New 5-player dungeon with three encounters that will include Champion's Seals as each one is defeated.

- New tier of armor and weapons that are modeled with Alliance- or Horde-specific themes."



THE KILL ORDER ENCYCLOPEDIA

EPISODE 1 – STUFF YOU DON'T NEED TO KNOW ABOUT THE SKULL

 **Welcome to the** first installment of the Kill Order article series. Before I go into this issue's current topic, I will delve a bit into some background.

In ancient times, during assaults on Medivh's abandoned stronghold Karazhan, a whole range of raid marks was used by Four Storms to convey different tactical messages on the battlefield. These days they are usually only used to visually display the so-called "Kill Order". At the moment, this order contains only four different marks: skull, X, orange coin and blue box. First up in our series is the Skull, aka "Dies First".

The skull is a bony structure found in the head of many animals. It supports the structures of the face and protects the head against injury. The most common symbolic

use of the skull is as a representation of death and mortality. Our present society predominantly associates skulls with death and evil. However, to some ancient societies it is believed to have had the opposite association, where objects like crystal skulls represent "life": the honoring of humanity in the flesh and the embodiment of consciousness.




To most azerothians, it symbolizes death and death quickly, so when raid marks were introduced in patch 1.11 (incidentally the same patch that introduced the dread citadel Naxxramas... mhhmm...), the Skull mark quickly became the favoured choice for first kill. It also stands out amongst the kill order raid marks for its ability to change target mid-fights, re-writing the kill order in realtime. Changing the skull target basically means "stop what you're doing and attack this". The

person controlling the marks can also choose to use no other mark and assign the skull to a new target once the old one is down.

The esteemed leadership of the Four Storms has wisely decided to follow the mainstream custom of letting the skull take point in the kill order. Or was it something further than just an unwillingness to rock the boat? Perhaps more sinister mechanisms are working behind the scenes? And what about the rumours of an obscure Four Stormian Death Cult, flocking around the banner of *deaths are good - deaths makes us learn?* Could it be that it's more than whispers in the wind? Don't forget that the chinese government made sure that the chinese version of the game had all skeletons removed (what happened to the skull mark?). Were they on to something? Future investigations might tell us all, but for now the topic will have to rest. *Schneekuh* ✕

IT DROPPED!

ADVENTURES IN LOOT LAND

 **Welcome to the** Drops & Loots section. We'd like you all to send us your current favourite drop, with an explanation on why you think it should be presented as an "It dropped!" item.

I'll start this first one with Dalath's **Putrescent Bands**. They dropped a couple of weeks ago, when FS was raiding Naxx and I was there as Schneekuh. First I was taken by surprise when I saw that there were healing

leather bracers in Naxx. Then to my joy we discovered that they were BoE. Mintaurden graciously passed on his offroll in order to have them transferred to Dalath and voilà – goodbye blues, hello epix! This was my second-to-last blue to replace. Now for a cloak.... Any suggestions? *Schneekuh* ✕

Would YOU like to tell the world about that one special drop? Contact Schneekuh in-game.





This issue's word puzzle was created by the venerable, and very wise, Arabella "Schneekuh" Ragetotem. Good luck!

*Would **YOU** like to help us out and at the same time be recognised as a Master Riddle Guru on this very page? Please contact her in-game!*

FS has it

The Magic Mirror class								
	What-Craft?							
Profession that makes gold								
THE vanilla WoW healer								
Aaaaaugh-ibbrgubug-bugrgu-burgle								
Landmass before Great Sundering								
What do Taurens stomp?								
	Time for ... Feast!							
		Whiskers						
Titan city in Northrend								
	"... vs Humans"							
		Brewfest container						